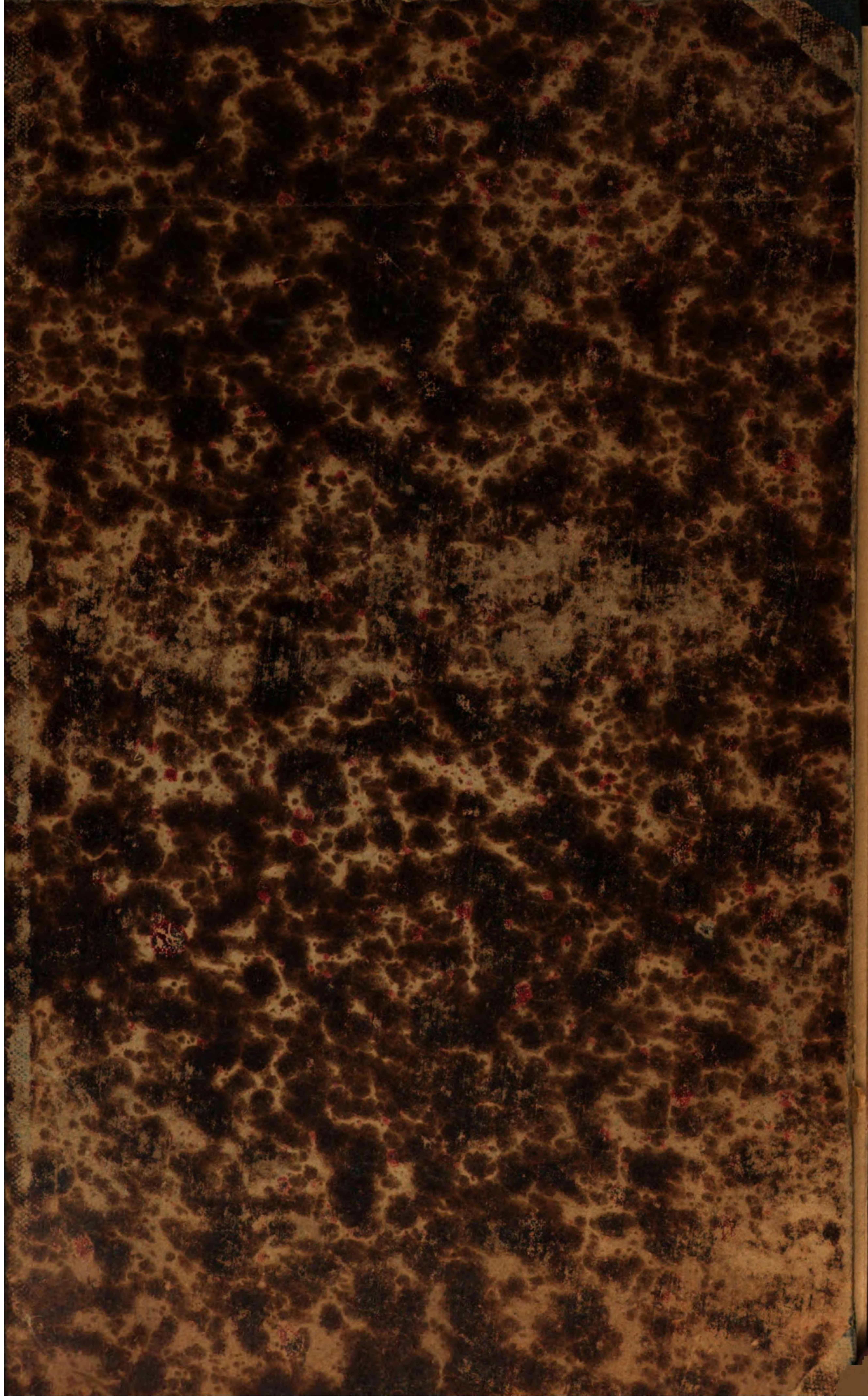




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XXV.

KING HENRY VIII.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY the Eighth.
 Cardinal WOLSEY.
 Cardinal CAMPEIUS.
 CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.*
 CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
 Duke of NORFOLK.
 Duke of BUCKINGHAM.
 Duke of SUFFOLK.
 Earl of SURREY.
 Lord CHAMBERLAIN.
 Lord CHANCELLOR.
 GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
 Bishop of LINCOLN.
 Lord ABERGAVENNY.
 Lord SANDS.
 Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.
 Sir THOMAS LOVELL.
 Sir ANTHONY DENNY.
 Sir NICHOLAS VAUX.
 Secretaries to Wolsey.
 CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*

GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.*
 Three other Gentlemen.
 Doctor BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*
 Garter, *King at Arms.*
 Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
 BRANDON, and a Sergeant at Arms.
 Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber.
 Porter, and his Man.
 Page to Gardiner.
 A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *Wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*
 ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.*
 An old Lady, *Friend to Anne Bullen.*
 PATIENCE, *Woman to Queen Katharine.*
 Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows;
 Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits
 which appear to her: Scribes, Officers,
 Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE — chiefly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
 We now present. Those that can pity, here
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
 The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
 Their money out of hope they may believe,
 May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
 Only a show or two, and so agree,
 The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,
 I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
 Richly in two short hours. Only they,
 That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
 A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
 In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
 Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is, ¹⁾ beside forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
 (To make that only true we now intend,) ²⁾
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and, as you are known
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we would make you: Think, ye see
 The very persons of our noble story,
 As they were living; think, you see them great,
 And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
 Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
 How soon this mightiness meets misery!

And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
 A man may weep upon his wedding day.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *An Ante-Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one Door; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,

Since last we saw in France?

Nor.

I thank your grace:

Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
 Of what I saw there.

Buck.

An untimely ague

Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
 Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
 Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor.

'Twixt Guynes and Arde: ³⁾

I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
 Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
 In their embracement, as they grew together;
 Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
 weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck.

All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's: To-day, the French,
All clinquant, ⁴⁾ all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: Now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable: and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye
Still him in praise; and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerners
Durst wag his tongue in censure. ⁵⁾ When these suns
(For so they phrase them,) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd. ⁶⁾

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing ⁷⁾
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function. ⁸⁾

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element ⁹⁾
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is free'd
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? ¹⁰⁾ I wonder
That such a keech ¹¹⁾ can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file ¹²⁾
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,

Must fetch him in he papers. ¹³⁾

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue? ¹⁴⁾

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy, — That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd? ¹⁵⁾

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; ¹⁶⁾ and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried. ¹⁷⁾

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (the Purse borne before him,) certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The CARDINAL in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buck-
ingham
Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt WOLSEY and Train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur ¹⁸⁾ is venom-mouth'd,
and I

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood. ¹⁹⁾

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: ²⁰⁾ He's gone to
the king;
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king:
And from a mouth of honour²¹⁾ quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd:
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself:
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you: and I'll go along
By your prescription: — but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,) ²²⁾ by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,)
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests ²³⁾ the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,) — Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,
Which I do well; for, I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; — whereby his suit was
granted,

Ere it was ask'd; — but when the way was made,
And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd; —
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in't. ²⁴⁾

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at Arms before him,
and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice. ²⁵⁾

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of
heaven

Be done in this and all things! — I obey. —
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company: — The
king *[To ABERGAVENNY.]*

Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court, ²⁶⁾
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor, —

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great car-
dinal

Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already: ²⁷⁾
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. — My lord, farewell.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Council-Chamber.

*Cornets. Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY,
the Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL,
Officers, and Attendants. The KING enters, leaning
on the CARDINAL's shoulder.*

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it, ²⁸⁾
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level ²⁹⁾
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. — Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

*The KING takes his State. The Lords of the Council take
their several places. The CARDINAL places himself
under the KING's feet, on his right side.*

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the QUEEN, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK, and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The KING riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us: — Half your suit

Never name to us; you have half our power;
The other moiety, ere you ask is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty,
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: — wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he
escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger,
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? — My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file³⁰)
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike;³¹) which are not
wholesome

To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting o' your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold
mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,

That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will.³²) I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.³³)

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I am traduc'd by tongues,³⁴) which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, — let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint³⁵)
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope³⁶) malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones,³⁷) is
Not ours, or not allow'd;³⁸) what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality,³⁹) is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be feared. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop,⁴⁰) bark, and part o' the
timber;

And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.

[To the Secretary.

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.⁴¹)
Yet see

When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust,) of him
Things to strike honour sad. — Bid him recount

The fore-recited practices: whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate
what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the scepter his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, ⁴²⁾ within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultny, did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk: *that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd, — Neither the king, nor
his heirs,*

*(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.*

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on: —
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous
for him,

To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? ⁴³⁾ Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man: — Canst thou say
further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer, —

K. Hen. I remember,
Of such a time: — Being my servant sworn,
The duke retain'd him his. — But on; What
hence?

Surv. *If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought, — I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which, if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.*

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee;
What say'st?

Surv. After — *the duke his father, — with the
knife, —*

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was, — Where he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: by day and night, ⁴⁴⁾
He's traitor to the height. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord CHAMBERLAIN and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should
juggle
Men into such strange mysteries? ⁴⁵⁾

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'the face; ⁴⁶⁾ but they are shrewd
ones;

For when they hold them, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones;
one would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt ⁴⁷⁾ reign'd among them.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How
now?

What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray
our monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions,) leave these remnants
Of fool, and feather, ⁴⁸) that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance,
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, ⁴⁹) and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad, they're
going;

(For, sure, there's no converting of them;) now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,
Held ⁵⁰) current music too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dewes fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal;
in him,

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays; ⁵¹)
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else: which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.

Hautboys. A small Table under a State for the
CARDINAL, a longer Table for the Guests. Enter,
at one Door, ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords,
Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as Guests; at another
Door, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace

Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people. — O, my lord, you are
tardy;

*Enter Lord CHAMBERLAIN, Lord SANDS, and Sir
THOMAS LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir
Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring. — Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. — By your leave, sweet
ladies:

[*Sits himself between ANNE BULLEN and
another Lady.*]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*]

Cham. Well said, my lord. —
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended;
and takes his State.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble
lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*]

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours. —
Ladies, you are not merry; — Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam.
For 'tis to such a thing, —

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.
[*Drum and Trumpets within: Chambers discharged.* ⁵²)

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you.
[*Exit a Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this? — Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and
landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French
tongue;

And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them: — Some attend him. —

[*Exit CHAMBERLAIN, attended. All arise,
and Tables removed.*

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you; — Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING, and twelve others, as
Maskers, habited like Shepherds, with sixteen Torch-
bearers; ushered by the Lord CHAMBERLAIN. They
pass directly before the CARDINAL, and grace-
fully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they
pray'd

To tell your grace: — That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which
I pay them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.
[*Ladies chosen for the Dance. The KING
chooses ANNE BULLEN.*

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*

Wol. My lord, — —

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself: to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*CHAM. goes to the Company, and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it. ⁵³)

Wol. Let me see then. —
[*Comes from his State.*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen; — Here I'll
make

My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal:
[*Unmasking.*

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily. ⁵⁴)

Wol. I am glad,

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,

The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one. — Sweet-
heart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you. — ⁵⁵) A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one. — Sweet
partner,

I must not yet forsake you: — Let's be merry; —
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. — Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt, with Trumpets.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?

2 *Gent.* O, — God save you!

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 *Gent.* Were you there?

1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2 *Gent.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?

1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.

1 *Gent.* So are a number more.

2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd

1) To him brought *vivâ voce*, to his face:

At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 *Gent.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?

1 *Gent.* The same.

All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,

Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar, —
to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, — he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think, he fears death.

1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gent.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainer,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o'my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buck-
ingham,

The mirror of all courtesy; —

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; Tip-
staves before him; the Axe with the edge towards
him; Halberds on each side; with him, Sir THOMAS
LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM
SANDS, and common People.*

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those, that sought it, I could wish more christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven. — Lead on, o'God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,

As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave. — 2) Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming; see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make them one day groan
for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Bannister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes, — both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most:
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell. — I have done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.*]

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity! — Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
Where may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith 3) to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident;
You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear

A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gent.* I think, you have hit the mark: But is't
not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The car-
dinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Ante-Chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord CHAMBERLAIN, reading a Letter.

Cham. My lord, — The horses your lordship sent
for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen,
ridden, and furnished. They were young and hand-
some; and of the best breed in the north. When
they were ready to set out for London, a man of
my lord cardinal's, by commission, and mainpower,
took 'em from me; with this reason, — His master
would be served before a subject, if not before the
king; which stopped our mouths, sir.

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my good
Lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employed?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these to restore the king,

He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre:
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis
most true,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks
them,

And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end, —
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages; all men's honours
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please. ⁴⁾

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
him:

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit Lord CHAMBERLAIN.*]

*NORFOLK opens a folding-door. The KING is dis-
covered sitting, and reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust
yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold.
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha? —

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal? — O, my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king. — You're welcome,

[*To CAMPEIUS.*]

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it: — My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker. ⁵⁾ [*To WOLSEY.*]

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy; go.
[*To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*]

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?
 Suf. Not to speak of;
 I would not be so sick though, ⁶⁾ for his place:
 But this cannot continue. [Aside.
 Nor. If it do,
 I'll venture one heave at him. ⁷⁾
 Suf. I another.]

[Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
 Above all princes, in committing freely
 Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
 Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
 The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
 Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
 The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
 I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
 Have their free voices; ⁸⁾ Rome, the nurse of judgment,
 Invited by your noble self, hath sent
 One general tongue unto us, this good man,
 This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
 Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him
 welcome,
 And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
 They have sent me such a man I would have
 wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'
 loves,
 You are so noble: To your highness' hand
 I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
 (The court of Rome commanding,) — you, my lord
 Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
 In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be ac-
 quainted

Forthwith, for what you come: — Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
 So dear in heart, not to deny her that
 A woman of less place might ask by law,
 Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my
 favour
 To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
 Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
 I find him a fit fellow. [Exit WOLSEY.]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour
 to you;
 You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
 For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. [Aside.]

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[They converse apart.]

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
 In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
 Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;
 And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
 Kept him a foreign man still; ⁹⁾ which so griev'd him,
 That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
 That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
 There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
 For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,

If I command him, follows my appointment;
 I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
 We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[Exit GARDINER.]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
 For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
 There ye shall meet about this weighty business: —
 My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. — O, my lord,
 Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
 So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience, —
 O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

An Ante-Chamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither; — Here's the pang
 that pinches:
 His highness having liv'd so long with her: and she
 So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
 Pronounce dishonour of her, — by my life,
 She never knew harm-doing; — O now, after
 So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
 Still growing in a majesty and pomp, — the which
 To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
 'Tis sweet at first to acquire, — after this process,
 To give her the avaunt! ¹⁰⁾ it is a pity
 Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
 Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O' God's will! much better,
 She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
 Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, ¹¹⁾ do divorce
 It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
 As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
 She's a stranger now again. ¹²⁾

Anne. So much the more
 Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
 I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in content,
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
 Is our best having. ¹³⁾

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
 I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
 And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
 For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
 You, that have so fair parts of woman on you
 Have too a woman's heart: which ever yet
 Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
 Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
 (Saving your mincing) the capacity
 Of your soft cheveril ¹⁴⁾ conscience would receive,
 If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth, —

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth, — You would not be
 a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bowed would
 hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
 What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
 To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a
 little; ¹⁵⁾

I would not be a young count in your way,
 For more than blushing comes to: if your back

Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth
to know

The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, ¹⁶⁾ nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and
wishes,

Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit, ¹⁷⁾
The king hath of you. — I have perus'd her well;
[*Aside.*

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle? — I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh-fish, here, (fye, fye upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence,
no. ¹⁸⁾

There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: — ¹⁹⁾ Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,

I know, your back will bear a duchess; — Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black-fryars.

*Trumpets, Sennet, ²⁰⁾ and Cornets. Enter two
Vergers, with short silver wands; next them two
Scribes in the habits of doctors; after them, the
Archbishop of CANTERBURY alone; after him, the
Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT
ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows
a Gentleman, bearing the Purse, with the great
seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing
each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-
headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms,
bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing
two great silver pillars; ²¹⁾ after them, side by
side, the two Cardinals WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS;
two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then
enter the KING and QUEEN and their Trains. The
KING takes place under the cloth of state; the two
Cardinals sit under him as judges. The QUEEN
takes place at some distance from the KING. The
Bishops place themselves on each side the court,
in manner of a consistory; between them, the
Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The
Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand
in convenient order about the stage.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so: — Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into
the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come
into court.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.

[*The QUEEN makes no answer, rises out of her chair,
goes about the court, comes to the KING, and
kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,

Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I
humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore; if not; i'the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal, —
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge, ²²⁾
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me, —
Which God's dew quench! — Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge: whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me
wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,

Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him,
That I gainsay ²³⁾ my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong: Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you; The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, ²⁴⁾ in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curt'sies to the KING, and offers to depart.*]

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, come into the
court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep
your way:

When you are call'd, return. — Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience! — pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt QUEEN, GRIFFITH, and her other
Attendants.*]

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i'the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government, —
Obeying in commanding, — and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,) ²⁵⁾
The queen of earthly queens: — She is noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfied,) ²⁶⁾ whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you, — but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, — spake one the least word, might ²⁷⁾
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd; oft
The passages made toward it: — ²⁸) on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't, —
I will be bold with time, and your attention: —
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; — give
heed to't: —

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador:
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I'the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advèrtise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead: for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not
Be gladdened in't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail: and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea ²⁹) of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience, — which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well, —
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd. — First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself
to say

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me, —
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread, — that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons: — Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:

For no dislike i'the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o'the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*]

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*]
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Palace at Bridewell.

A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

The QUEEN, and some of her Women, at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows
sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working.

Song.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence. ¹)

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their
business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a
housewife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o'my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them, ²⁾
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,*—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
suspicious;

Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you,)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York, — out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,) —
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, ³⁾ (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with
these fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;

He's loving, and most gracious; 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; holy men I
thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your com-
fort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long — (let me speak
myself,
Since virtue finds no friends,) — a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him? ⁴⁾
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, — a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. 'Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English
earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living. —
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[*To her Women.*

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me: — Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,

The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;

Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,

If I have used myself ⁵⁾ unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she sat footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Ante-Chamber to the King's Apartment.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord CHAMBERLAIN.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them ⁶⁾ with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have unctemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true,
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings ⁷⁾
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o'the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o'the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction! ⁸⁾

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation!
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. — But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd. ⁹⁾

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause of the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cry'd ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry, ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; ¹⁰⁾ which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and has ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

The cardinal —

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile. — [Exit CROMWELL.]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her. —
Anne Bullen! No: I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There is more in it than fair visage. — Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens. — Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome. — The marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's
daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen! —
This candle burns not clear; 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes. — What though I know her
virtuous,

And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i'the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something.

Suf. I would, 'twere something that would fret
the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the KING, reading a Schedule; and LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i'the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together! — Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required; And, wot you, what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing, —
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon; not worth
His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, and whispers LOVELL, who
goes to WOLSEY.]

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband: and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i'the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well-saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Sur. The lord increase this business! [Aside.]

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours; — my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities: ¹¹⁾ Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render, but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: The honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i'the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty, ¹²⁾
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be. ¹³⁾
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood, ¹⁴⁾
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken:
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. — Read o'er this;
[Giving him papers.
And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[Exit KING, frowning upon Cardinal WOLSEY: the
Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reaped it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger. — 'Tis so;
This paper has undone me: — 'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know, 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this — *To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness:
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the
Earl of SURREY, and the Lord CHAMBERLAIN.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, ¹⁵) my lord of Winchester's, ¹⁶)
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, — envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,

(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his suecour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lords, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
¹⁷) That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st
feel

My sword i'the life-blood of thee else. — My lords,
Can you endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded ¹⁸) by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell, nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks. ¹⁹)

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness,
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious. —
My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen, —
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life: — I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, ²⁰) when the brown
wench

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have
at you.

First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.²¹⁾

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,

(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing²²⁾
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is, —
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*, —²³⁾

That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection: — This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, — nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,²⁴⁾
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. —

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken

A load would sink a navy, too much honour:

O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right
use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)

To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden;

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open,²⁵⁾ as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use²⁶⁾ now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord. —
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, — when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, — say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, — that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour, —
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,

Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king:
And, — Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal ²⁷⁾
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. You are well met once again.

2 Gent. And so are you. ¹⁾

1 Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold

The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.

2 Gent. 'Tis well: The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;
As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day ²⁾ with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 Gent. Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2 Gent. I thank you, sir; had I not known those
customs,

I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gent. That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage ³⁾ made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 Gent. Alas, good lady! —

[Trumpets.]

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

The Order of the Procession.

A lively flourish of Trumpets: then, enter

1. Two Judges.

2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.

3. Choristers singing.

[Music.]

4. Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and, on his head, a gilt copper crown.

5. Marquis Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.

6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.

7. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.

8. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.

9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.

2 Gent. A royal train, believe me. — These I know; —

Who's that, that bears the scepter?

1 Gent. Marquis Dorset.
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gent. A bold brave gentleman: And that should ⁴⁾ be
The duke of Suffolk.

1 Gent. 'Tis the name; high-steward.

2 Gent. And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 Gent.

Yes.

2 Gent.

Heaven bless thee!

[Looking on the Queen.]

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on. —

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 Gent. They, that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

2 Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all, are
near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars
indeed;

And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 Gent.

No more of that.

[Exit Procession, with a great flourish of Trumpets.]

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 Gent. Among the crowd i'the abbey; where a
finger

Could not be wedg'd in more; and I am stifled ⁵⁾
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 Gent.

You saw

The ceremony?

3 Gent.

That I did.

1 Gent.

How was it?

3 Gent. Well worth the seeing.

2 Gent.

Good sir, speak it to us.

3 Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream

Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen

To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off

A distance from her; while her grace sat down

To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets I think,) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams ⁶⁾
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But, 'pray, what follow'd? ⁷⁾

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest
paces

Came to the altar: where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her; which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir, you
Must no more call it York-place, that is past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd — Whitehall.

3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gent.* Stokesley and Gardiner: the one, of Win-
chester,

(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,)
The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. — The king
Has made him master o'the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. ⁸⁾

Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led between
GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,

Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair; —
So, — now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily, ⁹⁾
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, ¹⁰⁾ he came to
Leicester,

Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words, — *O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!

So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity, — He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ¹¹⁾ ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom: ¹²⁾ simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I'the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him! —
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee. — Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Music.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down
quiet,
For fear we wake her; — Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another,
six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their
heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their
faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands.
They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain
changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her
head, at which, the other four make reverend court'sies;
then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same
to the other next two, who observe the same order in
their changes, and holding the garland over her head:
which done, they deliver the same garland to the last
two, who likewise observe the same order: at which,
(as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep
signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven:
and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the
garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all
gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Mark you her eyes?

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace, —

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too
late;

'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom! — Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

[*Giving it to KATHARINE.*]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, ¹³) his young
daughter: —

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her! —
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long,
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men; — they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me; —
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by;
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents: — And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will. — Mine eyes grow dim. — Farewell,
My lord. — Griffith, farewell. — Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women. — When I am dead, good
wench,

Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over

With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. — — [Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of WINCHESTER, a Page
with a Torch before him, met by Sir THOMAS
LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. — Good hour of night, sir
Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero ¹⁾
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the
matter?

It seems, you are in haste; an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: ²⁾ Affairs, that walk
(As, they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in
labour,

They say in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir, —
Hear me, sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way; ³⁾ I know you wise, religious:
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well, —
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'the kingdom. As for Crom-
well, —

Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O'the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments, ⁴⁾
With which the time will load him: The archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o'the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)
A most arch heretic, ⁵⁾ a pestilence

That does infect the land: with which they moved,
Have broken with the king; ⁶⁾ who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. ⁷⁾ He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: Good night, sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your ser-
vant. [Exeunt GARDINER and Page.]

As LOVELL is going out, enter the KING, and
the Duke of SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play. —
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance
made

Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Will not be friendly to. ⁸⁾

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night. —
[Exit SUFFOLK.]

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[Exit DENNY.]

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither. [Aside.]

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.

[LOVELL seems to stay.]

Ha! — I have said. — Be gone.

What! — [Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.]

Cran. I am fearful: — Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty,
To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you: which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother
of us, ⁹⁾

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance, ¹⁰⁾ further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not, ¹¹⁾
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how
Your state stands i'the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies
Are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever ¹²⁾
The justice and the truth o'the question carries
The due o'the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck, ¹³⁾
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them; if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. — Look, the good man
weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he's true-hearted! and a soul
None better in my kingdom. — Get you gone,

And do as I have bid you. — [*Exit CRANMER.*] He
has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back; What mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. — Now, good angels,
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! — 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell, —

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the
queen. [*Exit KING.*]

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have
more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Lobby before the Council-Chamber.

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-Keeper, &c.
attending.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentle-
man,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? —
Ho!

Who waits there? — Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit BUTTS.*]

Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; as he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to
make me

Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their plea-
sures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter at a Window above, ¹⁴⁾ the KING and BUTTS.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight, —

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o'me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among them, ¹⁵⁾
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close; ¹⁶⁾
We shall hear more anon. — [Exeunt.

The Council-Chamber.

Enter the Lord CHANCELLOR, the Duke of SUFFOLK, Earl of SURREY, Lord CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The CHANCELLOR places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop,
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER approaches the Council-table.

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels: ¹⁷⁾ out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdeemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your
chaplains,

(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur
them,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell, all physic; And what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, ¹⁸⁾ can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, ¹⁹⁾ my lords,)

A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more
moment,

We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More, than I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror.

You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers, ²⁰⁾
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord, — It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o'the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i'the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring. ²¹⁾

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter KING, frowning on them; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound
to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
That cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commend-
ations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody. —
Good man, [to CRANMER] sit down. Now let me see
the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not. ²²⁾

Sur. May it please your grace, —

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom; There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men,) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, If a prince

May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords. — My lord of Can-
terbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, ²³⁾ and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your
spoons; ²⁴⁾ you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of
Norfolk,
And lady marquis Dorset: Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy
true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.* —
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The Palace Yard.

Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter and
his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals:
Do you take the court for Paris-garden? ²⁵⁾ ye
rude slaves, leave your gaping. ²⁶⁾

[Within.] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you
rogue: Is this a place to roar in? — Fetch me a
dozen crab-tree-staves, and strong ones; these are
but switches to them. — I'll scratch your heads:
You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for
ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,)
To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not. How gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Col-
brand, ²⁷⁾ to mow them down before me: but, if I
spared any, that had a head to hit, either young
or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me
never hope to see a chine again; and that I would
not for a cow, God save her.

[Within.] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master
puppy. — Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down
by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? ²⁸⁾
or have we some strange Indian with the great tool

come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, ²⁹⁾ for, o'my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: The fire-drake ³⁰⁾ did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, ³¹⁾ for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor ³²⁾ once, and hit that woman, who cried out *clubs!* ³³⁾ when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered: They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, ³⁴⁾ delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work: ³⁵⁾ The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, ³⁶⁾ their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*, ³⁷⁾ and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, ³⁸⁾ that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves? — Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.

There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these Your faithful friends o'the suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being torn a pieces, we have done: An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live, If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves; And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, ³⁹⁾ when Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound; They are come already from the christening: Go, break among the press, and find a way out To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princes.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i'the camblet, get up o'the rail; I'll pick you o'er the pales else. ⁴⁰⁾ *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

The Palace. ⁴¹⁾

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK, with his marshall's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK,

two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls ⁴²⁾ *for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, ⁴³⁾ send prosperous life, long, and ever happy to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING, and Train.

Cran. *[Kneeling.]* And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray; — All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady, Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy, May hourly fall upon ye!

K.Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop; What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K.Hen. Stand up, lord. —

[The KING kisses the Child.]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee! Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K.Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady, When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir, For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth. This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!) Though in her cradle, yet now promises Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings, Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be (But few now living can behold that goodness,) A pattern to all princes living with her, And all that shall succeed; Sheba was never More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue, Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces, That mould up such a mighty piece as this is, With all the virtues that attend the good, Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her, Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her: She shall be lov'd and fear'd: Her own shall bless her: Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:

In her days, every man shall eat in safety Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours: God shall be truly known; and those about her From her shall read the perfect ways of honour, And by those claim their greatness, not by blood. *[Nor shall this peace sleep with her: ⁴⁴⁾ But as when*

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, Her ashes new create another heir, As great in admiration as herself; So shall she leave her blessedness to one, (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour, Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was, And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror, That were the servants to this chosen infant, Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him; Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, His honour, and the greatness of his name

Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him: — — Our children's
children

Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker. —
I thank ye all, — To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
lords;

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, — *that's witty!*
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd them; ⁴⁵) If they smile, ⁴⁶)
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

XXVI.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, *King of Troy:*

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS, } *his Sons.*
DEIPHOBUS,

HELENUS, } *Trojan Commanders.*
ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR,

CALCHAS, *a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

PANDARUS, *Uncle to Cressida.*

MARGARELON, *a bastard Son of Priam.*

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian General:*

MENELAUS, *his Brother.*

ACHILLES,

AJAX,

ULYSSES,

NESTOR,

DIOMEDES,

PATROCLUS,

} *Grecian Commanders.*

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

ALEXANDER, *Servant to Cressida.*

Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, *Wife to Menelaus.*

ANDROMACHE, *Wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *Daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE — Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, ¹⁾ their high blood chaf'd
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine that wore
Their crowns regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps: and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts, ²⁾
Sperr up the sons of Troy. ³⁾
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard: — And hither am I come,
A prologue arm'd, — ⁴⁾ but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument, —
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt ⁵⁾ and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter TROILUS armed; and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet, ⁶⁾ I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder ⁷⁾ than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word — hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench ⁸⁾ at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts, —
So, traitor! when she comes! — — When is she
thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever
I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee, — When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm,)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than
Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more com-
parison between the women. — But, for my part,
she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term
it, praise her, — But I would somebody had heard
her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise
your sister Cassandra's wit; but —

Tro. O, Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus, —
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; To whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! ⁹⁾ This thou
tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say — I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as
she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an
she be not, she has the mends ¹⁰⁾ in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! how now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-
thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone
between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what,
with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not
so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she
would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday.
But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-
a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's
a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the
Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her:
for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the
matter.

Tro. Pandarus, —

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus, —

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave
all as I found it, and there an end.

[Exit PANDARUS. An Alarum.

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude
sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But, Pandarus — O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not
afield?

Tro. Because not there; This woman's answer
sorts, ¹¹⁾

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [Alarum.

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if *would I might*, were
may. —

But, to the sport abroad; — Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The same. A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war, ¹²⁾
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the
Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good; And what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick,
or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of
their particular additions; ¹³⁾ he is as valiant as
the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant:
a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours,
that his valour is crushed into folly, ¹⁴⁾ his folly
sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a vir-
tue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man
an attaint, but he carries some stain of it: he is
melancholy without cause, and merry against the
hair: ¹⁵⁾ He hath the joints of every thing; but
every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty
Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Ar-
gus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me
smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the
battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame

whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of? — Good morrow, Alexander. — How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector?

Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were, —

Cres. So he is.

Pan. — 'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself. — 'Would 'a were himself? Well, the gods are above; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well, — I would, my heart were in her body! — No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities; —

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,) — Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher,

is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, ¹⁶⁾ indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compassed window, — ¹⁷⁾ and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter? ¹⁸⁾

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him; — she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin, —

Cres. Juno have mercy! — How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then; — But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus, —

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin! — Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing; — Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; — Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.* Jupiter! quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris my husband? The forked one*, quoth he, *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed. ¹⁹⁾

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A Retreat sounded.*]

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? Good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o'the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person: — When comes Troilus? — I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more. ²⁰⁾

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow! — Go thy way, Hector! — There's a brave man, niece. — O brave Hector! — Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good — Look you what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! there's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By God's lid, it does one's heart good: — Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not? — Why, this is brave now. — Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now! — you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus, — I marvel, where Troilus is: — That's Helenus; — I think he went not forth to-day: — That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no; — yes, he'll fight indifferent well: — I marvel, where Troilus is! — Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus? — Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece! — Hem — Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry.

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him; — O brave Troilus! — Look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes! — O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris! — Paris is dirt to him; and I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the Stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i'the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? — Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pye, — ²¹⁾ for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie. ²²⁾

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit Boy.* I doubt, he be hurt. — Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle, —

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token — you are a bawd. — [*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice, He offers in another's enterprize:

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:

That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this —

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

That she was never yet, that ever knew

Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach, —

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech: ²³⁾

Then though my heart's content ²⁴⁾ firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.

Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gav'st surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd ²⁵⁾ and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply ²⁶⁾
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize, ²⁷⁾
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, ²⁸⁾ Why, then, the thing
of courage, ²⁹⁾

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding ³⁰⁾ fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon, —
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, — hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation

The which, — most mighty for thy place and sway, —

[*To AGAMEMNON.*]

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life, —

[*To NESTOR.*]

I give to both your speeches, — which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue, — ³¹⁾ yet let it please
both, —

Thou great, — and wise, — to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less
expect ³²⁾

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule ³³⁾ hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive, ³⁴⁾
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degrees being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this cen-
ter, ³⁵⁾

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate ³⁶⁾
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprize is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities, ³⁷⁾
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores, ³⁸⁾
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere ³⁹⁾ oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,
(Between whose endless jar justice resides,)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglect of degree it is,

That by a pace⁴⁰) goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb.⁴¹) The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:⁴²)

And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power⁴³) is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, — whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host, —
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;

And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)

He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation⁴⁴) he puts on;

And, like a strutting player, — whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound

'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage, —⁴⁵)
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming⁴⁶)

He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,⁴⁷)

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;

Cries — *Excellent!* — 'Tis Agamemnon just. —
Now play me Nestor; — hem, and stroke thy beard,

As he, being 'drest to some oration.
That's done; — as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels:⁴⁸) as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*

'Tis Nestor right! *Now play him me, Patroclus,*
Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet; — And at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O! — enough, Patroclus; —*

Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.

Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein,⁴⁹) in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites

(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,)⁵⁰)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.⁵¹)

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice:
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts, —

That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure⁵²)
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight, —
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:

They call this — bed-work, mappery, closet-war;
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine:

Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears.

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks⁵³)
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace;
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords, and Jove's
accord

Nothing so full of heart.⁵⁴) But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows;⁵⁵) that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes from
Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;

To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:

That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents; —

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)

Who in this dull and long-continued truce⁵⁶)
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,

And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
 If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
 That holds his honour higher than his ease;
 That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
 That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
 That loves his mistress more than in confession, ⁵⁷⁾
 (With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
 And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
 In other arms than hers, — to him this challenge.
 Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
 Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
 If any come, Hector shall honour him;
 If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
 The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
 The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
 If none of them have soul in such a kind,
 We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
 That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
 When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now:
 But, if there be not in our Grecian host
 One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
 To answer for his love, Tell him from me, —
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
 And in my vantbrace ⁵⁸⁾ put this wither'd brawn;
 And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
 Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
 As may be in the world; His youth in flood,
 I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
 To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
 Achilles shall have word of this intent;
 So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
 And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

Ulyss. Nestor, — —

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
 Be you my time to bring it to some shape. ⁵⁹⁾

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
 That hath to this maturity blown up
 In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
 Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
 To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
 However it is spread in general name,
 Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
 Whose grossness little characters sum up:
 And, in the publication, make no strain, ⁶⁰⁾
 But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
 As banks of Libya, — though, Apollo knows,
 'Tis dry enough, — will, with great speed of judgment,
 Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
 Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest.

Yes,

It is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,

That can from Hector bring those honours off,
 If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
 Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
 For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
 With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
 Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
 In this wild action: for the success,
 Although particular, shall give a scantling ⁶¹⁾
 Of good or bad unto the general;
 And in such indexes, although small pricks ⁶²⁾
 To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
 The baby figure of the giant mass
 Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
 He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
 And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
 Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
 As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
 Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,
 What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
 To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
 Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
 In no less working, than are swords and bows
 Directed by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech; —

Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
 Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
 And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
 The lustre of the better shall exceed,
 By showing the worse first. Do not consent,
 That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
 For both our honour and our shame, in this,
 Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
 Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
 But he already is too insolent;
 And we were better parch in Afric sun,
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
 Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
 Why, then we did our main opinion ⁶³⁾ crush
 In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
 And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
 The sort ⁶⁴⁾ to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
 Give him allowance for the better man,
 For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
 Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion ⁶⁵⁾ still
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes, —
 Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,

Now I begin to relish thy advice;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
 Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
 Must tarre the mastiffs on, ⁶⁶⁾ as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. ¹⁾

SCENE I. *Another Part of the Grecian Camp.*

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites, — —

Ther. Agamemnon — how if he had boils? full,
 all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites, — —

Ther. And those boils did run? — Say so, — did not the general run, then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog, — —

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [Strikes him.]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation, —

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsome scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say the proclamation, — —

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldest strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf! ²⁾

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers ³⁾ with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [Beating him.]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch! ⁴⁾

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego ⁵⁾ may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold ⁶⁾ among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, ⁷⁾ I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [Beating him.]

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia

mater ⁸⁾ is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, — who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, — I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax — —

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.]

Ther. Has not so much wit — —

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall — —

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; ⁹⁾ Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so? — a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor, — whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, — yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, ¹⁰⁾ shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[Exit.]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:

That Hector, by the first hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy, To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare Maintain — I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise, He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: — I'll go learn more of it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE H.

Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent, Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;

*Deliver Helen, and all damage else —
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is
consum'd*

*In hot digestion of this cormorant war, —
Shall be struck off: — Hector, what say you to't?*

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out — *Who knows what follows?*
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes, ¹¹
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fye, fye, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite? ¹²
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fye, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother
priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your
reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd? — Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates and sleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason; reason and respect ¹³
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive ¹⁴
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,

When we have soil'd them: nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve, ¹⁵
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full consent ¹⁶ bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt, ¹⁷ whom the Greeks held
captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd — *Go, go,*)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd — *Inestimable!*) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did, ¹⁸
Beggard the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans.

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, ¹⁹ burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exit.]

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
strains

Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste ²⁰ the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. ²¹ For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity ²²
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent ²³
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?

What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill-bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd, — ²⁴) but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle ²⁵) thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:

The reasons you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence ²⁶)
To their benumbed wills, ²⁷) resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king, —
As it is known she is, — these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth; ²⁸) yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens, ²⁹)
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us: ³⁰)
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,

You valiant offspring of great Priamus. —
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation ³¹) in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, — a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; ³²) if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, ³³) and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction ³⁴) till thy death: then if she, that lays thee out, says — thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? — Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles: — Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline ³⁵) the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man. — Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool, to serve such a fool: and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover. — It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody: — Come in with me, Thersites. *[Exit.]*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore: A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! *[Exit.]*

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here. He shent our messengers; ³⁶⁾ and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. *[Exit.]*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent; He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But, why, why? let him show us a cause. — A word, my lord.

[Takes AGAMEMNON aside.]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say — he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state, ³⁷⁾ To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath. ³⁸⁾

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus; — We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues, — Not virtuously on his own part beheld, — Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,

Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin, If you do say — we think him over-proud, And under-honest; in self-assumption greater, Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness ³⁹⁾ he puts on; Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite ⁴⁰⁾ in an observing kind ⁴¹⁾ His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add, That, if he overhold his price so much, We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine Not portable, lie under this report — Bring action hither, this cannot go to war: A stirring dwarf we do allowance give ⁴²⁾ Before a sleeping giant; — Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. *[Exit.]*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied, We come to speak with him. — Ulysses, enter.

[Exit ULYSSES.]

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say — he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange? *[Aside.]*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none; But carries on the stream of his dispose, Without observance or respect of any, In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request, Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,

He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness; And speaks not to himself, but with a pride That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse, That 'twixt his mental and his active parts, Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages, And batters down himself: What should I say? He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it ⁴³⁾ Cry — *No recovery.*

Agam. Let Ajax go to him. — Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent: 'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led, At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so! We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord, That bastes his arrogance with his own seam; ⁴⁴⁾

And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, — save such as do revolve
And ruminat himself, — shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride; ⁴⁵⁾
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder — *Achilles, go to him.*
Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.
[Aside.]
Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!
[Aside.]
Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash
him ⁴⁶⁾
Over the face.
Agam. O, no, you shall not go.
Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his
pride: ⁴⁷⁾
Let me go to him.
Ulyss. Not for the worth ⁴⁸⁾ that hangs upon our
quarrel.
Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow, — —
Nest. How he describes
Himself! *[Aside.]*
Ajax. Can he not be sociable?
Ulyss. The raven
Chides blackness. *[Aside.]*
Ajax. I will let his humours blood.
Agam. He'll ⁴⁹⁾ be physician, that should be the
patient. *[Aside.]*
Ajax. An all men
Were o'my mind, — —
Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. *[Aside.]*
Ajax. He should not bear it so,
He should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?
Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. *[Aside.]*
Ulyss. He'd have ten shares. *[Aside.]*
Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple: — —
Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him ⁵⁰⁾
with praises:
Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. *[Aside.]*
Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.
[To AGAMEMNON.]
Nest. O noble general, do not do so.
Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man — But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, ⁵¹⁾ as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter ⁵²⁾ thus
with us!
I would, he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice
Were it in Ajax now — —
Ulyss. If he were proud?
Dio. Or covetous of praise?
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet
composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield ⁵³⁾
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which like a bourn, ⁵⁴⁾ a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor, —
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise; —
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.
Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Nest. Ay, my good son.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.
Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord, — come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw
deep. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you
follow the young lord Paris?
Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.
Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?
Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.
Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I
must needs praise him.
Serv. The lord be praised!
Pan. You know me, do you not?
Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.
Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pan-
darus.
Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.
Pan. I do desire it.
Serv. You are in the state of grace. *[Music within.]*
Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship
are my titles: — What music is this?
Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.
Pan. Know you the musicians?
Serv. Wholly, sir.
Pan. Who play they to?
Serv. To the hearers, sir.
Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?
Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.
Pan. Command, I mean, friend.
Serv. Who shall I command, sir?
Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am
too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose
request do these men play?
Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the
request of Paris my lord, who is there in person;
with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of
beauty, love's invisible soul, — —
Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?
Serv. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out that
by her attributes?
Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not
seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris
from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimental
assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. — Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again: you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance: — Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir, —

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits. ¹⁾

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen: — My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. — But (marry) thus my lord, — My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus —

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord, —

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to: — commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words: no, no. — And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus, —

Pan. What says my sweet queen, — my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord, —

Pan. What says my sweet queen? — My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; ²⁾ come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say — Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy? — Come, give me an instrument. — Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry — Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? — Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field, to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-night, ³⁾ but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something; — you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. — I long to hear how they sped to-day. — You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a heir.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[Exit.

[A Retreat sounded.

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall, To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris: Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty, Give us more palm in beauty than we have; Yea, over-shines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes. — How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Servant.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon, And give me swift transportance to those fields, Where I may wallow in the lily beds

Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i'the orchard, I'll bring her straight.

[Exit PANDARUS.]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight:
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and
fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed
with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest
villain: — she fetches her breath as short as a new-
ta'en sparrow.

[Exit PANDARUS.]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's
a baby. — Here she is now: swear the oaths now
to her, that you have sworn to me. — What, are
you gone again? you must be watched ere you be
made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your
ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i'the
fills. — ⁴⁾ Why do you not speak to her? — Come,
draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas
the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an
'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on,
and kiss the mistress. ⁵⁾ How now, a kiss in fee-
farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet.
Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part
you. The falcon as the tercel, ⁶⁾ for all the ducks
i'the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but
she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your
activity in question. What, billing again? Here's —
In witness whereof the parties interchangeably —
Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [Exit PANDARUS.]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus?

Cres. Wished, my lord? — The gods grant! — O
my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this
pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my
sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubims; they never see
truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds
safer footing than blind reason stumbling without
fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all
Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow
to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers;
thinking it harder for our mistress to devise impos-
sition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty

imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, —
that the will is infinite, and the execution confined;
that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave
to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance
than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that
they never perform; vowing more than the perfection
of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of
one. They that have the voice of lions, and the
act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us
as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head
shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in
reversion shall have a praise in present: we will
not name desert, before his birth; and, being born,
his addition shall be humble. ⁷⁾ Few words to fair
faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what
envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; ⁸⁾
and what truth can speak truest, no truer than
Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talk-
ing yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate
to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy
of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord:
if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's
word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kin-
dred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they
are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell
you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me
heart: —

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever — Pardon me; —
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

I love you now; but not, till now, so much

But I might master it: — in faith, I lie;

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown

Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,

When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;

Ant yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;

Or that we women had men's privilege

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;

For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak

The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws

My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me:

'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:

I am asham'd; — O heavens! what have I done? —

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow
morning, —

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun
Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you:
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone: —
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak
so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than
love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not: For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me, —
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match⁹⁾ and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.¹⁰⁾

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,¹¹⁾
Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration, —
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the center, —
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,¹²⁾
As true as Troilus shall crown up¹³⁾ the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said — as
false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll
be the witness. — Here I hold your hand; here,
my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another,
since I have taken such pains to bring you together,
let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's
end after my name, call them all — Pandars; let
all constant men be Troiluses, all false women
Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say,
amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a cham-
ber and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak
of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer!

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,
AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; séquest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, and become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make
demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore,)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest¹⁴⁾ in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.¹⁵⁾

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. — Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word — if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Excunt* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his tent: —
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd on
him:

If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along; —
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught
with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil.

No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam.

The better.

[*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.*]

Achil.

Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit MENELAUS.*]

Achil.

What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil.

Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax.

Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit AJAX.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil.

What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour, ¹⁶⁾
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading. —

How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss.

Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss.

A strange fellow here

Writes me, That man — how dearly ever parted, ¹⁷⁾
How much in having, or without, or in, —
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil.

This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
(That most pure spirit of sense,) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, ¹⁸⁾ expressly proves —
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch,
reverberates

The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax. ¹⁹⁾

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!

What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!

How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!

To see these Grecian lords! — why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:

Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon

As done: Perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail

In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,

Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,

That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,

Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost; —

Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,

O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in
present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,

That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,

Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek

Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all

To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, —

That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted. ²⁰⁾

The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,

Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,

If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;

Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions ²¹⁾ 'mongst the gods themselves,

And drove great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy

The reasons are more potent and heroical:

'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love

Which one of Priam's daughters. ²²⁾

Achil.

Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state,
 Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
 Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
 There is a mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle²³) in the soul of state;
 Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
 And better would it fit Achilles much,
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing —
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
 Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit.]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
 A woman impudent and mannish grown
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
 They think, my little stomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
 Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?*Patr.* Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.*Achil.* I see, my reputation is at stake;
 My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware;
 Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
 Omission to do what is necessary²⁴)
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
 I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
 To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
 To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
 An appetite that I am sick withal,
 To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
 To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
 Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!*Achil.* What?*Ther.* Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.*Achil.* How so?*Ther.* He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.*Achil.* How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard,²⁵) as who should say — there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said,

Good morrow, Ajax; and he replies, Thanks, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.*Ther.* Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.*Achil.* To him, Patroclus: Tell him, — I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.*Patr.* Jove bless great Ajax.*Ther.* Humph!*Patr.* I come from the worthy Achilles, — —*Ther.* Ha!*Patr.* Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent!*Ther.* Humph!*Patr.* And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.*Ther.* Agamemnon?*Patr.* Ay, my lord.*Ther.* Ha!*Patr.* What say you to't?*Ther.* God be wi' you, with all my heart.*Patr.* You answer, sir.*Ther.* If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.*Patr.* Your answer, sir.*Ther.* Fare you well, with all my heart.*Achil.* Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?*Ther.* No, but he's out o'tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.²⁶)*Achil.* Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.*Ther.* Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.²⁷)*Achil.* My mind his troubled, like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Troy. A Street.

Enter at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant, with a Torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with Torches.

Par. See, ho! who's that there?*Dei.*

'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person? —

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
 As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
 Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too. — Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
 Witness the process of your speech, wherein

You told — how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Ane. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question ¹⁾ of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Ane. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. — In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize: — Jove, let *Aeneas* live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!

But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Ane. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of. —
What business, lord, so early?

Ane. I was sent for to the king; but why, I
know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; ²⁾ 'Twas to bring
this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid;
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore; I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Ane. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Ane. Good morrow, all. [Exit.]

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship, —
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure,)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour,)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece; ³⁾
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors;
Both merits pois'd, ⁴⁾ each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris. —
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain; since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,

Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well, —
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. Court before the House of Pandarus.

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow then.

Tro. 'Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights
she stays,

As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. 'Pr'ythee, tarry; —
You men will never tarry. — —

O foolish Cressid! — I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's
one up.

Pan. [Within.] What, are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life, — —

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads? —
Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? — let her say what:
what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll
ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capoc-
chia! ⁵⁾ hast not slept to-night? would he not, a
naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[Knocking.]

Cres. Did I not tell you? — 'would he were knock'd
o'the head! —

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see. —
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
Yon smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such
thing. — [Knocking.]

How earnestly they knock! pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA.]

Pan. [Going to the door.] Who's there? what's the
matter? will you beat down the door? How now?
what's the matter?

Enter AENEAS.

Ane. Good-morrow, lord, good-morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord *Aeneas*? By my troth,
I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him; It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn: — For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

Æne. Who! — nay, then: —

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware: You'll be so true to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hither: ⁶⁾ Go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash: ⁷⁾ There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy: They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me! I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[Exeunt TROILUS and ÆNEAS.]

Pan. I'st possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? what is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods! — what's the matter?

Pan. 'Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his death: — O poor gentleman! — A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods! — I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity; ⁸⁾

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus. — O you gods divine! Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood, If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very center of the earth, Drawing all things to it. — I'll go in, and weep.

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same. Before Pandarus' House.

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; ⁹⁾ and the hour prefix'd Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon: — Good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house; I'll bring her to the Grecian presently: And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus A priest, there offering to it his own heart. *[Exit.]*

Par. I know what 'tis to love; And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help! — Please you, walk in, my lords. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste, And violenteth in a sense as strong As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it? If I could temporize with my affection, Or brew it to a weak and colder palate, The like allayment could I give my grief: My love admits no qualifying dross: No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes. — Ah sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! *[Embracing him.]*

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: O heart, — as the goodly saying is, — —

— o heart, o heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it. — How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity, That the blest gods — as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their deities — take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows Even in the birth of our own labouring breath: We two, that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves With the rude brevity and discharge of one. Injurious time now, with a robber's haste, Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how: As many farewells as be stars in heaven,

With distinct breath and consign'd kisses ¹⁰⁾ to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears. ¹¹⁾

Æne. [Within.] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so

Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die, —
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
or my heart will be blown up by the root?

[Exit PANDARUS.]

Cres. I must then to the Greeks?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart, — —

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem ¹²⁾ is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death ¹³⁾ himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens! — be true, again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;

The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)
Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, ¹⁴⁾ nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think, I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [Within.] Nay, good my lord, — —

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [Within.] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity; ¹⁵⁾
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is — plain, and true, — there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and
DIOMEDES.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:

At the port, ¹⁶⁾ lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is. ¹⁷⁾
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus,
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust: ¹⁸⁾ And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say — be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, — no.

Tro. Come, to the port. — I'll tell thee, Diomed, ¹⁹⁾
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head. —
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[Exit TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMEDES.
[Trumpet heard.]

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.

Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment ²⁰⁾ fresh
and fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias cheek ²¹⁾
Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [Trumpets sound.]

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;

'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin. —
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that win'er from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss; — this, mine;
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir: — Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,²²⁾
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o'the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn. —
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word; — I'll bring you to your father.

[DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fye, fye upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive²³⁾ of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,²⁴⁾
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,²⁵⁾
And daughters of the game.

[Trumpet within.]

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

*Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and
other Trojans, with Attendants.*

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall
be done

To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided

By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know
this; —

In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;²⁶⁾

The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,

And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood;²⁷⁾

In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;

Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek

This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then? — O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed: — Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas

Consent upon the order of their fight,

So be it; either to the uttermost,

Or else a breath;²⁸⁾ the combatants being kin,

Half stints²⁹⁾ their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.]

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so
heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;

Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;³⁰⁾

Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:

His heart and hand both open, and both free;

For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shows;

Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impair thought³¹⁾ with breath:

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;

For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes³²⁾

To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,

Is more vindicative than jealous love:

They call him Troilus; and on him erect

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth

Even to his inches, and, with private soul,

Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.³³⁾

[Alarum. HECTOR and AJAX fight.]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd: — there, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [Trumpets cease.]

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more: —

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,

That thou could'st say — *This hand is Grecian all,*

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my father's; by Jove multipotent,

Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt,³⁴⁾ should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition³⁵⁾ earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus³⁶⁾ so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, *This is he,*) could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement: — Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As seld' I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home. — Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with
husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious³⁷⁾ Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.
[To TROILUS.]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greet-
ing; —

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;³⁸⁾
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen
thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;³⁹⁾
That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,⁴⁰⁾

And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee:
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time: —
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in con-
tention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time —

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed

In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet: and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou! —
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.⁴¹⁾

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me, than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his
body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,⁴²⁾
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er. —
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag.
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never —

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin; —
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,

Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.⁴³⁾

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars,⁴⁴⁾ since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive⁴⁵⁾ we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure, and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him. —
Beat loud the tabourines,⁴⁶⁾ let the trumpets blow
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night:
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-
night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow. —
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why thou picture of what thou seemest, and
idol of idiot worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box,¹⁾ or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity!²⁾ and what need these
tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy: I profit not by thy
talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why his masculine whore. Now the rotten
diseases of the south, the guts-griping ruptures,
catarrhs, loads o'gravel i'the back, lethargies, cold
palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs,
bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i'the
palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivelled fee simple
of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous
discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what
meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson
indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou
idle immaterial skein of sleive silk,³⁾ thou green
sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a pro-
digal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is
pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!⁴⁾

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;

A token from her daughter, my fair love;

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:

Fall, Greeks: fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey. —

Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;

This night in banquetting must all be spent. —

Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain,
these two may run mad; but if with too much brain,
and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of
madmen. Here's Agamemnon, — an honest fellow
enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not
so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly trans-
formation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, —
the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds;
a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his
brother's leg, — to what form, but that he is,
should wit larded with malice, and malice forced
with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing;
he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he
is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat,
a fitchew,⁵⁾ a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock,
or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but
to be Menelaus, — I would conspire against destiny.
Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Ther-
sites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so
I were not Menelaus. — Hey-day! spirits and fires!⁶⁾

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED, with Lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' ge-
neral.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus.⁷⁾

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink,
sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night,

And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.*]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now. — Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes
To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[*Aside to TROILUS.*]

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[*Exit DIOMED; ULYSSES and TROILUS following.*]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt ACHIL. HECTOR, AJAX, and NEST.*]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue,
a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when
he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he
will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the
hound;⁸⁾ but when he performs, astronomers fore-
tell it; it is prodigious,⁹⁾ there will come some
change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Dio-
med keeps his word. I will rather leave to see
Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a
Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent:
I'll after. — Nothing but lechery! all incontinent
varlets! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Before Calchas' Tent.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed. — Calchas, I think. — Where's your
daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

*Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after
them THERSITES.*

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid, come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! — Hark! a word
with you. [*Whispers.*]

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take
her cliff;¹⁰⁾ she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then, —

Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are for-
sworn. —

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have
me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be — secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed, — —

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I
pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great destruction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's tor-
ments,

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian! — why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.¹¹⁾

Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience: — stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump,
and potatoe finger, tickles these together! Fry,
lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*]

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.¹²⁾

Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord, — —

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well. —
He loved me — O false wench! — Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cres. No matter,¹³⁾ now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens: — Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods! — O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,

As I kiss thee. — Nay, do not snatch it from me;

He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you
shall not;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder, ¹⁴⁾
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; — And yet
it is not;
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go: — One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not
you, pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come: O, Jove!
Do come: — I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come. —

[Exit DIOMEDES.]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[Exit CRESSIDA.]

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish
more,

Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptions functions,
Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan. ¹⁵⁾

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood! ¹⁶⁾
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics — ¹⁷⁾ apt, without a theme,
For depravation, — to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil
our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself, ¹⁸⁾

This was not she. O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself!

Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt; ¹⁹⁾ this is, and is not, Cressid!

Within my soul there doth commence a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate ²⁰⁾

Divides more wider than the sky and earth;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied, ²¹⁾

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus ²²⁾ be half attach'd

With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well

In characters as red as Mars his heart

Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek; As much as I do Cressid love,

So much by weight hate I her Diomed:

That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;

Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,

My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,

Which shipmen do the hurricano call

Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,

Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear

In his descent, than shall my prompted sword

Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy. ²³⁾

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,

And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;

Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince: — My courteous lord,
adieu: —

Farewell, revolted fair! — and, Diomed,

Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head! ²⁴⁾

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.]

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I
would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would
bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the
intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do
more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab.
Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing
else holds fashion: A burning devil take them. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:

Consort with me in loud and dear petition, ²⁵⁾

Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night

Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish²⁶⁾ vows; They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy To hurt by being just: it is as lawful, For we would give much, to use violent thefts, And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose,²⁷⁾ that makes strong the vow: But vows, to every purpose, must not hold: Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say; Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate: Life every man holds dear; but the dear man²⁸⁾ Holds honour far more precious-dear than life. —

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CASSANDRA.*]

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth,

I am to-day i'the vein of chivalry: Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong, And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy, I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you, Which better fits a lion,²⁹⁾ than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall, Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword, You bid them rise, and live.³⁰⁾

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods, Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother; And when we have our armours buckled on, The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords; Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fye, savage, fye!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars Beckoning with fiery truncheon³¹⁾ my retire; Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees, Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears; Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn, Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way, But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast: He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay, Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee, Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector come, go back: Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions; Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt, To tell thee — that this day is ominous: Therefore, come back.

Hect. Aeneas is a field; And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks, Even in the faith of valour, to appear This morning to them.

Pri. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.

You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir, Let me not shame respect;³²⁾ but give me leave To take that course by your consent and voice, Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you: Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit ANDROMACHE.*]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector. Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale! Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents! Hark how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out! How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth! Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement, Like witless antics, one another meet, And all cry — Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away! — Away! —

Cas. Farewell. — Yet, soft: — Hector, I take my leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim: Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight; Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR. Alarums.*]

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe, I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptisic, a whoreson rascally ptisic so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed,³³⁾ I cannot tell what to think on't. — What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the Letter.*]

The effect doth operate another way. —

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together. — My love with words and errors still she feeds; But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.

Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on³⁴⁾ a sleeveless errand. O'the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals, — that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, — is not proved worth a blackberry: — They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and

now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism,³⁵⁾ and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, should'st thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian! — Now for thy whore, Trojan! now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek, art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no: — I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee; — live. *[Exit.]*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse; Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid: Fellow, commend my service to her beauty; Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan, And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. *[Exit Servant.]*

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon Hath Doreus prisoner; And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,³⁶⁾ Upon the pashed³⁷⁾ corpses of the kings Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain; Amphi-machus, and Thoas, deadly hurt; Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful sagittary Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed, To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles; And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame. — There is a thousand Hectors in the field: Now here he fights on Galathea his horse, And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot, And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls³⁸⁾ Before the belching whale; then is he yonder, And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge, Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:³⁹⁾ Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes; Dexterity so obeying appetite, That what he will, he does; and does so much, That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance; Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood, Together with his mangled Myrmidons, That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd come to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend, And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it, Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day Mad and fantastic execution; Engaging and redeeming of himself, With such a careless force, and forceless care, As if that luck, in very spite of cunning, Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus! *[Exit.]*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector? Come, come, thou boy-queller,⁴⁰⁾ show thy face; Know what it is to meet Achilles angry. Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.

Another part of the Field.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou should'st have my office

Ere that correction: — Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed; — turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.⁴¹⁾

Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks;⁴²⁾ have at you both. *[Exeunt fighting.]*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee: — Ha! — Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan. Be happy, that my arms are out of use: My rest and negligence befriend thee now, But thou anon shalt hear of me again; Till when, go seek thy fortune. *[Exit.]*

Hect. Fare thee well: — I would have been much more a fresher man, Had I expected thee. — How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; ⁴³) I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off: — Fate, hear me what I say!
I reckon not though I end my life to-day. *[Exit.]*

Enter one in sumptuous Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly
mark: —
No? wilt thou not? — I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, ⁴⁴) and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it: — Wilt thou not, beast,
abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.

The same.

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say. — Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms. ⁴⁵)
Follow me, sins, and my proceedings eye: —
It is decreed — Hector the great must die. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII.

The same.

*Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting: then
THERSITES.*

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at
it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now
my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The
bull has the game: — 'ware horns, ho!
[Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.]

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too: I love bastards: I am
a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind,
bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One
bear will not bite another, and wherefore should
one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous
to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he
tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX.

Another part of the Field.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done: I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword: thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
*[Puts off his Helmet, and hangs his Shield
behind him.]*

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:

Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.
[HECTOR falls.]

So, Ilium, fall thou next; now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone. —
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[A Retreat sounded.]

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the
earth,

And, stickler like, ⁴⁶) the armies separates.

My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.

[Sheaths his sword.]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE X.

The same.

*Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIO-
MEDES, and others, marching. Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! Hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

[Within.]

Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is — Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along: — Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent. —

If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[Exeunt, marching.]

SCENE XI.

Another part of the Field.

Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector? — The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field. —
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go into Troy, and say there — Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet; — You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight ⁴⁷) upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,

I'll through and through you! — And thou, great
siz'd coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts. —
Strike a free march to Troy! — with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe. ⁴⁸)

[*Exeunt AENEAS and Trojans.*

*As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other
side, PANDARUS.*

Pan. But, hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live, aye, with thy name.

[*Exit TROILUS.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones! —
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent
despis'd! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are
you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should
our endeavour be so loved, and the performance

so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for
it? — Let me see: —

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail. —
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this, —
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss;
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases:
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*

XXVII.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS, }
LUCULLUS, } *Lords, and Flatterers of Timon.*
SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false Friends.

APEMANTUS, a churlish Philosopher.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian General.

FLAVIUS, Steward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS, }
LUCILIUS, } *Timon's Servants.*
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS, }
PHILOTUS, } *Servants to Timon's Creditors.*
TITUS, }
LUCIUS, }
HORTENSIUS, }

Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Isidore; two of Timon's Creditors.

CUPID and Maskers.

Three Strangers.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian.

A Page.

A Fool.

PHRYNIA, ¹⁾ }
TIMANDRA, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE — Athens; and the Woods adjoining.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several Doors.

Poet.

Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; t'other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were, ²⁾

To an untirable and continue goodness:

He passes. ³⁾

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: ⁴⁾ But, for that —

Poet. When we for recompense ⁵⁾ have prais'd
the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse

Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form.

[*Looking at the Jewel.*]

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

Poet.

A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes

From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i'the flint

Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame

Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies

Each bound it chafes. ⁶⁾ What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. — And when ⁷⁾ comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch; is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,

It tutors nature: artificial strife ⁸⁾

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord's follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens: — Happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, ⁹⁾ but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: ¹⁰⁾ no levell'd malice ¹¹⁾
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt ¹²⁾ to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer ¹³⁾
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o'the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, ¹⁴⁾ all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: ¹⁵⁾ amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope. ¹⁶⁾
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition. ¹⁷⁾

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on:
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings ¹⁸⁾ in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him
Drink the free air. ¹⁹⁾

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of
mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show, ²⁰⁾
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune ²¹⁾
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon, that mean eyes ²²⁾ have seen
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the
Servant of VENTIDIUS talking with him.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his
debt;

His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing to him, ²³⁾
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransome;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me; —
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. — Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour! ²⁴⁾

[Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? — Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy
creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon: ²⁵⁾
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you! ²⁶⁾

[Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your
lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. — What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your
hand;

We must needs dine together. — Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?
Tim. A meer satiety of commendations.
 If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
 It would unclew me quite. ²⁷⁾

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
 As those, which sell, would give: But you well know,
 Things of like value, differing in the owners,
 Are prized by their masters: ²⁸⁾ believe't, dear lord,
 You mend the jewel by wearing it. ²⁹⁾

Tim. Well mock'd.
Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common
 tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow; ³⁰⁾
 When thou art Timon's dog, ³¹⁾ and these knaves
 honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st
 them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou knowest, I do; I call'd thee by thy
 name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like
 Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter;
 and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's
 she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great
 bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy
 labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, ³²⁾ which will
 not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking. — How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work,
 where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay
 thee for thy labour: He that loves to be flattered,
 is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a
 lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord
 with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord. —
 Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound
 thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and
 Some twenty horse, all of companionship. ³³⁾

Tim. Pray entertain them; give them guide to us. —
 [Exeunt some Attendants.]

You must needs dine with me: — Go not you hence,
 Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,
 Show me this piece. — I am joyful of your sights. —

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir! [They salute.]

Apem. So, so; there! —

Aches contract and starve your supple joints! —
 That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet
 knaves,

And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out
 Into baboon and monkey. ³⁴⁾

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
 Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir;
 Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
 In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.]

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat
 fools.

2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I
 mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make
 thy requests to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee
 hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.
 [Exit.]

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall
 we in,

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
 The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
 Is but his steward: no meed, ³⁵⁾ but he repays
 Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
 But breeds the giver a return exceeding
 All use of quittance. ³⁶⁾

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries,
 That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in Timon's House.

Hautboys playing loud Music. A great Banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods remember ³⁷)

My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair. ³⁸)

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.*

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus! — you are welcome.

Apem. No,

You shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame: —
They say, my lords, that *ira furor brevis est*, ³⁹)
But yond' man's ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, ⁴⁰) Timon;
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian;
therefore welcome: I myself would have no power:
pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should

Ne'er flatter thee. — ⁴¹) O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!

It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; ⁴²) and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.
If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; ⁴³) and let the health
go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem.

Flow this way!

A brave fellow! — he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i'the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus's Grace.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man, but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;
Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich ⁴⁴) thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field
now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies,
than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's
no meat like them; I could wish my best friend
at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies,
then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me
to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my
lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby
we might express some part of our zeals, we should
think ourselves for ever perfect. ⁴⁵)

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods
themselves have provided that I shall have much
help from you: How had you been my friends else?
why have you that charitable title ⁴⁶) from thou-
sands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I
have told more of you to myself, than you can with
modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I
confirm you. ⁴⁷) O, you gods, think I, what need
we have any friends, if we should never have need
of them? they were the most needless creatures
living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would
most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases,
that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have
often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer
to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better
or properer can we call our own, than the riches
of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to
have so many, like brothers, commanding one an-
other's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can
be born! ⁴⁸) Mine eyes cannot hold out water,
methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me
much.

Apem. Much!

[*Tucket sounded.*

Tim. What means that trump? — How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies
most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon; — and to all That of his bounties taste! — The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:

Music, make their welcome. *[Exit CUPID.]*

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, with a Masque of Ladies as Amazons, with Lutes in their Hands, dancing, and playing.

Apem. Heyday, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root. ⁴⁹⁾
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift? ⁵⁰⁾
I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a lofty strain or two to the Hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device; ⁵¹⁾
I am to thank you for it.

1 *Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best. ⁵²⁾

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet Attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt CUPID, and Ladies.]

Tim. Flavius, —

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. — More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; *[Aside.]*
Else I should tell him, — Well, — i'faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could. ⁵³⁾
'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind; ⁵⁴⁾

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. ⁵⁵⁾
[Exit, and returns with the Casket.]

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word To say to you: — Look you, my good lord, I must Entreat you, honour me so much, as to Advance this jewel; ⁵⁶⁾
Accept it, and wear it, kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts, —
All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour, Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near; why then another time I'll hear thee: I pr'ythee, let us be provided To show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. *[Aside.]*

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, the lord Lucius, Out of his free love, hath presented to you Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd. — How now, what news?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd, Not without fair reward.

Flav. *[Aside.]* What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, And all out of an empty coffer. —

Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To shew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't: his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord. *[Exit.]*

Tim. You do yourselves Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits: Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember me, my lord, you gave Good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it!

⁵⁷⁾ 2 *Lord.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh my friend's affection with mine own; I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. None so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give; Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends, And ne'er be weary. — Alcibiades, Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich, It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living Is 'mongst the dead: and all the lands thou hast Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound, — —

Tim. And so Am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd — —

Tim. All to you. — ⁵⁸⁾ Lights, more lights.
¹ *Lord.* The best of happiness,
 Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!
Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.]

Apem. What a coil's here!
 Serving of becks, ⁵⁹⁾ and jutting out of bums!
 I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
 That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
 Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
 Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
 I'd be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,
 If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left
 To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the
 faster.

Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou
 Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: ⁶⁰⁾
 What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

Tim. Nay,
 An you begin to rail on society once,
 I am sworn, not to give regard to you.
 Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*]

Apem. So; —
 Thou'lt not hear me now, — thou shalt not then,
 I'll lock
 Thy heaven ⁶¹⁾ from thee. O, that men's ears
 should be
 To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in a Senator's House.*

Enter a Senator, with Papers in his Hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore
 He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
 Which makes it five and twenty. — Still in motion
 Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
 If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
 And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
 If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
 Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
 Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
 And able horses: No porter at his gate;
 But rather one that smiles, and still invites
 All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
 Can found his state in safety. ¹⁾ Caphis, ho!
 Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; What is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord
 Timon;

Impórtune him for my monies; he not ceas'd ²⁾
 With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when —
Commend me to your master — and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus: — but tell him, sirrah,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
 Immediate are my needs; and my relief
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,

Lord Timon will be left a naked gull, ³⁾
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir? — take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in compt.

Caph.

I will, sir.

Sen.

Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with many Bills in his Hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expence,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
 How things go from him; nor resumes no care
 Of what is to continue; Never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind. ⁴⁾
 What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
 I must be round with him, now he comes from
 hunting.

Fye, fye, fye, fye!

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even, ⁵⁾ Varro: What,
 You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is; — and yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again, ⁶⁾
 My Alcibiades. — With me? What's your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
 To the succession of new days this month:
 My master is awak'd by great occasion,
 To call upon his own: and humbly prays you,
 That with your other noble parts you'll suit, ⁷⁾
 In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
 I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord, — —

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord, —

Isid. Serv. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment, —

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's
 wants, — —

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six
 weeks,

And past, — —

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
 And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath: —

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES and Lords.]

I'll wait upon you instantly. — Come hither, pray you,
 [To FLAVIUS.]

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
 With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds, ⁸⁾
 And the detention of long-since-due debts,
 Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,

The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends:
See them well entertain'd. [Exit TIMON.
Flav. I pray, draw near. [Exit FLAVIUS.

Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool. 9)

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No; 'tis to thyself. — Come away. [To the Fool.

Isid. Serv. [to VAR. SERV.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question. — Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. — Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [to the Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. 'Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [Exit Page.

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home. — You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I, — as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother; and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[Exit APEMANTUS and Fool.

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon. [Exit Servant.

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leasures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister, ¹⁰)
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, ¹¹) I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord, ¹²)
Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time, ¹³)
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning? ¹⁴)

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices ¹⁵) have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders: when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock, ¹⁶)
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. 'Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?

What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord
Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?

Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly have I given. ¹⁷⁾
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument ¹⁸⁾ of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are
crown'd, ¹⁹⁾

That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there, ho! — ²⁰⁾ Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord, —

Tim. I will despatch you severally. — You, to
lord Lucius, —

To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
Honour to-day; — You, to Sempronius;
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money: let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus? ²¹⁾ humph!
[Aside.]

Tim. Go you, sir, *[to another Serv.]* to the senators,
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o'the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way,) ²²⁾
To them to use their signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can it be?

Flav. They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, ²³⁾ want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry — you are honour-
able, —

But yet they could have wish'd — they know not — but
Something hath been amiss — a noble nature
May catch a wrench — would all were well — 'tis
pity —

And so, intending ²⁴⁾ other serious matters
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions, ²⁵⁾
With certain half-caps, ²⁶⁾ and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy. —
Go to Ventidius, — *[to a Serv.]* 'Pr'ythee, *[to FLA-
vius]* be not sad,

Thou art true, and honest; ingeniously ²⁷⁾ I speak,
No blame belongs to thee: — *[to Serv.]* Ventidius
lately

Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me:
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents: — that had, — *[to FLAV.]*
give it these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it; That thought
is bounty's foe;

Being free ²⁸⁾ itself, it thinks all others so.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in Lucullus's House.*

FLAMINIUS waiting. *Enter a Servant to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming
down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. *[Aside.]* One of lord Timon's men? a gift,
I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a
silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest
Flaminius; you are very respectively ¹⁾ welcome,
sir. — Fill me some wine. — *[Exit Servant.]* And how
does that honourable complete, free-hearted gentle-
man of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and
master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir:
And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty
Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir;
which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your
honour to supply; who, having great and instant
occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lord-
ship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present
assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la, — nothing doubting, says he?
alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis if he would
not keep so good a house. Many a time and often
I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come
again to supper to him, of purpose to have him
spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel,
take no warning by my coming. Every man has
his fault, and honesty is his; ²⁾ I have told him
on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with Wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise.
Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly
prompt spirit, — give thee thy due, — and one that
knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the
time well if the time use thee well: good parts in
thee. — Get you gone, sirrah, — *[to the Servant, who
goes out.]* — Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy
lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise;
and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest
to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially
upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three
solidares ³⁾ for thee; good boy, wink at me, and
say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ;
And we alive, that liv'd? ⁴⁾ Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit
for thy master. [*Exit LUCULLUS.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may
scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? ⁵⁾ O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! ⁶⁾ This slave
Unto his honour, ⁷⁾ has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And when he is sick to death, let not that part of
nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! ⁸⁾ [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A public Place.

Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good
friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, ⁹⁾ though we
are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one
thing, my lord, and which I hear from common
rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours are done
and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye no, do not believe it; he cannot want
for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not
long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lu-
cullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged ex-
tremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged
to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before
the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honour-
able man? there was very little honour show'd in't.
For my own part, I must needs confess, I have re-
ceived some small kindnesses from him, as money,
plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing compar-
ing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to
me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so
many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have
sweat to see his honour. — My honoured lord, —

[*To LUCIUS.*]

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir, Fare thee
well: — Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous
lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent —

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much en-
deared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall
I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent
now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now,
my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his
instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous, ¹⁰⁾
I should not urge it half so faithfully. ¹¹⁾

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure
myself against such a good time, when I might have
shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happen-
ed, that I should purchase the day before for a
little part, and undo a great deal of honour! —
Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to
do't; the more beast, I say: — I was sending to
use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness:
but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had
done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good
lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the
fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:
— And tell him this from me, I count it one of
my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure
such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will
you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words
to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius. —

[*Exit SERVILIUS.*]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*]

1 Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 Stran. Ay, too well.

1 Stran. Why this,

Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ingrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his, ¹²⁾
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 Stran. Religion groans at it.

1 Stran. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him, ¹³⁾
So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense:
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Sempronius's House.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph!
'Bove all others?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these three
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. O my lord,
They have all been touch'd, ¹⁴⁾ and found base
metal; for

They have all denied him!

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? humph! —
It shows but little love or judgment in him.

Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over; ¹⁵) Must I take the cure upon me?
He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No; So it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I had such a courage ¹⁶) to do him good. But
now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[Exit.]

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain.
The devil knew not what he did, when he made
man politic; he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot
think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will
set him clear. ¹⁷) How fairly this lord strives to
appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked;
like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set
whole realms on fire.
Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only: Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house. ¹⁸)

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants to TIMON's Creditors, waiting his coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And sir
Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter
with him:

You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;

That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I weary of this charge, ¹⁹) the gods can
witness:

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns:
What's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1 Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem
by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: 'Pray, is my
lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you
are too diligent. [Exit FLAMINIUS.]

Enter FLAVIUS, in a cloak muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

1 Var. Serv. By your leave, sir, — —

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but
wrong,

To stir me up; let me pass quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not, ²⁰)

'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves. [Exit.]

1 Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd worship
mutter?

2 Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and that's
revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he
that has no house to put his head in? such may
rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS. ²¹)

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know
Some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
To repair some other hour, I should much
²²) Derive from it: for, take it on my soul,
My lord leans wond'rously to discontent.

His comfortable temper has forsook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not
sick:

And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam. [Within.] Servilius, help! — my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both. Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tit. Knock me down with 'em: ²³⁾ cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord, — —

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pay that. —

What yours? — and yours?

1 Var. Serv. My lord, — —

2 Var. Serv. My lord, — —

Tit. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [Exit.

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[Exeunt.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:

Creditors! — devils.

Flav. My dear lord, — —

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord, — —

Tim. I'll have it so: — My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all: ²⁴⁾ I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The same. The Senate-House.

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

1 Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it: the fault's bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;

For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man, setting his fate aside, ²⁵⁾
Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice:
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:

And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent, ²⁶⁾
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox, ²⁷⁾
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; ²⁸⁾ and make his
wrongs

His outsides; wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

Alcib. My lord, — —

1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain. —

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threatenings? sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? ²⁹⁾ why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And th' ass, more captain than the lion; the felon, ³⁰⁾
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust; ³¹⁾
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just. ³²⁾
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lord, h'as done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em, he
Is a sworn rioter: h'as a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,

(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law, he dies; urge it no more.
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 Sen.

What?

Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base, ³³⁾

To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib.

Banish me?

Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell
our spirit, ³⁴⁾

He shall be executed presently. [Exeunt Senators.]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that
you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts; — All those, for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? ha! banishment? ³⁵⁾
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods.

[Exit.]

SCENE VI.

A magnificent Room in Timon's House.

*Music. Tables set out; Servants attending. Enter
divers Lords, at several doors.*

1 Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

2 Lord. I also wish it to you. I think, this honour-
able lord did but try us this other day.

1 Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, ³⁶⁾
when we encountered; I hope it is not so low with
him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several
friends.

2 Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his
new feasting.

1 Lord. I should think so: He hath sent me an
earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did
urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond
them, and I must needs appear.

2 Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my im-
portunate business, but he would not hear my ex-
cuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me,
that my provision was out.

1 Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I under-
stand how all things go.

2 Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have
borrowed of you?

1 Lord. A thousand pieces.

2 Lord. A thousand pieces!

1 Lord. What of you?

3 Lord. He sent to me, sir, — Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both: — And
how fare you?

1 Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your
lordship.

2 Lord. The swallow follows not summer more
willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [Aside.] Nor more willingly leaves winter;
such summer-birds are men. — Gentlemen, our dinner
will not recompense this long stay; feast your ears
with the music awhile: if they will fare so harshly
on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 Lord. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your
lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord, — —

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[The Banquet brought in.]

2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick
of shame, that, when your lordship this other day
sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours before, —

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. ³⁷⁾
— Come, bring in all together.

2 Lord. All covered dishes!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and the season
can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? What's the news?

3 Lord. Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished!

3 Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Lord. How? how?

2 Lord. I pray you upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble
feast toward. ³⁸⁾

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will't hold, will't hold?

2 Lord. It does: but time will — and so — —

3 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he
would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be
in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to
let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first
place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

*You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with
thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves
praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities
be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one
need not lend to another: for were your godheads
to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods.
Make the meat be beloved, more than the man
that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be with-
out a score of villains: If there sit twelve women
at the table, let a dozen of them be — as they
are. — The rest of your fees, O gods, — the se-
nators of Athens, together with the common lag ³⁹⁾
of people, — what is amiss in them, you gods,
make suitable for destruction. For these my present
friends, — as they are to me nothing, so in nothing
bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.*

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The Dishes uncovered, are full of warm Water.]

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm
water

Is your perfection. ⁴⁰⁾ This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing water in their faces.*]

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies, ⁴¹⁾
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks, ⁴²⁾
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady ⁴³⁾

Crust you quite o'er! — What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first — thou too, — and thou; —

[*Throws the Dishes at them, and drives them out.*]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none. —
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity. [Exit.]

*Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and
Senators.*

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords?

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but hu-
mour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other
day, and now he has beat it out of my hat: —
Did you see my jewel?

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day
stones. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths ¹⁾
Convert o'the instant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o'the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries, ²⁾
And yet confusion ³⁾ live — Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,

Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty ⁴⁾
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth:
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns! ⁵⁾
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
Amen. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Athens. *A Room in Timon's House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, ⁶⁾ with two or three Servants.

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where's our
master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! all gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone. — More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some;

[*Giving them money.*]

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

O, the fierce wretchedness ⁷⁾ that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood, ⁸⁾
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.

My dearest lord, — bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched; — thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and enquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

*The Woods.**Enter TIMON.*

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb ⁹⁾
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb, —
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant, — touch them with several
fortunes;

The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature. ¹⁰⁾

Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord; ¹¹⁾

The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.

It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,

And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
So are they all; for every grize of fortune ¹²⁾

Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;

There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore be abhorr'd

All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!

His semblable, yea himself, Timon disdains:

Destruction fang mankind! — ¹³⁾ Earth, yield me
roots! *[Digging.]*

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?

Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist. ¹⁴⁾ Roots, you clear heavens! ¹⁵⁾

Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;

Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, va-
liant.

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods?

Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,

With senators on the bench; this is it,

That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;

She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores

Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices

To the April day again. ¹⁶⁾ Come, damned earth,

Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee

Do thy right nature. — ¹⁷⁾ *[March afar off.]* — Ha!

a drum? — Thou'rt quick, ¹⁸⁾

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,

When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand: —

Nay, stay thou out for earnest. *[Keeping some gold.]*

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with Drum and Fife, in warlike
manner: PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.*

Alcib. What art thou there?
Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy
heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,

That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I
know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;

With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;

Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,

For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:

But then renew I could not, like the moon;

There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If
Thou wilt not promise, ¹⁹⁾ the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,
For thou'rt a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that
use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves

For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities. —

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,

The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band; I have heard, and griev'd,

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them, —

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost
trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:

Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap, —

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all i'thy conquest; and
Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That,

By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer

My country.

Put up thy gold; Go on, — here's gold, — go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

²⁰) Set them down horrible traitors: Spare not
the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard, ²¹) whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: Swear against objects; ²²)
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou
giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse
upon thee!

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon:
Hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable, —
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you, — spare your
oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions: ²³) Be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats: Yet may your pains, six
months,

Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead; — some that were hang'd,
No matter: — wear them, betray with them: whore
still;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. & Timan. Well, more gold; — What then? —
Believ't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: ²⁴) hoar the flamen, ²⁵)
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee, ²⁶)
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate
ruffians bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection. — There's more gold: —
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all! ²⁷)

Phr. & Timan. More counsel with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given
you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Fare-
well, Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him —
Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA,
and TIMANDRA.*]

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! — Common mother thou,

[*Digging.*]

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast, ²⁸)
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm, ²⁹)
With all the abhorred births below crisp ³⁰) heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented! — O, a root, — Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas; ³¹)
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper. ³²)
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid wel-
come,

To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures, —
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,

Answer mere nature, — bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find — —

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too! ³³⁾

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou

Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,

Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery

Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before: ³⁴⁾

The one is filling still, never complete;

The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,

Hath a distracted and most wretched being,

Worse than the worst, content. ³⁵⁾

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, ³⁶⁾ that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm

With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us, ³⁷⁾ from our first swath, ³⁸⁾
proceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords

To such as may the passive drugs of it ³⁹⁾

Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself

In general riot; melted down thy youth

In different beds of lust; and never learn'd

The icy precepts of respect, ⁴⁰⁾ but follow'd

The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,

Who had the world as my confectionary;

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men

At duty, more than I could frame employment; ⁴¹⁾

That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves

Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush

Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare

For every storm that blows! — I, to bear this,

That never knew but better, is some burden:

Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time

Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate
men?

They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?

If thou wilt curse, — thy father, that poor rag,

Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff

To some she-beggar, and compounded thee

Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone! —

If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,

Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer. ⁴²⁾

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was

No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now;

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,

I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone. —

That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*]

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of
thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my
mind!

Apem. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast
in thy guilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for
too much curiosity; ⁴³⁾ in thy rags thou knewest
none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a
medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated medlars sooner, thou
should'st have loved thyself better now. What man
didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved
after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of,
didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means
to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest
compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things
themselves. What would'st thou do with the world,
Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the con-
fusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee
to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would
beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would
eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect
thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the
ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment
thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to
the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness
would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy
life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, ⁴⁴⁾ pride
and wrath would confound thee, and make thine
own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a
bear, thou would'st be killed by the horse: wert
thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leo-
pard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to
the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors
on thy life: all thy safety were remotion; ⁴⁵⁾ and
thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be,
that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast
art thou already, that seest not thy loss in trans-
formation?

Apem. If thou could'st please me with speaking to
me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The common-
wealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou
art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The
plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to
catch it, and give way: when I know not what
else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou
shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog,
than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive. ⁴⁶⁾

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.
 Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.
 Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.
 Apem. There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.
 Tim. If I name thee, —
 I'll beat thee, — but I should infect my hands.
 Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off!
 Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
 Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
 I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou would'st burst!
 Tim. Away,
 Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
 A stone by thee. [Throws a stone at him.]

Apem. Beast!
 Tim. Slave!
 Apem. Toad!
 Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.]
 I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
 But even the mere necessities upon it.
 Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
 Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
 Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
 That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
 O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[Looking on the gold.]
 'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
 Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
 Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
 That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
 That solder'st close impossibilities,
 And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
 To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts! ⁴⁷⁾
 Think thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
 May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere so; —
 But not till I am dead! — I'll say, thou hast gold:
 Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?
 Apem. Ay.
 Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.
 Apem. Live, and love thy misery!
 Tim. Long live so, and so die! — I am quit.
 [Exit APEMANTUS.]

More things like men? — Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1 Thief. Where should he have this gold? It is
 some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder:
 The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his
 friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 Thief. It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 Thief. Let us make the assay upon him; if he
 care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covet-
 ously reserve it, how shall's get it.

2 Thief. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 Thief. Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2 Thief. 'Tis his description.

3 Thief. He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves.

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much
 do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of
 meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
 Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:

The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
 The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
 Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?
 1 Thief. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
 As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and
 fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
 That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not
 In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
 In limited professions. ⁴⁸⁾ Rascal thieves,
 Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape,
 Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
 And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays
 More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
 Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,
 Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture ⁴⁹⁾ stolen
 From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
 Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
 All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
 Amen. [TIMON retires to his Cave.]

3 Thief. He has almost charmed me from my pro-
 fession, by persuading me to it.

1 Thief. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus
 advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 Thief. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give
 over my trade.

1 Thief. Let us first see peace in Athens: There
 is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.
 [Exeunt Thieves.]

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
 Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
 Full of decay and failing? O monument
 And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
 What an alteration of honour has
 Desperate want made! ⁵⁰⁾

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
 Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
 How rarely does it meet ⁵¹⁾ with this time's guise,
 When man was wish'd ⁵²⁾ to love his enemies:
 Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do! ⁵³⁾
 He has caught me in his eye: I will present
 My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
 Still serve him with my life. — My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?
 Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
 Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt man, ⁵⁴⁾ I have for-
 got thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours. Then

Tim. I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man
 About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,
 To serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? — Come nearer; —
then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
So comfortable? It almost turns
My dangerous nature wild. ⁵⁵) Let me behold
Thy face. — Surely, this man was born of woman. —
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-sober gods! ⁵⁶) I do proclaim
One honest man, — mistake me not, — but one:
No more, I pray, — and he is a steward. —
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late;
You should have fear'd false times, when you did
feast:

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so! — Thou singly honest man,
Here, take: — the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:
But thus conditioned; Thou shalt build from men; ⁵⁷)
Hate all, curse all: show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,
Debts wither them: ⁵⁸) Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Timon's Cave.*

Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON behind, unseen.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be
far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the ru-
mour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and
Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched
poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis
said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a
try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in
Athens again, and flourish with the highest. There-
fore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in
this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly
in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with
what they travel for, if it be a just and true report
that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only
I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent
that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very
air o'the time; it opens the eyes of expectation:
performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but
in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed
of saying is quite out of use. ¹) To promise is most
courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of
will, or testament, which argues a great sickness
in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a
man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have pro-
vided for him: It must be a personating of himself:
a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a
discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth
and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine
own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in
other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the
foam;

Settlest admired reverence in a slave:

To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye

Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!

'Fit I do meet them. [*Advancing.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures — O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough —
What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,

Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I have gold;

I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men: — Thou draw'st a counterfeit²⁾

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best; Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord. And, for thy fiction, *[To the Poet.]*

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say: —

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth, That thou art even natural in thine art. —

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends, I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I, You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour, To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave, That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble, Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him, Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd, That he's a made-up villain.³⁾

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold, Rid me these villains from your companies:

Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,⁴⁾ Confound them by some course, and come to me, I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company: —

Each man apart, all single and alone, Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If where thou art, two villains shall not be, *[To the Painter.]*

Come not near him. — If thou would'st not reside *[To the Poet.]*

But where one villain is, then him abandon. — Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:

You have done work for me, there's payment: Hence! You are an alchymist, make gold of that: —

Out, rascal dogs! *[Exit, beating and driving them out.]*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;

For he is set so only to himself, That nothing but himself, which looks like man, Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians, To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs, That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand, Offering the fortunes of his former days, The former man may make him: Bring us to him, And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave. — Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon! Look out and speak to friends: The Athenians, By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee: Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn! — Speak, and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister! and each false Be as a caut'ring to the root o'the tongue, Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen. Worthy Timon, —

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,⁵⁾ Entreat thee back to Athens, who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross: Which now the public body, — which doth seldom

Play the recanter, — feeling in itself A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal

Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon; And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,⁶⁾

Together with a recompense more fruitful Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;⁷⁾

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth, As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their love, Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it; Surprise me to the very brink of tears:

Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes, And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us, And of our Athens (thine, and ours,) to take

The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks, Allow'd with absolute power,⁸⁾ and thy good name

Live with authority: — so soon we shall drive back Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;

Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon, —

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; Thus, —

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen, Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,

That — Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens, And take our goodly aged men by the beards,

Giving our holy virgins to the stain Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;

Then, let him know, — and tell him, Timon speaks it, I pity of our aged, and our youth,

I cannot choose but tell him, that — I care not, And let him tak't at worst; for their knives care not,

While you have throats to answer: for myself, There's not a whittle⁹⁾ in the unruly camp,

But I do prize it at my love, before The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you

To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness ¹⁰⁾
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit ¹¹⁾ doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen, —

1 Sen. These words become your lips as they pass
through them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them:

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree, ¹²⁾
From high to low throughout, that whoso pleases
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself: — I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
¹³⁾ Which once a day with his embossed froth ¹⁴⁾
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle. —
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Exit TIMON.]

1 Sen. His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril. ¹⁵⁾

1 Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend; —
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends: — this man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i'the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect. —
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a Tomb-stone seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho! — No answer? — What
is this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave. —

What's on this tomb I cannot read; ¹⁶⁾ the character
I'll take with wax:

Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.]

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, ¹⁷⁾ and
breath'd

Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush, ¹⁸⁾
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more*: now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pury insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies, and schools
should fall

For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. ¹⁹⁾ March, noble lord,

Into our city with thy banners spread;
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths,) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square, ²⁰) to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together. ²¹)

2 Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports; ²²)
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and, — to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, — ²³) not a man
Shall pass his quarter, ²⁴) or offend the stream

Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied, to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both.

'Tis most nobly spoken.
Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators descend, and open the Gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the sea:
And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corse, of
wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked
caitiffs left!*

*Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did
hate:*

*Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay
not here thy gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, ²⁵) and those our drop-
lets which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more. — Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war;
make each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leech. ²⁶)
Let our drums strike.

[Exeunt.]

XXVIII.

C O R I O L A N U S.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*
 TITUS LARTIUS, } *Generals against the Volscians.*
 COMINIUS, }
 MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*
 SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*
 JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
 YOUNG MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*
 A Roman Herald.
 TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volscians.*
 Lieutenant to Aufidius.
 Conspirators *with* Aufidius.

A Citizen *of* Antium.
 Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*
 VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*
 VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*
 Gentlewoman *attending* Virgilia.

Roman *and* Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles,
 Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Ser-
 vants *to* Aufidius, *and other* Attendants.

SCENE — *partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 Citizen.

BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [Several speaking at once.]

1 Cit. You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 Cit. First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 Cit. One word, good citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: ¹) What authority surfeits on, would relieve us; If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: ²) the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. — Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: ³) for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2. Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end; though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [Shouts within.] What shouts are these? The other side o'the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1 Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever

Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

1 Cit. Care for us! — True, indeed! — They ne'er
cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their
store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for
usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any whole-
some act established against the rich; and provide
more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain
the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will;
and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wond'rous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale't a little more.⁴⁾

1 Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not
think to fob off our disgrace with a tale:⁵⁾ but,
an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it: —
That only like a gulph it did remain
I'the midst o'the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instru-
ments⁶⁾

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate,⁷⁾ did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered, —

1 Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you. — With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs,⁸⁾ but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly⁹⁾
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 Cit. Your belly's answer: What!

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they — —

Men. What then? —

'Fore me, this fellow speaks! — what then? what then?

1 Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o'the body, — —

Men. Well, what then?

1 Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little,)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 Cit. You are long about it.
Men. Note me this, good friend;

Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, — to the seat o'the
brain;

And, through the cranks and offices of man,¹⁰⁾

The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly), mark
me, —

1 Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.
Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

1 Cit. It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o'the common; you shall find,
No public benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves. — What do you think?

You, the great toe of this assembly? —

1 Cit. I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o'the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first, to win some vantage. —
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale. — ¹¹⁾ Hail, noble
Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks. — What's the matter, you dissentious
rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 Cit. We have ever your good word.
Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will
flatter

Beneath abhorring. — What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it.¹²⁾ Who deserves
greatness,

Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? — What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i'the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and
give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain
enough?

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,¹³⁾
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry¹⁴⁾

With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance. ¹⁵⁾

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: Hang 'em!
They said, they were an hungry; sigh'd forth pro-
verbs; —

That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods
sent not

Corn for the rich men only: — With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being an-
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity, ¹⁶⁾
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
Shouting their emulation. ¹⁷⁾

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not — 'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing. ¹⁸⁾

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means
to vent

Our musty superfluity: — See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Sena-
tors; JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;
The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is,
And I am constant. — Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority. ¹⁹⁾

Com. Noble Lartius!

1 Sen. Hence! To your homes, be gone.

Mar. [To the Citizens.
Nay, let them follow:

The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners: — Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: ²⁰⁾ pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, Com. Mar. Tit. and
MENEN. Citizens steal away.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people, —

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird ²¹⁾
the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant. ²²⁾

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims, —
In whom already he is well grac'd, — cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, O, if he
Had borne the business!

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius. ²³⁾

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity, ²⁴⁾ he goes
Upon his present action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Corioli. The Senate-House.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath ²⁵⁾ been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is: [*Reads.*
*They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius, your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.*

1 Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the
hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,

We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ²⁶) ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more.
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 Sen. Farewell.

2 Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' House.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: *They sit down
on two low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express your-
self in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my
husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence
wherein he won honour, than in the embracements
of his bed, where he would show most love. When
yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of
my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all
gaze his way; ²⁷) when, for a day of kings' en-
treaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from
her beholding; I, — considering how honour would
become such a person; that it was no better than
picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made
it not stir, — was pleased to let him seek danger
where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war
I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows
bound with oak. ²⁸) I tell thee, daughter, — I
sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a
man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved
himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam?
how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my
son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me
profess sincerely: — Had I a dozen sons, — each
in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and
my good Marcius, — I had rather had eleven die
nobly for their country, than one voluptuously sur-
feit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus, —
*Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:* His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, ²⁹) forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,

When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending. — Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and
her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam, —

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-
keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, ³⁰)
in good faith. — How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a
drum, than look upon his school-master.

Val. O'my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis
a very pretty boy. O'my troth, I looked upon him
o'Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a
confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded
butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again;
and after it again: and over and over he comes,
and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall
enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth,
and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it! ³¹)

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam. ³²)

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have
you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over
the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fye, you confine yourself most unreasonably;
Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her
with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they
say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did
but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your
cambric were sensible as your finger, that you
might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall
go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will
not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you
excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came
news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak
it. Thus it is: — The Volces have an army forth;
against whom Cominius the general is gone, with
one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus
Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli;
they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief
wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray,
go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey
you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will
but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would: — Fare you
well then. — Come, good sweet lady. — 'Pr'ythee.

Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o'door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,

For half a hundred years. — Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours. Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work; That we with smoking swords may march from hence, To help our fielded friends! — ³³) Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, some Senators, and others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he, That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[*Alarums afar off.*]

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls, Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates, Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes; They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[*Other Alarums.*]

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. — Ladders, ho!

The Volces enter and pass over the Stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city. Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight With hearts more proof than shields. — Advance, brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts, Which makes me sweat with wrath. — Come on, my fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce, And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches.

Re-enter MARCIUS.

All the contagion of the south light on you, You shames of Rome! — you herd of — Boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd Further than seen, and one infect another Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese, That bear the shapes of men, how have you run From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell! All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home, Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,

And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on; If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives, As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the Gates.

So, now the gates are ope: Now prove good seconds: 'Tis for the followers fortune widens them, Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the Gates, and is shut in.*]

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 Sol.

Nor I.

3 Sol.

See, they

Have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues.*]

All.

To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All.

Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels, With them he enters: who, upon the sudden, Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone, To answer all the city.

Lart.

O noble fellow!

Who, sensible, ³⁴) outdares his senseless sword, And, when it bows, stands up! — Thou art left, Marcius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art, Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds, Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1 Sol.

Look, sir.

Lart.

'Tis Marcius: ³⁵)

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the City.*]

SCENE V.

Within the Town. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, with Spoils.

1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2 Rom. And I this.

3 Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off*]

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons, Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves, Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: — Down with them. —

And hark, what noise the general makes! — To him: — There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius, Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take Convenient numbers to make good the city; Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste To help Cominius.

Lart.

Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;

Thy exercise hath been too violent for A second course of fight.

Mar.

Sir, praise me not;

My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well. The blood I drop is rather physical

Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.
Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius! — [Exit MARCIUS.]

Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: Away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we
are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends: — The Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encoun-
tering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice! — Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour, ³⁶)
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's. ³⁷)

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, ³⁸) threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar.

Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague! — Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com.

Mar. But how prevail'd you?
Will the time serve to tell? I do not think —
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o'the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com.

Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com.

As I guess, Marcius,
Their hands in the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar.

I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; ³⁹) but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com.

Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar.

Those are they
That most are willing: — If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, [waving his hand] to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[They all shout, and wave their Swords; take
him up in their Arms, and cast up their Caps.]

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select: ⁴⁰) the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, having set a Guard upon Corioli,
going with a Drum and Trumpet toward COMINIUS
and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant,
a Party of Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries ⁴¹) to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu.

Fear not our care, sir.
Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us. —
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd; 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny, ⁴²⁾
Thou should'st not 'scape me here. —

[They fight, and certain Volces come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.]

Officious, and not valiant — you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds. ⁴³⁾

[Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.]

SCENE IX.

The Roman Camp.

Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his Arm in a Scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, ⁴⁴⁾ hear more; where the dull
tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts, — *We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!* —
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with the Power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison: ⁴⁵⁾
Hadst thou beheld —

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol ⁴⁶⁾ her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done: that's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act. ⁴⁷⁾

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving: Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com.

Should they not, ⁴⁸⁾

Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

*[A long Flourish. They all cry, Marcius!
Marcius! cast up their Caps and Lances:
COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.]*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch, — which without note,
Here's many else have done, — you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm,) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you. — Therefore, be it
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS. —
Bear the addition nobly ever!

[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash.

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power. ⁴⁹⁾

Com.

So, to our tent:

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success. — You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, ⁵⁰⁾ with whom we may articulate, ⁵¹⁾
For their own good, and ours.

Lart.

I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com.

Take it: 'tis yours. — What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com.

O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Martius, his name?

Cor.

By Jupiter, forgot: —

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd. —
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

The Camp of the Volces.

*A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,
bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1 Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition? —

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am. — Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I'the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. — By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his; Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had: for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some way;⁵²⁾
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's
poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself;⁵³⁾ nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury,⁵⁴⁾ shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard,⁵⁵⁾ even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended⁵⁶⁾ at the cypress grove:
I pray you,
(Tis south the city mills,) ⁵⁷⁾ bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 Sol. I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news
to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people,
for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians
would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb.
You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall
ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor,¹⁾ that
you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how
you are censured here in the city, I mean of us
o'the right hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, — Will you
not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little
thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of
patience: give your disposition the reins, and be
angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take
it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame
Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for
your helps are many; or else your actions would
grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-
like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O,
that you could turn your eyes towards the napes
of your necks,²⁾ and make but an interior survey
of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of
unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias
fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and
one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop
of allaying Tyber in't; said to be something imper-
fect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and
tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that con-
verses more with the buttock of the night,³⁾ than
with the forehead of the morning. What I think,
I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting
two such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you
Lycurguses,) if the drink you give me, touch my
palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I
cannot say, your worships have delivered the matter
well, when I find the ass in compound with the
major part of your syllables: and though I must be
content to bear with those that say you are re-
verend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell,
you have good faces. If you see this in the map
of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well
enough too. What harm can your bisson conspec-
tuities⁴⁾ glean out of this character, if I be known
well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any
thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps
and legs;⁵⁾ you wear out a good wholesome fore-
noon,⁶⁾ in hearing a cause between an orange-wife
and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy
of three-pence to a second day of audience. — When
you are hearing a matter between party and party,
if you chance to be pinched with the cholic, you
make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag
against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-
pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more en-
tangled by your hearing: all the peace you make
in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves:
You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be
a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary
bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if
they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you
are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is

not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire to the back of the Scene.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee: — Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night: — A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you: I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricute, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much: — Brings 'a victory in his pocket? — The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, — they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this? ⁷⁾

Vol. Good ladies, let's go: — Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True; I'll be sworn they are true: — Where is he wounded? — God save your good worships! [To the Tribunes, who come forward.] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. — Where is he wounded?

Vol. I'the shoulder, and i'the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i'the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh, — there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [A Shout and Flourish.] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, that dark spirit, in's nery arm doth lie; Which being advanc'd, declines; ⁸⁾ and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken Garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows, Coriolanus: —

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart; Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother, — —

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity. [Kneels.

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,

What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?

But O, thy wife — —

Cor. My gracious silence, hail! ⁹⁾

Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,

Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,

And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? — O my sweet lady, pardon.

[To VALERIA.

Vol. I know not where to turn: — O welcome home;

And, welcome, general; — And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,

And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Welcome:

A curse begin at very root of his heart,

That is not glad to see thee! — You are three

That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,

We have some old crab-trees, here at home, that will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:

We call a nettle, but a nettle; and

The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours:

[To his Wife and Mother.

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,

The good patricians must be visited;

From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,

But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have lived

To see inherited my very wishes,

And the buildings of my fancy: only there

Is one thing wanting, which, I doubt not, but

Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,

I had rather be their servant in my way,

Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

[Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.

The Tribunes remain.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights Are spectacled to see him; Your prattling nurse

Into a rapture ¹⁰⁾ lets her baby cry,
While she chats him; the kitchen malkin ¹¹⁾ pins
Her richest lockram ¹²⁾ 'bout her reechy neck, ¹³⁾
Clambering the walls to eye him; Stalls, bulks,
 windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens ¹⁴⁾
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: ¹⁵⁾ our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pothor,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were silyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Br. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end; ¹⁶) but will
Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;
Which that he'll give them, make as little question
As he is proud to do't. ¹⁷)

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put
The napless ¹⁸) vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o'the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good will; ¹⁹⁾
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, ²⁰) in what hatred
He still hath held them; that, to his power, ²¹) he
would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproportioned their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provand²²)
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: The matrons flung their gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs²³) and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,

As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, let's them plainly see't.

1 *Off*. If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved²⁴⁾ indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite.²⁵⁾ Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those ²⁶⁾ who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, ²⁷⁾ without any further deed to heave ²⁸⁾ them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 Off. No more of him: he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 Sen. Speak, good Cominius.
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out.²⁹⁾ Masters o'the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,

Your loving motion toward the common body, ³⁰)
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off; ³¹)
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow. —
Worthy Cominius, speak. — Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words,
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit CORIOLANUS.]

Men. Masters o'the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter, ³²)
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it? — Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. — It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, ³³) he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin ³⁴) he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i'the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: ³⁵) in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene, ³⁶)
He prov'd best man i'the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o'the garland. ³⁷) For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as waves before ³⁸)
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was timed with dying cries: ³⁹) alone he enter'd
The mortal gate ⁴⁰) o'the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:

When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours ⁴¹)
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'the world; he covets less
Than misery ⁴²) itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

1 Sen. Call for Coriolanus. ⁴³)

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please
you,

That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't: —
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form. ⁴⁴)

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, — Thus I did, and thus; —
Show them the unaking scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only: — —

Men. Do not stand upon't. —
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them; — ⁴⁵) and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[Flourish. Then exeunt Senators.]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require
them,

As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [Excunt.]

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1 Cit. Once, if he do require our voice, we ought
not to deny him.

2 Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up ⁴⁶⁾ about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all points o'the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* Your are never without your tricks: — You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*]

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say? — I pray, sir, — Plague upon't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace: — Look, sir; — my wounds; —

I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods! You must not speak of that; you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em! I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by them. ⁴⁷⁾

Men. You'll mar all; I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you, In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*]

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces, And keep their teeth clean. — So, here comes a brace. You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not Mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir:

'Twas never my desire yet, To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, Which shall be yours in private. — Your good voice, sir:

What say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir: —

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd: — I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again, — But 'tis no matter. [*Exeunt two Citizens.*]

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge ⁴⁸⁾ with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices! —

Better it is to die, better to starve, Than crave the hire which first we do deserve. Why in this wolvisish gown should I stand here, To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear, Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to't: — What custom wills, in all things should we do't, The dust on antique time would lie unswept, And mountainous error be too highly heap'd For truth to over-peer, — Rather than fool it so, Let the high office and the honour go To one that would do thus. — I am half through; The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices, — Your voices: for your voices I have fought; Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear

Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without
any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give
him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. — —

God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Cor.

Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor.

Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic.

There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I then change these garments? ⁴⁹⁾

Sic.

You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. — Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic.

Fare you well.

[*Exeunt CORIOL. and MENEN.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks.

'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru.

With a proud heart he wore

His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.*

Certainly,

He flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds received for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit.

No; no man saw 'em. [*Several speak.*]

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could
show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

I would be consul, says he: *aged custom,*

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore: When we granted that,

Here was, — *I thank you for your voices, — thank*
you, —

Your most sweet voices: — now you have left your
voices,

I have no further with you: — Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't? ⁵⁰⁾
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

Bru.

Could you not have told him,

As you were lesson'd, — When he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy: ever spake against

Your liberties, and the charters that you bear

I'the body of the weal: and now, arriving

A place of potency, and sway o'the state,

If he should still malignantly remain

Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might

Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you ⁵¹⁾ for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic.

Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,

And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd

Either his gracious promise, which you might,

As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;

Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,

Which easily endures not article

Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,

You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,

And pass'd him unelected.

Bru.

Did you perceive,

He did solicit you in free contempt, ⁵²⁾

When he did need your loves; and do you think,

That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,

When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies

No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry

Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic.

Have you,

Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,

On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow

Your su'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to
piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends —
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic.

Let them assemble;

And, on a safer judgment, all revoke

Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride. ⁵³⁾

And his old hate unto you: Besides, forget not

With what contempt he wore the humble weed:

How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,

Thinking upon his services, took from you

The apprehension of his present portance, ⁵⁴⁾

Which gibingly, ⁵⁵⁾ ungravely, he did fashion

After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru.

Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd

(No impediment between) but that you must

Cast your election on him.

Sic.

Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided

By your own true affections: and that, your minds

Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do

Than what you should, made you against the grain

To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,

How long continued: and what stock he springs of,

The noble house o'the Marcians; from whence came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,

Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:

Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,

That our best water brought by conduits hither;

And Censorinus, darling of the people,

And nobly nam'd so, being censor twice, ⁵⁶⁾

Was his great ancestor.

Sic.

One thus descended,

That hath beside well in his person wrought

To be set high in place, we did commend

To your remembrances: but you have found,

Scaling his present bearing with his past, ⁵⁷⁾

That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on: ⁵⁸)
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so: almost all [Several speak.
Repent in their election. [Exeunt Citizens.

Bru. Let them go on;
This munity were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger. ⁵⁹)

Sic. To the Capitol:
Come; we'll be there before the stream o'the people:
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; ¹) and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. — Welcome home.
[To LARTIUS.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority, ²)
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to
Go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the com-
mons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1 Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-
place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd? —
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? — What are
your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow-tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that,
For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your
way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd: — Set on. — This
palt'ring

Becomes not Rome; ³) nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely ⁴)
I'the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again; —

Men. Not now, not now.

1 Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will. — My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons: —

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: ⁵) I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, ⁶) insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and
scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels, ⁷)
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o'the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,

We let the people know't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain! —
Hear you this Triton of the minnows?⁸⁾ mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.⁹⁾

Cor. *Shall!*

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o'the monsters, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance:¹⁰⁾ if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs.¹¹⁾ They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well — on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o'the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece, — —

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute
power,)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates:¹²⁾ this kind of
service

Did not deserve corn gratis: being i'the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native¹³⁾
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied¹⁴⁾ digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words: — *We did request it;*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands: — Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o'the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles. —

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! — This double worship, —
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance, — it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,

Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech you, —
You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of't;¹⁵⁾ that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body¹⁶⁾ with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it, — at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee! —
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench; In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i'the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho! — Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*exit Brutus*] in whose
name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. & Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a
rabble of Citizens.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

Cit. Down with him, down with him! [*Several speak.*]

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens! — what ho! —
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be? — I am out of breath;
Confusion's near: I cannot speak: — You, tribunes
To the people, — Coriolanus, patience: —
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people; — Peace.

Cit. Let's hear our tribune: — Peace. Speak,
speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have named for consul.

Men. Fye, fye, fye!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

Cit. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it: — We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. *Ædiles*, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædi. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent: — Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here.

[Drawing his Sword.]

There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword; — Tribunes, with-
draw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, help Marcius! help,
You that be noble: help him, young, and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and
the People, are all beat in.]

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 Sen. The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though carv'd i'the porch o'the Capitol,) —

Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another. ¹⁷⁾

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two
tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. — Will you hence,
Before the tag return? ¹⁸⁾ whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, begone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[Exit CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.]

1 Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [A noise within.]
Here's goodly work!

2 Pat. I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tyber! — What, the
vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the Rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes, — —

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 Cit. He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on't.

[Several speak together.]

Men. Sir, — ¹⁹⁾

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak: —
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults: — —

Sic. Consul! — what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He a consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good
people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children ²⁰⁾ is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to lose it by his country:
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o'the world.

Sic. This is clean kam. ²¹⁾

Bru. Merely awry: ²²⁾ When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was? ²³⁾

Bru. We'll hear no more: —
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;

Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so, —

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our Ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? — Come: —

Men. Consider this; — He has been bred i'the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bouted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

1 Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer: —
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place: — We'll attend
you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you: —
Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He
must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

1 Sen. Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild houses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, ²⁴) my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance ²⁵) stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;

[*To VOLUMNIA.*]

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, some-
thing too rough;
You must return and mend it.

1 Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsel'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o'the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well,
What then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them? — I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. ²⁶) I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I'the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you ²⁷) this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to, ²⁸)
But with such words that are but rotes in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth. ²⁹)
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town ³⁰) with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood. —

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowts ³¹)
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want ³²) might ruin.

Men. Noble lady! —

Come, go with us; speak fair; you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,

Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were
yours: ³³⁾

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. 'Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i'the market-place: and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:
'Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd scone? ³⁴⁾
Must I

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot ³⁵⁾ to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind. — To the market-
place: —

You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son: as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, ³⁶⁾ into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; ³⁷⁾ and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms! — I will not do't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; ³⁸⁾ for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me:
But owe ³⁹⁾ thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly: — Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy ⁴⁰⁾ to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed. —

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I'the right and strength o'the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them
If I say, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i'the truth o'the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it. —
[*Exit Ædile.*

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: ⁴¹⁾ Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart: and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck. ⁴²⁾

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. — ⁴³⁾ The
honour'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!

1 Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say. — Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i'the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you. ⁴⁴⁾

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, ⁴⁵⁾ and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i'the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! — Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd ⁴⁶⁾ as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock with him; to the rock with him! ⁴⁷⁾

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome, — —

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this
The promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know,
I pray you, — —

Cor. I'll know no further:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, ⁴⁸⁾ seeking means
To pluck away their power; has now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it: In the name o'the people,

And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I'the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so,
It shall be so; let him away: he's banish'd,
And so it shall be. ⁴⁹⁾

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends; — —

Sic. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, ⁵⁰⁾ her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that — —

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! ⁵¹⁾ whose breath
I hate

As reek o'the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,) ⁵²⁾
Making not reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most
Abated captives, ⁵³⁾ to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!
[*The People shout, and throw up their Caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come: —
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! — Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS,
COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell: —
the beast

With many heads butts me away. — Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was ¹⁾ the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning; ²⁾ you were us'd to load me

With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman, —

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat. — Cominius,
Droop not; adieu: — Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet. — Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. — My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond³⁾ to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them. — My mother, you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous⁴⁾ baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,⁵⁾

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure⁶⁾ to each chance
That starts i'the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I'the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well: —

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruise'd: bring me but out at gate. —
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch,⁷⁾ when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As any ear can hear. — Come, let's not weep. —
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:

Come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no
further. —

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [Exit Ædile.]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:

Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague
o'the gods

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should
hear, —

Nay, and you shall hear some. — Will you be gone?

[To BRUTUS.]

Vir. You shall stay too: [to SICIN.] I would, I had
the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you man-kind?

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame? — Note but this
fool. —

Was not a man my father? Had'st thou foxship⁸⁾
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good. — I'll tell thee what; — Yet
go: —

Nay, but thou shalt stay too: — I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then!

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all. —

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had! 'Twas you incens'd the
rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
this;

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome: so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you. —
I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[Exeunt Tribunes.]

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup
with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. — Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fye, fye, fye! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well appeared by your tongue.⁹⁾ What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; They are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment,¹⁰⁾ and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Antium. Before Aufidius's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City, 'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not; Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me. — Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state, At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell.

[Exit Citizen.]

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn, Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart, Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise, Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love Unseparable, shall within this hour, On a dissension of a doit, break out To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes, Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep To take the one the other, by some chance, Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends, And interjoin their issues. So with me: — My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon This enemy town. — I'll enter: if he slay me, He does fair justice; if he give me way, I'll do his country service. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.]

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. Where's Cotus! my master calls for him. Cotus! [Exit.]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 Serv. What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus.¹¹⁾

Re-enter second Servant.

2 Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions?¹²⁾ Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 Serv. Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Serv. What fellow's this?

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o'the house: 'Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand: I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go!
And batten on cold bits. *[Pushes him away.]*
3 Serv. What, will you not? 'Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.
2 Serv. And I shall. *[Exit.]*
3 Serv. Where dwellest thou?
Cor. Under the canopy.
3 Serv. Under the canopy?
Cor. Ay.
3 Serv. Where's that?
Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.
3 Serv. I' the city of kites and crows? — What an ass it is! — Then thou dwellest with daws too?
Cor. No, I serve not thy master.
3 Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?
Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy trencher, hence! *[Beats him away.]*

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?
2 Serv. Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.
Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou? Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?
Cor. If, Tullus, *[Unmuffling.]*
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not Think me for the man I am, necessity Commands me name myself.
Auf. What is thy name? *[Servants retire.]*
Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears, And harsh in sound to thine.
Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn, Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?
Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?
Auf. I know thee not: — Thy name?
Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volces, Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service, The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood Shed for my thankless country, are requited But with that surname; a good memory, ¹³⁾ And witness of the malice and displeasure Which thou should'st bear me: only that name remains; The cruelty and envy of the people, Permitted by our dastard nobles, who Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest; And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope, Mistake me not, to save my life; for if I had fear'd death, of all the men i'the world I would have voided thee: but in mere spite, To be full quit of those my banishers, Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast A heart of wreak in thee, ¹⁴⁾ that will revenge Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those mains Of shame ¹⁵⁾ seen through thy country, speed thee straight, And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it, That my revengeful services may prove As benefits to thee; for I will fight Against my canker'd country with the spleen Of all the under fiends. ¹⁶⁾ But if so be Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am Longer to live most weary, and present

My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice: Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool; Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate, Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast, And cannot live but to thy shame, unless It be to do thee service.
Auf. O Marcius, Marcius, Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say, 'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee, All noble Marcius. — O, let me twine Mine arms about that body, where against My grained ash an hundred times hath broke, And scar'd the moon ¹⁷⁾ with splinters! Here I clip ¹⁸⁾ The anvil of my sword; and do contest As hotly and as nobly with thy love, As ever in ambitious strength I did Contend against thy valour. Know thou first, I loved the maid I married; never man Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here, Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart, Than when I first my wedded mistress saw Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee, We have a power on foot; and I had purpose Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn, Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out Twelve several times, ¹⁹⁾ and I have nightly since Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me; We have been down together in my sleep, Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat, And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius, Had we no quarrel ²⁰⁾ else to Rome, but that Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome, Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in, And take our friendly senators by the hands; Who now are here, taking their leaves of me, Who am prepar'd against your territories, Though not for Rome itself.
Cor. You bless me, gods!
Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have The leading of thine own revenges, take The one half of my commission; and set down, — As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st Thy country's strength and weakness, — thine own ways:
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome, Or rudely visit them in parts remote, To fright them, ere destroy. But come in: Let me commend thee first to those, that shall Say, *yea*, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes! And more a friend than e'er an enemy; Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most welcome! *[Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.]*
1 Serv. *[Advancing.]* Here's a strange alteration!
2 Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.
1 Serv. What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.
2 Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: He had, sir, a kind of face, methought, — I cannot tell how to term it.
1 Serv. He had so; looking as it were, — 'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.
2 Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the rarest man i'the world.
1 Serv. I think, he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1. 2. *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, — Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o'the table: no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand,²¹⁾ and turns up the white o'the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i'the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears:²²⁾ He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.²³⁾

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) show themselves (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent.²⁴⁾ Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled,²⁵⁾ deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tame i'the present peace²⁶⁾ And quietness o'the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestering the streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind Of late. — Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not²⁷⁾ much miss'd, But with his friends; the common-wealth doth stand; And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good e'en to you all, good e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time, Then when these fellows ran about the streets, Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was A worthy officer i'the war; but insolent, O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking, Self-loving, — —

Sic. And affecting one sole throne, Without assistance.²⁸⁾

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation, If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,

There is a slave, whom we have put in prison, Reports, — the Volces with two several powers Are enter'd in the Roman territories; And with the deepest malice of the war Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,

Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment, Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;

Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,²⁹⁾
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. — It cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,³⁰⁾
Before you punish him, where he heard this:
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:

I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come,³¹⁾
That turns their countenances.³²⁾

Sic. 'Tis this slave; —
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: — his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,³³⁾
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate;
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses; —

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news? —
You have made fair work, I fear me: — Pray, your
news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians, —

Com. If!
He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron men; you that stood so much

Upon the voice of occupation,³⁴⁾ and
The breath of garlick-eaters!

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit:³⁵⁾ You have made
fair work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt;³⁶⁾ and, who resist,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, *Beseech you, cease*. — You have made
fair hands,

You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like
beasts,

And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'the city.

Com. But, I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: — Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here comes the clusters. —
And is Aufidius with him? — You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
very many of us: That we did, we did for the best:
and though we willingly consented to his banishment,
yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry! — ³⁷⁾ Shall us to
the Capitol?

Com. O, aye; what else?

[*Exeunt COMINIUS and MENENIUS.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
These are a side, that would be glad to have

This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters,
let's home. I ever said, we were i'the wrong, when
we banished him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol: — 'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius, and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey ³⁸) to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether ³⁹) defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding
peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but, one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all, not all, ⁴⁰)
For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. ⁴¹) So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler, ⁴²) strengths by strengths
do fail.

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Rome. *A public Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS,
and others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o'that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd ¹)
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a king of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i'the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd ²) for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory! ³)

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No: I'll not meddle.

Sic. I pray you, go to him. ⁴)

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then? —
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,

And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well; he had not din'd: ⁵⁾
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. *[Exit.]*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold: ⁶⁾ his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions; ⁷⁾
So, that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

*An advanced Post of the Volscian Camp before
Rome. The Guard at their Stations.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

1 *G.* Stay: Whence are you?

2 *G.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by your
leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *G.* From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 *G.* You may not pass, you must return: our
general

Will no more hear from thence.

2 *G.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks, ⁸⁾
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity ⁹⁾
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground, ¹⁰⁾
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing: ¹¹⁾ therefore,
fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in
his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own,
you should not pass here: no, though it were as vir-
tuous to lie, as to live chastly. Therefore, go back.

Men. 'Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Mene-
nius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say,
you have,) I am one that, telling true under him,
must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would
not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can
you, when you have pushed out your gates the
very defender of them, and, in a violent popular
ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to
front his revenges with the easy groans ¹²⁾ of old
women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or
with the palsied intercession of such a decayed do-
tant ¹³⁾ as you seem to be? Can you think to blow
out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in,
with such weak breath as this? No, you are de-
ceived: therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for
your execution: you are condemned, our general has
sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, If thy captain knew I were here, he
would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say,
go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood; — back, —
that's the utmost of your having: — back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow, —

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for
you; you shall know now, that I am in estimation;
you shall perceive that a Jack guardant ¹⁴⁾ cannot
office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by
my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i'the
state of hanging, or of some death more long in
spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now
presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. —
The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy
particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than
thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son!
thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's
water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come
to thee; but being assured, none but myself could
move thee, I have been blown out of your gates
with sighs: and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and
thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage
thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet
here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my ac-
cess to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, ¹⁵⁾ my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
In great forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much. — Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee, ¹⁶⁾
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, *[Gives a Letter.]*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak. — This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st — —
Auf. You keep a costant temper.

[Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.]

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius.

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You
know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent ¹⁷⁾ for keep-
ing your greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, ¹⁸⁾ fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Tent of Coriolanus.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host. — My partner in this action, You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly I have borne this business. ¹⁹⁾

Auf. Only their ends You have respected; stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Loved me above the measure of a father; Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him: for whose old love, I have (Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd The first conditions, which they did refuse, And cannot now accept, to grace him only, That thought he could do more; a very little I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits, Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter Will I lend ear to. — Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the same time 'tis made? I will not. —

Enter, in Mourning Habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection! All bond and privilege of nature, break! Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate. —

What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes, Which can make gods forsworn? — I melt, and am not Of stronger earth than others. — My mother bows; As if Olympus to a molehill should In supplication nod: and my young boy Hath an aspect of intercession, which Great nature cries, *Deny not.* — Let the Volces Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand, As if a man were author of himself, And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd, Makes you think so. ²⁰⁾

Cor. Like a dull actor now, I have forgot my part, and I am out, Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh, Forgive my tyranny; but do not say, For that, *Forgive our Romans.* — O, a kiss Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge! Now by the jealous queen of heaven, ²¹⁾ that kiss I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip Hath virgin'd it e'er since. — You gods! I prate, And the most noble mother of the world

Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i'the earth; [*Kneels.* Of thy deep duty more impression show Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint, I kneel before thee; and improperly Show duty, as mistaken all the while Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son? Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach ²²⁾ Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun; Murd'ring impossibility, to make What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior; I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola, The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle, That's curd ²³⁾ by the frost from purest snow, And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours, Which by the interpretation of full time May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers, With the consent of supreme Jove, inform Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove To shame invulnerable and stick i' the wars Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw, ²⁴⁾ And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself, Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace: Or, if you'd ask, remember this before; The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never Be held by you denials. Do not bid me Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate Again with Rome's mechanics: — Tell me not Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not To allay my rages and revenges, with Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!

You have said, you will not grant us any thing; For we have nothing else to ask, but that Which you deny already: Yet we will ask; That, if you fail in our request, ²⁵⁾ the blame May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll Hear nought from Rome in private. — Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment, And state of bodies would bewray what life We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself, How more unfortunate than all living women Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow; Making the mother, wife, and child, to see The son, the husband, and the father, tearing His country's bowels out. And to poor we, Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort That all but we enjoy: For how can we, Alas! how can we for our country pray, Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory, Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person, Our comfort in the country. We must find An evident calamity, though we had Our wish, which side should win: for either thou Must, as a foreign recreant, be led

With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine:²⁶) if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long.

[*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May say, *This mercy we have show'd*; the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd
For making up this peace!* Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ, — *The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.* Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains²⁷) of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur²⁸) with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? — Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. — There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
Like one i'the stocks.²⁹) Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs. — He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down; An end:
This is the last; — So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours. — Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition³⁰) with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't. — Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance: — Yet give us our despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!

[*Holding VOLUMNIA by the Hands, silent.*

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son, — believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come: —
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say,³¹) would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause. — O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy
honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.³²)

[*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

Cor. Ay, by and by;

[*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you:³³) all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o'the Capitol; yond'
corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with
your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of
Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him.
But I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are
sentenced, and stay upon execution.³⁴)

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter
the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a
butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This
Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings;
he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers
his mother now, than an eight-year old horse. The
tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he
walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground
shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce
a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his
hum is a battery. He sits in his state,³⁵) as a
thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done,
is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of
a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what
mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is
no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male
tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is
'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good
unto us. When we banished him, we respected not
them: and, he returning to break our necks, they
respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house;
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news; — The ladies have prevail'd,

The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain, as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomfited through the gates. Why, hark you;

[*Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and Drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not had given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[*Shouting and Music.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going.*

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They pass over the Stage.

1 Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry, — Welcome, ladies, welcome! —

All. Welcome, ladies!

Welcome! [*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Antium. A public Place.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Enter three or four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS' Faction.

Most welcome!

1 Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 Con. Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping, —

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance,³⁶ as if
I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory, —

Auf. There was it; —
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd³⁷ upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts of the People.*

1 Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it,
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,

Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; ³⁸) making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with Drums and Colours; a
Crowd of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am returned your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o'the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor! — How now? —

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, ³⁹) your city Rome
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o'the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears, —

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more. ⁴⁰)

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave! —
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that must
bear

My beating to his grave;) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. — Boy! False hound!

If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your voices in Corioli:
Alone I did it. — Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't. [Several speak at once.

Cit. [Speaking promiscuously.] Tear him to pieces,
do it presently. He killed my son; — my daugh-
ter; — He killed my cousin Marcus; — He killed
my father. —

2 Lord. Peace, ho; — no outrage; — peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o'the earth. ⁴¹) His last offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing. — ⁴²) Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and
kill CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS
stands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus, —

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour
will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him. — Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice,
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn. ⁴³)

2 Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. — Take him up:
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one. —
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes. — Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory. — ⁴⁴)
Assist.

[Exeunt, bearing the Body of CORIOLANUS,
A Dead March sounded.

XXIX.

J U L I U S C Æ S A R.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,

MARCUS ANTONIUS,

M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, Senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

CINNA,

*Triumvirs after the Death
of Julius Cæsar.*

*Conspirators against Julius
Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, Tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a Poet.

Another Poet.

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, young CATO, and
VOLUMNIUS; *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DAR-
DANIUS; *Servants to Brutus.*

PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*

CALPHURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE — during a great part of the Play, at Rome: afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Rabble of
Citizens.*

Flavius.

HENCE; home, you idle creatures; get you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession? — Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on? —
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I
am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with
a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender
of bad soals.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,
what trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with
me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou
saucy fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the
awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor wo-
men's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a
surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great dan-
ger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod
upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get
myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make
holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings
he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless
things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
See, whe'r ¹⁾ their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies. ²⁾

Mar. May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A public Place.

Enter in Procession, with Music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, ³⁾ CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great Croud following; among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia, —

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [Music ceases.]

Cæs. Calphurnia, —

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. — Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [Music.]

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still: — Peace yet again.

[Music ceases.]

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him; — pass.

[Sennet. ⁴⁾ Exeunt all but BRU. and Cæs.]

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand ⁵⁾
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference, ⁶⁾
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cæs. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion; ⁷⁾
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cæs. 'Tis just;

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cæs. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love ⁸⁾
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish, and shout.]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cæs. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well: —
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i'the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cæs. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story. —
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life: but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?* — Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd: and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark,

How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink*, Titinius,
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper ⁹⁾ should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. *[Shout. Flourish.]*

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well:
Weigh them, it is as heavy: conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. *[Shout.]*
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, ¹⁰⁾ that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim; ¹¹⁾
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider: what you have to say,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this; ¹²⁾
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so: — But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret ¹³⁾ and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous.
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter: — But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA stays behind.]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you
speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to day,
That Cæsar looks so sad?

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and
being offered him, he put it by with the back of
his hand, thus; and then the people fell a' shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice,
every time gentler than other: and at every putting
by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the man-
ner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it.
I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; — yet 'twas
not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; —
and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all
that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it.
Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by
again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to
lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the
third time; he put it the third time by: and still
as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped
their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty
night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking
breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it
had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell
down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not
laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving
the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? Did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed
at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but
I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people
did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he
pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the
players in the theatre, I am no true man. ¹⁴⁾

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut. — An I had been a man of any occupation, ¹⁵) if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues: — and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!* — and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so; Farewell, both. [Exit CASCA.]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?

He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprize,

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you; or, if you will,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: — till then, think of the world.

[Exit BRUTUS.]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

From that it is dispos'd: ¹⁶) Therefore 'tis meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes:

For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?

Cæsar doth bear me hard: ¹⁷) But he loves Brutus:

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,

He should not humour me. ¹⁸) I will this night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens,

Writings, all tending to the great opinion

That Rome holds of his name: wherein obscurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:

And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;

For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his Sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home? ¹⁹) Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth ²⁰)

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam, To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds: But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is a civil strife in heaven; Or else the world, too saucy with the gods, Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight,)

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand, Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd. Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,) Against the Capitol I met a lion, Who glar'd ²¹) upon me, and went surly by, Without annoying me: And there were drawn Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women, Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw Men, all on fire, walk up and down the streets. And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit, Even at noon-day upon the market-place, Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies Do so conjointly meet, let not men say, *These are their reasons, — They are natural;* For, I believe, they are portentous things Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time: But men may construe things after their fashion, Clean from the purpose ²²) of the things themselves. Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit CICERO.]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets, Submitting me unto the perilous night; And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see, Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone: ²³) And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open The breast of heaven, I did present myself Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble, When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life That should be in a Roman, you do want, Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze, And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder, To see the strange impatience of the heavens: But if you would consider the true cause, Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts, Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind; ²⁴) Why old men, fools, and children calculate: ²⁵) Why all these things change, from their ordinance,

Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:

A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,²⁶⁾
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs²⁷⁾ like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:

And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?

Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate

So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!

Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made:²⁸⁾ But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:²⁹⁾
Be factious for redress³⁰⁾ of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.

Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
Is favour'd,³¹⁾ like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in
haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. — Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus
Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,

You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party — —

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit CINNA.]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high, in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same.* Brutus's Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho! —

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. — Lucius, I say! —
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly. —
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

[Exit.]

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd: —
How that might change his nature, there's the ques-
tion.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him? —

That; —

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power:¹⁾ And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,²⁾
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees³⁾
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,

Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, ⁴⁾ grow mis-
chievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [Exit.]

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[Opens the Letter, and reads.]

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, — —

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

Speak, strike, redress! — Am I entreated then ⁵⁾
To speak and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[Knock within.]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man, ⁶⁾
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour. ⁷⁾

Bru. Let them enter. [Exit LUCIUS.]
They are the faction. O conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path, with native semblance on, ⁸⁾
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS
CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;

And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [They whisper.]

Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men, ⁹⁾
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, —
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. ¹⁰⁾ But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? ¹¹⁾ and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous, ¹²⁾
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise, ¹³⁾

Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?

I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion, ¹⁴⁾
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd: — I think it is not meet,

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards: ¹⁵)
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar, —

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, ¹⁶) and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company. ¹⁷)

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[Clock strikes.]

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies: ¹⁸)
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, ¹⁹)
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him; ²⁰)
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave
you, Brutus:
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What have you said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks ²¹) put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but BRUTUS.]

Boy! Lucius! — Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you
now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,
Brutus,

Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition, ²²)
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: — Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurg'd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness?

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops,
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows: —
Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who's that, knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. —
Boy, stand aside. — Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, ²³⁾ hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his
Nightgown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace
to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæsar! Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk
forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: The things that threa-
ten'd me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies, ²⁴⁾
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawned and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air, ²⁵⁾
Horses did neigh, ²⁶⁾ and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice: ²⁷⁾
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;

That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know;
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,²⁸⁾
Which like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, portents,²⁹⁾
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.³⁰⁾
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now; the senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say:
*Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason³¹⁾ to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?

I am ashamed I did yield to them. —
Give me my robe, for I will go: —

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius. —
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? —
Good morrow, Casca. — Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,
As that same ague which hath made you lean. —
What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up: —
Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within: —
I am to blame to be thus waited for. —
Now, Cinna: — Now, Metellus: — What, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will: — and so near will I be,
[*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cas-
sius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna;
trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber;
Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged
Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these
men; and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st
not immortal, look about you: Security gives way
to Conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!
Thy lover,

Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.³²⁾

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.³³⁾ [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

*The same. Another Part of the same Street,
before the House of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there. —
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel! —
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: And take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. 'Pr'ythee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended to-
wards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear
may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will croud a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there
 Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.
Por. I must go in. — Ah me! how weak a thing
 The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
 The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
 Sure, the boy heard me: — Brutus hath a suit,
 That Cæsar will not grant. — O, I grow faint: —
 Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
 Say, I am merry: come to me again,
 And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
 [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The Capitol; the
 Senate sitting.*

*A Croud of People in the Street leading to the
 Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Sooth-
 sayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS,
 CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, AN-
 TONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar! but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
 At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
 That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
 Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.
 All the Senators rise.*

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.
Cæs. What entreprize, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
 [Advances to CÆSAR.
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cæs. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.
 I fear, our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.
Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention. —
 Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
 Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
 For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
 Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
 For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cæs. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
 He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR
 and the Senators take their seats.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
 And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd: ¹⁾ press near, and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss
 That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
 Cæsar,
 Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
 An humble heart: — [Kneeling.
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
 These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
 Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
 And turn pre-ordinance, ²⁾ and first decree,
 Into the law of children. Be not fond

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality
 With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
 Low crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banish'd;
 If thou dost bend, and pray and fawn, for him,
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
 Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
 To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
 For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
 Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
 Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar: Cæsar, pardon;

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
 To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
 But I am constant as the northern star,
 Of whose true fix'd, and resting quality,
 There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
 So, in the world: 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive; ³⁾
 Yet, in the number, I do know but one
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshak'd of motion: ⁴⁾ and, that I am he,
 Let me a little show it, even in this;
 That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar, — —
Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar, — —
Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.
 [CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the Neck. CÆSAR catches
 hold of his Arm. He is then stabbed by several
 other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.

Cæs. Et tu, Brute? — Then fall, Cæsar.
 [Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! —
 Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
 Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
 Fly not; stand still: — ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus. ⁵⁾
Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
 Should chance — —

Bru. Talk not of standing; — Publius, good cheer;
 There is no harm intended to your person,
 Nor to no Roman else: ⁶⁾ so tell them, Publius.

Cæs. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
 Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so; — and let no man abide this deed,
 But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cæs. Where's Antony?
Treb. Fled to his house amaz'd:

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
 As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures: —
 That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
 And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. — Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash, — ⁷⁾ How many ages
hence,

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar, was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. This master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish, we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony. — Welcome, Mark
Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? — Fare thee well. —
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank: ⁸⁾
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,)

Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, ⁹⁾ and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you: —
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; — now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; — and, my valiant Casca, yours; —
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all, — alas! what shall I say?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer. —
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! — Here wast thou bay'd, brave
hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe. ¹⁰⁾
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee. —
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony, — —

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compæct mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you. —
You know not what you do; Do not consent, [*Aside.*]

That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon; —
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take your Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.¹¹⁾
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophecy, —
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havoc*, and let slip¹²⁾ the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth, —
O Cæsar! — —

[*Seeing the Body.*]

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S Body.*]

SCENE II.

The same. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends. —
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers. —
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

2 Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.*]

BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.

3 Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer, — Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S Body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover¹³⁾ for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

4 Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen, — —

2 Cit. Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. *[Exit.]*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him: Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans, — —

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones:

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If you consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take
the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than
Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor ⁽¹⁾ to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins ⁽²⁾ in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,

Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;

You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men,

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: the will!
read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. *[He comes down from the Pulpit.]*

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony; — most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;

That day he overcame the Nervii: —

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel: ⁽³⁾

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all:

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statua,

Which all the while ran blood, ⁽⁴⁾ great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel

The dint of pity: ⁽⁵⁾ these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge; about, —
seek, — burn, — fire, — kill, — slay! — let not a
traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there: — Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend: and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit,¹⁹⁾ nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not — I must tell you then: —

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true; the will; — let's stay, and hear
the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.²⁰⁾

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar! — we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never: — Come, away, away:

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the Body.*]

Ant. Now let it work; Mischief; thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt! — How now,
fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:²¹⁾

I have no will to wander forth of doors,

Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bache-
lor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly,
wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools
that marry: You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear.
Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling, — briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for
his bad verses.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck
but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-
brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some
to Decius' house, and some to Casca's: some to Li-
garius': away; go.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in Antony's
House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a Table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are
prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; Consent you,
Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,¹⁾
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.²⁾
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at
The Capitol. [Exit LEPIDUS.]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property.³⁾ And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. — Brutus and Cassius,
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd
out; ⁴⁾

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake, ⁵⁾
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand here.

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a Letter to BRUTUS.]

Bru. He greets me well. — Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. — A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [March within.]

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd: —
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them — —

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs ⁶⁾ softly, — I do know you well: —
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; ⁷⁾ and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Within the Tent of Brutus.

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence ⁸⁾ should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,

And not for justice? ⁹⁾ What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus? —
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay ¹⁰⁾ not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; ¹¹⁾ I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions. ¹²⁾

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud
heart break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is't come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me,
Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me; —
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: — he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath riv'd
my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me. ¹³⁾

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth! O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! — There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth; ¹⁴⁾
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O, Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus! —

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, ¹⁵⁾ and leave you so.

[Noise within.]

Poet. [Within.] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [Within.] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools? ¹⁶⁾
Companion, ¹⁷⁾ hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone. [Exit Poet.]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O, Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use, If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better: — Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so? O insupportable and touching loss! — Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence; And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony Have made themselves so strong; — for with her death That tidings came; — With this she fell distract, And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her. — Give me a bowl of wine: —

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge: — Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup; I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius: — Welcome, good Messala. —

Now sit we close about this taper here, And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you. — Messala, I have here received letters, That young Octavius, and Mark Antony, Come down upon us with a mighty power, Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree; Mine speak of seventy senators, that died, By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead, And by that order of proscription. — Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell: For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. — We must die, Messala. With meditating that she must die once, ¹⁸) I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art ¹⁹) as you, But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas.

This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers, Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still, Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better. The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground, Do stand but in a forc'd affection; For they have grudg'd us contribution: The enemy, marching along by them, By them shall make a fuller number up, Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd; From which advantage shall we cut him off, If at Philippi we do face him there, These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. — You must note beside, That we have try'd the utmost of our friends, Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe: The enemy increaseth every day, We, at the height, are ready to decline. There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows, and in miseries. On such a full sea are we now afloat; And we must take the current when it serves, Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on; We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk, And nature must obey necessity; Which we will niggard with a little rest. There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night. Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Farewell, good Messala: —

Good night, Titinius: — Noble, noble Cassius, Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O, my dear brother! This was an ill beginning of the night: Never come such division 'tween our souls! Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one. [*Exeunt CAS. TIT. and MES.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the Gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily? Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd. Call Claudius, and some other of my men; I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep; It may be, I shall raise you by and by On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs; It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so; I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Servants lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*]

This is a sleepy tune: — O murd'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace²⁰) upon my boy,
That plays thee music? — Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; — Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns! — Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me: — Art'st thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;

Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then. —
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. —
Boy! Lucius! — Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! —
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument. —
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cry'dst
out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. — Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;

It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us¹⁾ at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show:
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*]

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army;
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!²⁾

Cas. Flatterers! — Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us
sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again? —
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou can'st not die by traitors,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Cas. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius, still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away. —
Defiance, traitors, hurl we ³⁾ in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and
swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho!

Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala, —

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; at this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign ⁴⁾
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us;
'This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determin'd to do? ⁵⁾

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy, ⁶⁾
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself: — I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: — arming myself with patience, ⁷⁾
To stay the providence of some high powers,
'That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take: —
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. — O, that a man might
know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!

But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known. — Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. The Field of Battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud Alarum.*]
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:
Who having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field. —

[*Exit PINDARUS.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. — Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is
Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur; — yet he spurs on. —
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius! —
Now some 'light: — O, he 'lights too: — he's ta'en; —
and, hark!
They shout for joy.

[*Shout.*]

Cas. Come down, behold no more. —
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.

Stand not to answer; Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. — Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. *[Dies.]*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. — O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set:
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. *[Exit MESSALA.]*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me giv't thee! ⁸) Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. — Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. —
By your leave, gods: — This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. *[Dies.]*

Alarum. *Re-enter* MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, young
CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. *[Low Alarums.]*

Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these? —
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. — Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay. —
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time. —
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;

His funeral shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. — Lucilius, come; —
And come, young Cato; let us to the field. —
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on: —
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Field.

Alarum. *Enter fighting, Soldiers of both Armies;*
then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and* others.

Bru. Yet countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field: —
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! *[Charges the Enemy.]*

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.
[Exit, charging the Enemy. CATO is over-
powered, and falls.]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son. ⁹)

1 Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die.
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;
[Offering Money.]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 Sold. We must not. — A noble prisoner!

2 Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 Sold. I'll tell the news. — Here comes the ge-
neral: —

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough;
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

Another part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO,
and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cl. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. —
[Whispering.]

Cl. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cl. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius! *[Whispers him.]*

Dar. I do such a deed? ¹⁰)

Cl. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you — and you; — and you,
Volumnius. —

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep:
Farewell to thee too, Strato. — Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history;
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within: Fly, fly, fly.*]

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee. ¹¹⁾

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*]

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well,
my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. — Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his Sword, and dies.*]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. — Strato, where is thy
master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala.
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found. — I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true. ¹²⁾

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them. ¹³⁾
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you. ¹⁴⁾

Oct. Do so, Messala. ¹⁵⁾

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements

So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably. —

So call the field to rest: and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*]

XXX.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *Triumvirs.*
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, }
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS, } *Friends of Antony.*
EROS,
SCARUS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO,

MECÆNAS,
AGRIPPA, } *Friends to Cæsar.*
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS,

MENAS,
MENECRATES, } *Friends of Pompey.*
VARRIUS,

TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*
CANIDIUS, *Lieutenant-General to Antony.*
SILIUS, *an Officer in Ventidius's Army.*
EUPHRONIUS, *an Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES; *Attendants on Cleopatra.*

A Soothsayer.

A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*

OCTAVIA, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

CHARMIAN, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*
IRAS,

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE — *dispersed; in several Parts of the Roman Empire.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Philo.

NAY, but this dotage of our general's,
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges ¹⁾ all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come!

Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar ²⁾ of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn ³⁾ how far to be lov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me: — The sum. ⁴⁾

Cleo. Nay, hear them, ⁵⁾ Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*

*Take in that kingdom, ⁶⁾ and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.*

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance, — nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony. —
Where's Fulvia's process? ⁷⁾ Cæsar's I would say? —

Both? —

Call in the messengers. — As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. — The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet, ⁸⁾
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her? —
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra. —
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours, ⁹⁾
Let's not confound the time ¹⁰⁾ with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger; but thine and all alone, ¹¹⁾
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it: — Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEOP. with their Train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, ¹²⁾ who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the
soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O,
that I knew this husband, which, you say, must
change his horns with garlands! ¹³⁾

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? — Is't you, sir, that know
things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Irás. No, you shall paint, when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me
be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow
them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom
Herod of Jewry may do homage: ¹⁴⁾ find me to
marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion
me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than
figs. ¹⁵⁾

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former
fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no
names: ¹⁶⁾ 'Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches
must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million. ¹⁷⁾

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy
to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Irás hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night,
shall be — drunk to bed.

Irás. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing
else.

Char. Even as the overflowing Nilus presageth
famine.

Irás. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prog-
nostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. — 'Pr'ythee,
tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Irás. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Irás. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune
better than I, where would you choose it?

Irás. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,
— come, his fortune, his fortune. — O, let him
marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I be-
seech thee! And let her die too, and give him a
worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst
of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a
cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though
thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis,
I beseech thee!

Irás. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of
the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a
handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow
to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore,
dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make
me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores,
but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. — Enobarbus, —

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's
Alexas?

Alex. Here, madam, ¹⁸⁾ at your service. — My
lord approaches.

*Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger, and At-
tendants.*

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS,
CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.*]

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well,

What worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward. — On:
Things, that are past, are done, with me. — 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates; ¹⁹⁾

His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia;

Whilst — —

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say, — O, my lord!

Mess. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie still; ²⁰) and our ills told us,
Is as our earring. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. *[Exit.]*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 Att. The man from Sicyon. — Is there such an one?

2 Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear, —
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage. — What are you?

2 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead. Where died she?

Ant. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. *[Gives a Letter.]*

Ant. Forbear me. — *[Exit Messenger.]*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: ²¹) she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, ²²) that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. — How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see
how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer
our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die:
It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though,
between them and a great cause, they should be
esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least
noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty
times upon far poorer moment: ²³) I do think, there
is mettle in death, which commits some loving act
upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of no-
thing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot
call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they
are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can
report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she
makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonder-
ful piece of work; which not to have been blessed
withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice.
When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of
a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the
earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are
worn out, there are members to make new. If there

were no more women but Fulvia, then had you in-
deed a cut, and the case to be lamented; this grief
is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings
forth a new petticoat: — and, indeed, the tears live
in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here
cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopa-
tra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience ²⁴) to the queen,
And get her love to part. ²⁵) For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, ²⁶)
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o'the world may danger: Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, ²⁷) hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he
does: —

I did not send you; — ²⁸) If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[Exit ALEX.]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?
Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in
nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose, —

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen, —

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good
news.

What says the married woman? — You may go;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know, —

Cleo. O, never was there queen

So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra, —

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen, —

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then; —
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent; ²⁹⁾ none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: ³⁰⁾ They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st know,
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while: but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to
strength,

Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my
going, ³¹⁾

Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,

It does from childishness: — Can Fulvia die? ³²⁾

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd; ³³⁾ at the last, best:
See when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? ³⁴⁾ Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: Now, by the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come; —
But let it be. — I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves. ³⁵⁾

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt: ³⁶⁾ Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword, —

Cleo. And target, — Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, 'pry'thee, Charmian,

How this Herculean Roman ³⁷⁾ does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part, — but that's not it;
Sir, you and I have lov'd — but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would, —
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten. ³⁸⁾

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself. ³⁹⁾

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me, ⁴⁰⁾ when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory! ⁴¹⁾ and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee,
Away. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor: ⁴²⁾ from Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall
find there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; ⁴³⁾ what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat; say this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. ⁴⁴⁾ If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't: ⁴⁵⁾ but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours, — 'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;

And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar; to the ports
The discontents repair, ⁴⁶) and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less —
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide, ⁴⁷)
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear ⁴⁸) and
wound

With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, ⁴⁹) and flush youth ⁵⁰)
revolt:

No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels. ⁵¹) When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle ⁵²)
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i'the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know
mean time

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;]
I knew it for my bond. ⁵³) [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian, —

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha! —

Give me to drink mandragora. ⁵⁴)

Char.

Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of
time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him
Too much.

Cleo. O, treason! ⁵⁵)

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminard, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet I have fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. — ⁵⁶) He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me; Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison: — Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar, ⁵⁷)
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee. — ⁵⁸)
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd, — the last of many doubled kisses, —
This orient pearl; — His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *The firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.* So he nodded,
And soberly did mount a termagant steed, ⁵⁹)
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'the year between the ex-
tremes
Of heat and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition! — Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle! — Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else. — Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick? ⁶⁰)

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. — Ink and paper, Charmian. —
Welcome, my good Alexas. — Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
 Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
 If thou with Cæsar paragon again
 My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
 I sing but after you.

Cleo. My sallad days;
 When I was green in judgment: — Cold in blood,
 To say, as I said then! But, come, away:
 Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
 A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt. ⁶¹⁾
 [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
 The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
 That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
 The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
 Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
 By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
 The people love me, and the sea is mine;
 My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
 Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
 In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
 No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where
 He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
 Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
 Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
 Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome to-
 gether,
 Looking for Antony: But all charms of love ¹⁾
 Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip! ²⁾
 Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
 Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
 Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
 That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
 Even till a lethe'd dullness. — ³⁾ How now, Varrius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
 Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
 Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
 A space for further travel. ⁴⁾

Pom. I could have given less matter
 A better ear. — Menas, I did not think,
 This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm ⁵⁾
 For such a petty war: his soldiership
 Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
 The higher our opinion, that our stirring
 Can from the lap of Egypt's widow ⁶⁾ pluck
 The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope, ⁷⁾
 Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:

His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;
 His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
 Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
 Were't not that we stand up against them all,
 'Twere pregnant they should square ⁸⁾ between
 themselves;

For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
 May cement their divisions, and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
 Our lives upon, ⁹⁾ to use our strongest hands.
 Come, Menas. [Exeunt. ¹⁰⁾

SCENE II.

Rome. *A Room in the House of Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
 And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
 To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
 To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
 Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
 And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
 Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
 I would not shav't to day. ¹¹⁾

Lep. 'Tis not a time
 For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
 Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
 But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
 The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, ¹²⁾ to Parthia:
 Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
 Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
 That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
 A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
 May it be gently heard: When we debate
 Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
 Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
 (The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
 Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
 Nor curstness grow to the matter. ¹³⁾

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
 Were we before our armies, and to fight,
 I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir!

Cæs. Nay,

Then —

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
 Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
 If, or for nothing, or a little, I
 Should say myself offended; and with you
 Chiefly i'the world: more laugh'd at, that I should

Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, ¹⁴) your being in Egypt
Might be my question. ¹⁵)

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war. ¹⁶)

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did enquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports, ¹⁷)
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;

And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted ¹⁸) mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another: ¹⁹)
The third o'the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men
Might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then,
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; ²⁰) which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour's sacred ²¹) which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath, —

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd
them;

The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it: ²²) Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do

So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken. ²³)

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs ²⁴) between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you. ²⁵)

Lep.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the
instant, you may, when you hear no more words of
Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to
wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only! speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost
forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no
more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone. ²⁶)

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar, —

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be but tales, ²⁷)
Where now half tales be truth: her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment! — Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join her kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,

Lest my remembrance suffer ill report; ²⁸)
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us ²⁹) must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. And where lies he? ³⁰)

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt CÆSAR, ANT., and LEPIDUS.*]

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas! —
my honourable friend, Agrippa! —

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are
so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance,
and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a break-
fast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had
much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily
deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be
square to her. ³¹)

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed
up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter
devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were
silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description; she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did. ³²)

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i'the eyes, ³³)
And made their bends adornings: ³⁴) at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. ³⁵) From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of No woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish. ³⁶)

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery ³⁷) to him.

Agr. Let us go. —
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them;
Attendants, and a Soothsayer.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir. — My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady. —

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?
Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see't in
My motion, ³⁸) have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit

Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him: —
[Exit Soothsayer.]
He shall to Parthia. — Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ³⁹⁾ ever
Beat mine, in hoop'd, at odds. ⁴⁰⁾ I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I the east my pleasure lies: — O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,
hasten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount ⁴¹⁾
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.
Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!
Lep. Farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food ⁴²⁾
Of us that trade in love.
Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards: ⁴³⁾
Come, Charmian.
Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman; — Come, you'll play with me, sir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though it
come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now: —
Give me mine angle, — We'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.
Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time! — O times! —
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;

Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Mess. Madam, madam, —
Cleo. Antony's dead? —
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.
Mess. First, madam, he's well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark;
we use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Mess. Good madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free and healthful, — why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man. ⁴⁴⁾
Mess. Will't please you, hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Mess. Madam, he's well.
Cleo. Well said.
Mess. And friends with Cæsar.
Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.
Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mess. But yet, madam, —
Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence; ⁴⁵⁾ fye upon *but yet*:
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. 'Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friends with
Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.
Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.
Cleo. For what good turn?
Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.
Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[Strikes him down.]
Mess. Good madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you? — Hence,
[Strikes him again.]
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[She hales him up and down.]
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.
Mess. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage:
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
Mess. He's married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.
[Draws a Dagger.]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run: —
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt. —
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! — Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: — Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him: —
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; ⁴⁶) since I myself
Have given myself the cause. — Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold
there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, ⁴⁷) and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: he is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not! — What? thou'rt sure of't? — ⁴⁸)
Get thee hence:

The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.
Lead me from hence,
I faint; O Iras, Charmian, — 'Tis no matter: —
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, ⁴⁹) her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: — bring me word quickly. —

[*Exit ALEXAS.*

Let him for ever go: — ⁵⁰) Let him not — Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
T'other way he's a Mars: — Bid you Alexas

[*To MARDIAN.*

Bring me word, how tall she is. — Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me. — Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum.

*Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with Drum
and Trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, AN-
TONY, ENOBARBUS, MÆCENAS, with Soldiers
marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,

That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods, — I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, ⁵¹) Pompey, with
thy sails,

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house; ⁵²)
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself, ⁵³)
Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present,) ⁵⁴) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unback'd edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience: — Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i'the east are soft; and thanks to
you,

That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face; ⁵⁵)
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. — Thus we are agreed;
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part: and let us Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That will I, Pompey.
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first, Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar Grew fat with feasting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard: — And I have heard, Apollodorus carried —
Eno. No more of that: — He did so.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.
Pom. I know thee now; How far'st thou, soldier!
Eno. Well;
 And well am like to do; for, I perceive, Four feasts are toward.
Pom. Let me shake thy hand; I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight, When I have envied thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir,
 I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you, When you have well deserv'd ten times as much As I have said you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainness, It nothing ill becomes thee. — Aboard my galley I invite you all: Will you lead, lords?
Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.
Pom. Come.
 [Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, Soldiers and Attendants.]
Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty. — [Aside.] — You and I have known, sir. ⁵⁶⁾
Eno. At sea, I think.
Men. We have, sir.
Eno. You have done well by water.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me: though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.
Men. Nor what I have done by water.
Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.
Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.
Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.
Men. No slander; they steal hearts.
Eno. We came hither to fight with you.
Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.
Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.
Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?
Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.
Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.
Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.
Men. Pray you, sir?
Eno. 'Tis true.
Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.
Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.
Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.
Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band

that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation. ⁵⁷⁾
Men. Who would not have his wife so?
Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.
Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.
Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.
Men. Come; let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.

Music. Enter two or three Servants, with a Banquet. ⁵⁸⁾

1 Serv. Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants ⁵⁹⁾ are ill-rooted already, the least wind i'the world will blow them down.
2 Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.
1 Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink. ⁶⁰⁾
2 Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.
1 Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.
2 Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan ⁶¹⁾ I could not heave.
1 Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.
A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGrippa, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.
Ant. Thus do they, sir: [to CÆSAR] They take the flow o'the Nile
 By certain scales i'the pyramid; they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, ⁶²⁾ if dearth, Or foizon, follow: ⁶³⁾ The higher Nilus swells, The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.
Lep. You have strange serpents there.
Ant. Ay, Lepidus.
Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.
Ant. They are so.
Pom. Sit, — and some wine. — A health to Lepidus.
Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.
Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in till then.
Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; ⁶⁴⁾ without contradiction, I have heard that.
Men. Pompey, a word. [Aside.]
Pom. Say in mine ear: what is't?
Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [Aside.]
 And hear me speak a word.
Pom. Forbear me till anon. — This wine for Lepidus.
Lep. What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To MENAS aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you. — Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*]

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, and, Although thou think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup. Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove: Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, ⁶⁵) Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors, ⁶⁶)

Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable; And, when we are put off, fall to their throats: All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done, And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villainy; In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know, 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour; Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown, I should have found it afterwards well done; But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, [*Aside.*] I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes ⁶⁷) more. — Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd, Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore. — I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off LEPIDUS.*]

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all, That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. — Strike the vessels, ⁶⁸) ho! Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain, And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o'the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer: but I had rather fast

From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To ANTONY.*]

Shall we dance now the Egyptian bacchanals, And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands;

'Till that the conquering wine hath steeped our sense In soft and delicate lethe.

Eno. All take hands. —

Make battery to our ears with the loud music: —

The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;

The holding every man shall bear, ⁶⁹) as loud

As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.

Song.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne: ⁷⁰)
In thy vats our cares be drown'd:
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!*

Cæs. What would you more? — Pompey, good night. Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business Frowns at this levity. — Gentle lords, let's part; You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night. —

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you o'the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pom. O Antony, You have my father's house, — But what? we are friends:

Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not. —

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANT., and Attendants.* Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin. —

'These drums! — these trumpets, flutes! what! —

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, sound out.

[*A Flourish of Trumpets, with Drums.*]

Eno. Ho, says 'a! — There's my cap.

Men. Ho! — noble captain!

Come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead Body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death

Make me revenger. — Bear the king's son's body
Before our army: — Thy Pacorus, Orodes, ¹⁾
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
Better leave undone, ²⁾ than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i'the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius,
That without which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. ³⁾ Thou wilt write to
Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o'the field.

Sil. Where is he now?
Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what
haste
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him. — On, there; pass along.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Rome. An Ante-Chamber in Cæsar's House.

Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is
gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the Nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird! ⁴⁾

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say, — Cæsar; —
go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent
praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; — Yet he loves
Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. ⁵⁾
So, — [Trumpets.]

This is to horse — Adieu, noble Agrippa.
Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it. — Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band ⁶⁾
Shall pass on thy approof. — Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, ⁷⁾ the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, ⁸⁾ and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother! —

Ant. The April's in her eyes: It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. — Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and —
Cæs. What,

Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [Aside to AGRIPPA.]

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.
Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse; ⁹⁾
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum;
What willingly he did confound, ¹⁰⁾ he wail'd:
Believe it, till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [Kisses OCTAVIA.]

Ant. Farewell! [Trumpets sound. Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to: — Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it. — Come thou
near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty, —

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me? ¹¹⁾

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd,
or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good: — he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and
dwarfish! —

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station ¹²⁾ are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceiv't: — There's nothing in her yet: —
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow? — Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long,
or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too,
They are foolish that are so. — Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam; And her forehead is as
low ¹³⁾

As she would wish it.

Cleo. There is gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill: —
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. *[Exit Messenger.]*

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harry'd him. ¹⁴⁾ Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. O, nothing, ¹⁵⁾ madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian:

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

Athens. *A Room in Antony's House.*

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that, —
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import, — but he had wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:

Spoke scantily of me; when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth. ¹⁶⁾

Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:

¹⁷⁾ And the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, *O bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother; Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be ¹⁸⁾
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon
Pompey.

Eno. This is old; What is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars
'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; ¹⁹⁾
would not let him partake in the glory of the action:
and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had
formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, ²⁰⁾
seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death en-
large his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more:
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden — thus; and spurns
The rush and lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threatens the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigged.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius; ²¹⁾

My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be. — Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And
more;

In Alexandria, — here's the manner of it,
I'the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I'the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You
come not

Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation faint'd,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostent of our love, ²²⁾ which, left unshown

Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea, and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchas of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of scepters.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment ²³⁾ to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Antony's Camp, near to the Promontory of
Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being ²⁴⁾ in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not? Denounce against us, ²⁵⁾ why should
not we

Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply: —

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; ²⁶⁾ the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i'the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne? — ²⁷⁾ You have heard on't,
sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. — Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For he dares us ²⁸⁾ to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers, ²⁹⁾ reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare: yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will be burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land. — Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be. — ³⁰⁾ Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse: — We'll to our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis! — ³¹⁾ How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we

Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.*]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i'the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: ³²⁾ So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeijs,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:

But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief. ³³⁾

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions, ³⁴⁾ as
Beguill'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls for ³⁵⁾ Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and throes
forth, ³⁶⁾
Each minute, some. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

A Plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.

Cæs. Taurus, —

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump. ³⁷⁾ [Exeunt.]

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon side o'the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [Exeunt.]

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his Land Army
one way over the Stage; and TAURUS, the Lieu-
tenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After their going
in, is heard the noise of a Sea-fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no
longer:

The Antoniad, ³⁸⁾ the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle ³⁹⁾ of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd ⁴⁰⁾ pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag ⁴¹⁾ of
Egypt,

Whom leprosy o'ertake! i'the midst o'the fight, —
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather, ours the elder,
The brize upon her, ⁴²⁾ like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: mine eyes
Did sicken at the sight on't, ⁴³) and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd, ⁴⁴)
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good
night

Indeed. [*Aside.*]

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, ⁴⁵) though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me! — Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, ⁴⁶) that I
Have lost my way for ever: — I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders. — Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it. — O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. — Friends, be gone, you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now: —
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command, ⁴⁷)
Therefore I pray you: — I'll see you by and by.

[*Sits down.*]

*Enter EROS and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN
and IRAS.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him: — Comfort him.

Irás. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye.

Char. Madam, —

Irás. Madam; O good empress! —

Eros. Sir, sir, —

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; — He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer; ⁴⁸) while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on Keutenantry, ⁴⁹) and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now — No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Irás. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualitied ⁵⁰) with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, — Sustain me: — O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head's declined, and death will seize her; but ⁵¹)
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame ⁵²) out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings, ⁵³)
And thou should'st tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o'the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me. — We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back? — Love, I am full of lead: —
Some wine, within there, and our viands: — For-
tune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony. —
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster: ⁵⁴)
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea. ⁵⁵)

Cæs. Be it so; Declare thine office.
Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,

He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies ⁵⁶) for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend, ⁵⁷)
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[Exit EUPHRONIUS.]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [To THYREUS.
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong: but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw; ⁵⁸)
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although ⁵⁹) you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; ⁶⁰) at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question: ⁶¹) 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. 'Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen
Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
Us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it. —
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should
note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i'the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, ⁶²) sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show, ⁶³)
Against a sworder. — I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; ⁶⁴) and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! — Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? — See, my wo-
men! —

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds. — Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square. ⁶⁵)
[Aside.]

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly: — Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that's, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So. —

Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [Aside.]
I will ask Antony. — Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [Exit ENOBARBUS.]

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath ⁶⁶) I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace ⁶⁷) to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father
Of, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders! —
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, ⁶⁸⁾ and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there: — Ay, you kite! — Now
gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, *ho!*
Like boys unto a muss, ⁶⁹⁾ kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him: — Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra?) — Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony, —

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again: — This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him. —

[Exeunt Attendants with THYREUS.]

You were half blasted ere I knew you: — Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, ⁷⁰⁾ to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders? ⁷¹⁾

Cleo. Good my lord, —

Ant. You have been a boggler ever: —
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: — ⁷²⁾ For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts! — O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! ⁷³⁾ for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. — Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he, and begg'd he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since

Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't. — Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am;
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: ⁷⁴⁾ Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, begone. *[Exit THYREUS.]*

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points? ⁷⁵⁾

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart may heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, ⁷⁶⁾ so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite; ⁷⁷⁾
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held: our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, ⁷⁸⁾ threat'ning most
sea-like.

Where hast thou been, my heart? — Dost thou hear,
lady?

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle; ⁷⁹⁾
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, ⁸⁰⁾ men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. — Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: ⁸¹⁾ call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight-bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll
force

The wine peep through their scars. — Come on,
my queen:

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants.]

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is, to be frightened out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,

A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, reading a Letter; AGRIPPA, MEB-
CENAS, and others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted,
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of ¹⁾ his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight: — Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done; ²⁾
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,
IRAS, ALEXAS, and others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.* ³⁾

Ant. Well said; come on. —
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. — Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest; — so hast thou; —
And thou, — and thou, — and thou: — you have
serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow
shoots
Out of the mind. *[Aside.]*

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: ⁴⁾ perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't! ⁵⁾

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd; ⁶⁾ for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho! ⁷⁾
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense:

⁸⁾ I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.

1 Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 Sold. Nothing: What news?

2 Sold. Belike, 'tis but a rumour:
Good night to you.

1 Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 Sold. Soldiers,
Have careful watch.

3 Sold. And you: Good night, good night.

[The first two place themselves at their posts.]

4 Sold. Here we: *[they take their posts]* and if to-
morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

3 Sold. 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[Music of Hautboys under the stage.]

4 Sold. Peace, what noise?

1 Sold. List, list!

2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Music i'the air.

3 Sold. Under the earth.

4 Sold. It signs well, ⁹⁾

Does't not?

3 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. *[They advance to another post.]*

2 Sold. How now, masters?

Sold. How now?

How now? do you hear this?

[Several speaking together.]

1 Sold. Ay; Is't not strange?

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how't will give off.

Sold. *[Several speaking.]* Content: 'Tis strange.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, and others, attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck. — Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS, with Armour.

Come, my ¹⁰) good fellow, put thine iron on: — If fortune be not ours to-day, it is Because we brave her. — Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too. What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be? thou art The armourer of my heart: — False, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well; We shall thrive now. — Seest thou, my good fellow? Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir. ¹¹)

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely: He that unbuckles this, till we do please To doff't ¹²) for our repose, shall hear a storm. — Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire More tight at this, than thou: ¹³) Despatch. — O love, That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't. — Good morrow to thee; welcome: Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge: To business that we love, we rise betime, And go to it with delight.

1 Off. A thousand, sir, Early though it be, have on their riveted trim, And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*]

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2 Off. The morn is fair. — Good morrow, general. *All.* Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads. This morning, like the spirit of a youth That means to be of note, begins betimes. — So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said. Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me: This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*] And worthy shameful check it were, to stand On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee Now, like a man of steel. — You, that will fight, Follow me close; I'll bring you to't. — Adieu.

[*Exeunt ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.*]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me. He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might Determine this great war in single fight! Then, Antony, — But now, — Well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony! *Ant.* 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd To make me fight at land!

Sold. Had'st thou done so, The kings that have revolted, and the soldier That has this morning left thee, would have still Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus, He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it; Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him (I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings: Say, that I wish he never find more cause To change a master. — O, my fortunes have Corrupted honest men: — Eros, despatch. ¹⁴)

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight: Our will is, Antony be took alive; ¹⁵) Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit AGRIPPA.*]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near: Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony

Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa Plant those that have revolted in the van, That Antony may seem to spend his fury Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry, On affairs of Antony; there did persuade Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar, And leave his master Antony: for this pains, Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest That fell away, have entertainment, but No honourable trust. I have done ill; Of which I do accuse myself so sorely, That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with His bounty overplus: The messenger Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now, Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, Enobarbus. I tell you true: Best that ¹⁶) you saf'd the bringer Out of the host; I must attend mine office, Or would have done't myself. Your emperor Continues still a Jove. [*Exit Soldier.*]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth, And feel I am so most. ¹⁷) O Antony, Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid My better service, when my turpitude Thou dost so crown with gold? This blows my heart: ¹⁸)

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.¹⁹⁾
I fight against thee! — No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

Field of Battle between the Camps.

*Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA,
and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression²⁰⁾
Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage
serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Under the Walls of Alexandria.

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, and
Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp; Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests. — To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hector's,
Enter the city, clip your wives,²¹⁾ your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole. — Give me thy hand;
[To SCARUS.

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy²²⁾ I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. — O thou day o'the
world,

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness²³⁾ to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare²⁴⁾ uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl?
though grey
Do something mingle with our brown;²⁵⁾ yet have we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth.²⁶⁾ Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand; —
Kiss it, my warrior: — He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car. — Give me thy hand;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe
them:²⁷⁾

Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. — Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;²⁸⁾
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds
together,
Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels on their post. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1 Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard:²⁹⁾ The night
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i'the morn.

2 Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night, —

3 Sold. What man is this?

2 Sold. Stand close, and list to him.³⁰⁾

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent! —

1 Sold. Enobarbus!

3 Sold. Peace:

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me;³¹⁾
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart³²⁾
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [Dies.

2 Sold. Let's speak

To him.

1 Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleeping.³³⁾

2 Sold. Go we to him.

3 Sold. Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2 Sold. Hear you, sir?

1 Sold. The hand of death hath raught him.³⁴⁾

Hark, the drums [Drums afar off.

Demurely³⁵⁾ wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

3 Sold. Come on then;

He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the Body.

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i'the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: Further on, ³⁶)
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. ³⁷) *[Exeunt.]*

Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; ³⁸) for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine
does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. *[Exit.]*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not, — they cannot tell: — look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost. — Triple-turn'd whore! ³⁹)
'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. — Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all: — Bid them all fly, be gone.

[Exit SCARUS.]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. — All come to this? — The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets,
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm, ⁴⁰)
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
home,
Whose bosom was my crown, my chief end, ⁴¹)
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me ⁴²) to the very heart of loss. ⁴³)
What, Eros, Eros! —

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, to dolts; ⁴⁴) and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up

With her prepared nails. *[Exit CLEO.]* 'Tis well
thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live: But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. — Eros, ho! —
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o'the moon; ⁴⁵)
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for't. — Eros, ho! *[Exit.]*

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; ⁴⁶) the boar of Tessaly
Was never so emboss'd. ⁴⁷)

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument;
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself; —
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence,
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death. —
To the monument. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE XII.

The same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish:
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these
signs;

They are black vesper's pageants. ⁴⁸)

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a
thought,
The rack dislimns; ⁴⁹) and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen, —
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost, — she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph. —
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves. — O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;

And that she has discharg'd: What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips; she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Eros, unarm; ⁵⁰) the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep: — That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go. — Off, pluck off; —

[Exit MARDIAN.]

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent. ⁵¹)
Crack thy frail case! — Apace, Eros, apace. —
No more a soldier: — Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. — From me awhile.

[Exit EROS.]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture: — Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is done. — ⁵²)
Eros! — I come, my queen: — Eros! — Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. — Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror that, on my command,
Thou then would'st kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheeks.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, ⁵³) bending down
His corrigible neck, ⁵⁴) his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued? ⁵⁵)

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou
not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world ⁵⁶) lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [Turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man; — and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then: — [Falls on his Sword.]
Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [Dies.]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[Falling on his Sword.]
I learn'd of thee. How? not yet dead? ⁵⁷) not
dead? —

The guard! — ho! — O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1 Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O make
an end
Of what I have begun.

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

1 Guard. And Time is at his period.

All. Alas! and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 Guard. Not I.

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one. [Exeunt Guard.]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [Exit DERCETAS.]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a pro-
phesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, ⁵⁸) and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed: — Call my guard, I
pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,
what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Woe are we, ⁵⁹) sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.*]

SCENE XIII.

The same. A Monument.

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it. — How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o'the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O thou sun, ⁶⁰⁾
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! — darkling ⁶¹⁾
stand

The varying shore o'the world! — ⁶²⁾ O Antony!
Antony, Antony! — Charmian, help; help, Iras;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace:
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips. —

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; ⁶³⁾ if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, ⁶⁴⁾ shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. — But come, come, Antony, —
Help me, my women, — we must draw thee up;
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed! — ⁶⁵⁾ How heavy weighs
my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness, ⁶⁶⁾
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little, —
Wishers were ever fools; — O, come, come, come;
[*They draw ANTONY up.*]

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd;
Quicken with kissing; ⁶⁷⁾ had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety. — O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o'the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more. [Dies.]

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? — O, see, my women,
The crown o'the earth doth melt: — My lord! —
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole ⁶⁸⁾ is fallen; young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.]

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady, —

Iras. Madam, —

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt!
Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares. ⁶⁹⁾ It were for me
To throw my scepter at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? — How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls! — Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out: — Good sirs, take heart: —

[*To the Guard below.*]

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY's Body.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MÆCENAS,
GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, ¹⁾ tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit DOLABELLA.]

Enter DERCEITAS, with the Sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that
dar'st
Appear thus to us? ²⁾

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens: — The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. — 'This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To wash the eyes of kings. ³⁾

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this; — But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: ⁴⁾ I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts ⁵⁾ did kindle, — that our
stars

Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this. — ⁶⁾ Hear me, good friends, —
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says. — Whence are you?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! *[Exit.]*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius: Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome

Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. *[Exit PROCULEIUS.]*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. — Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? *[Exit GALLUS.]*

Agr. Mec. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave, ⁷⁾
A minister of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's. ⁸⁾

Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. *[Within.]* What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. *[Within.]* Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy: and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness, ⁹⁾
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. *[Within.]* Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. ¹⁰⁾ I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i'the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd;
*[Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the Guard, ascend the
Monument by a Ladder placed against a Window,
and having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA,
Some of the Guard unbar and open the Gates.]*
Guard her till Cæsar come.

[To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. Exit GALLUS.]

Irás. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen! —

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a Dagger.]

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[*Seizes and disarms her.*]
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars! ¹¹⁾

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary, ¹²⁾
I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be châtis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varlettry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the queen, ¹³⁾
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her. —
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[*To CLEOPATRA.*]

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.
[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.*]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony; —
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you, —

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon; which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature, —

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: ¹⁴⁾ his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was a rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands
were

As plates ¹⁵⁾ dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra, —

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms ¹⁶⁾ with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite. ¹⁷⁾

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir, —

Dol. Though he be honourable, —

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will;
I know it.

Within. Make way, there, — Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MÆCÆNAS,
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen
Of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[*CLEOPATRA kneels.*]

Cæs. Arise,

You shall not kneel: — —

I pray you rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o'the world,
I cannot project ¹⁸⁾ mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours;
and we

Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted. — Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,

I had rather seel ¹⁹⁾ my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild: O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd! — What, goest thou back?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain, dog!
O rarely base! ²⁰⁾

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by ²¹⁾
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends ²²⁾ withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one ²³⁾ that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. 'Pr'ythee, go hence;

[To SELEUCUS.]

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance: — ²⁴⁾ Wert thou
a man,

Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit SELEUCUS.]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-
thought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits ²⁵⁾ in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i'the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu.

[Exit CÆSAR, and his Train.]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I
should not
Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[Whispers CHARMIAN.]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [Exit CHARMIAN.]

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:

Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit DOL.] Now, Iras,
what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers ²⁶⁾
Ballad us out o'tune: the quick comedians ²⁷⁾
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness ²⁸⁾
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents. — Now, Charmian? —

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen; — Go fetch
My best attires: — I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony: — Sirrah, Iras, go. —
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give
thee leave
To play till dooms-day. — Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [Exit IRAS. A noise within.]

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor ²⁹⁾ an instrument
[Exit Guard.]

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon ³⁰⁾
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a
Basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [Exit Guard.]
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus ³¹⁾ there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the
party that should desire you to touch him, for his
biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do seldom
or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard
of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very
honest woman, but something given to lie; as a
woman should not do, but in the way of honesty:
how she died of the biting of it, what pain she
felt, — Truly, she makes a very good report o'the
worm: But he that will believe all that they say,
shall never be saved by half that they do; But
this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the basket.*]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind. ³²⁾

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people: for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter IRAS, with a Robe, Crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me: Now no more The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip: — Yare, yare, ³³⁾ good Iras; quick. — Methinks, I hear Antony call; I see him rouse himself

To praise my noble act; I hear him mock The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come: Now to that name my courage prove my title! I am fire, and air; my other elements I give to baser life. — So, — have you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips. Farewell, kind Charmian; — Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspick in my lips? ³⁴⁾ Dost fall? ³⁵⁾ If thou and nature can so gently part, The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch, Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still? If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say, The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base: If she first meet the curled Antony, He'll make demand of her; ³⁶⁾ and spend that kiss, Which is my heaven to have. Come, mortal wretch, ³⁷⁾

[*To the Asp, which she applies to her breast.*]

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool, Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak! That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass Unpoliced! ³⁸⁾

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace! Dost thou not see my baby at my breast, That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle, — O Antony! — Nay, I will take thee too: —

[*Applying another Asp to her arm.*]

What should I stay — [*Falls on a bed, and dies.*]

Char. In this wild world? — So, fare thee well. — Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies A lass unparallel'd. — Downy windows, close; ³⁹⁾ And golden Phœbus never be beheld

Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry; I'll mend it, and then play. ⁴⁰⁾

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 Guard. Cæsar hath sent —

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies the Asp.*]

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.

2 Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; — call him.

1 Guard. What work is here? — Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*]

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer; That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last: She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal, Took her own way. — The manner of their deaths? I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs; This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 Guard. O Cæsar, This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and spake: I found her trimming up the diadem On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood, And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness! — If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear By external swelling: but she looks like sleep, As she would catch another Antony In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast, There is a vent of blood, and something blown: ⁴¹⁾ The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an aspick's trail: and these fig-leaves Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable, That so she died; for her physician tells me, She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite ⁴²⁾

Of easy ways to die. — Take up her bed; And bear her women from the monument: — She shall be buried by her Antony:

No grave upon the earth shall clip ⁴³⁾ in it A pair so famous. High events as these Strike those that make them; and their story is No less in pity, than his glory, ⁴⁴⁾ which Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall, In solemn show, attend this funeral;

And then to Rome. — Come, Dolabella, see High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*]

XXXI.

C Y M B E L I N E.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*
 CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*
 LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen.*
 BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the Name of Morgan.*
 GUIDERIUS, *Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the Names of Polydore and Cadwal,*
 ARVIRAGUS, *supposed Sons to Belarius.*
 PHILARIO, *Friend to Posthumus,* } *Italians.*
 IACHIMO, *Friend to Philario,* }
 A French Gentleman, *Friend to Philario.*
 CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman Forces.*
 A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.
 PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus.*
 CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*
 Two Gentlemen.
 Two Gaolers.
 QUEEN, *Wife to Cymbeline.*
 IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*
 HELEN, *Woman to Imogen.*
 Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, *a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE — sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.*

YOU do not meet a man, but frowns; our bloods
 No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
 Still seem, as does the king's. ¹⁾

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,
 whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
 That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
 Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman: She's wedded;
 Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd; all
 Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
 Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
 That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
 Although they wear their faces to the bent
 Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
 Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing
 Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
 (I mean, that married her, — alack, good man! —
 And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
 As, to seek through the regions of the earth
 For one his like, there would be something failing
 In him that should compare. I do not think,
 So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
 Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far. ²⁾

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
 Crush him together, rather than unfold
 His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
 Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
 Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
 But had his titles by Tenantius, ³⁾ whom
 He serv'd with glory and admir'd success:
 So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
 And had, besides this gentleman in question,
 Two other sons, who, in the wars o'the time,
 Died with their swords in hand; for which, their father
 (Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow,
 That he quit being! and his gentle lady,
 Bid of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
 As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
 To his protection; call him Posthumus;
 Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
 Puts him to all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
 In his spring became a harvest; Liv'd in court,
 (Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd: ⁴⁾
 A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
 A glass that feated them; ⁵⁾ and to the graver,
 A child that guided dotards: to his mistress, ⁶⁾
 For whom he now is banish'd, — her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
 By her election may be truly read,
 What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him
 Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
 Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
 He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
 I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
 Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in know-
 ledge

Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!

So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the queen
and princess. ⁷⁾ [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril: —
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[Exit QUEEN.

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! — My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
(Always reserv'd my holy duty,) ⁸⁾ what
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;
Who, to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure: Yet I'll move him

[Aside.

To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends; ⁹⁾
Pays dear for my offences.

[Exit.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart:
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another? —
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up ¹⁰⁾ my embracements from a next

With bonds of death! — Remain thou here

[Putting on the Ring.

While sense can keep it on! ¹¹⁾ And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle ¹²⁾ of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.

Imo. O, the gods!

When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears. ¹³⁾

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my
queen!

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock. ¹⁴⁾

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made
my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays. ¹⁵⁾

Cym. What! — Art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me! — 'Would
I were

A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing! —
They were again together: you have done

[To the QUEEN.

Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience: — Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace; — Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice. ¹⁶⁾

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [Exit.

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fye! — you must give way:
Here is your servant. — How now, sir? What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his
part. —

To draw upon an exile! — O brave sir! —
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back. — Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A public Place.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a
sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's
none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it —
Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience.

[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcase,
if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if
it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt; it went o'the back
side the town.

[*Aside.*]

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward your
face.

[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your
own: but he added to your having; gave you some
ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans: Pup-
pies!

[*Aside.*]

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, till you had measured how
long a fool you were upon the ground.

[*Aside.*]

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and
refuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she
is damned.

[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and
her brain go not together: ¹⁷⁾ she's a good sign,
but I have seen small reflection of her wit. ¹⁸⁾

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflec-
tion should hurt her.

[*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had
been some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall
of an ass, which is no great hurt.

[*Aside.*]

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'the
haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
An I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. ¹⁹⁾ What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I! —
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
them, but

To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. — But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage. ²⁰⁾

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, ²¹⁾ for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them de-
spatch'd. —

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Rome. An Apartment in Philario's House.

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a
Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain:
he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove
so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name
of: but I could then have looked on him without
the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his
endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to
peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished,

than now he is, with that which makes him ²²) both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter. ²³)

French. And then his banishment: — —

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, ²⁴) are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. ²⁵) But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life: — —

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. — I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; ²⁶) it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature. ²⁷)

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller: rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: ²⁸) but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, ²⁹) or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, ³⁰) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend. ³¹)

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but be-

lieve she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at!

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince ³²) the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused ³³) in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation ³⁴) of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? — I shall but lend my diamond till your return: — Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the

hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one: — If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours: — provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us: — only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em.

SCENE VI.

Britain. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Despatch. — [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small Box.*]

But I beseech your grace, (without offence; My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds, Which are the movers of a languishing death; But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, ³⁵ doctor, Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so, That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections? Having thus far proceeded, (Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions? ³⁶ I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,) To try the vigour of them, and apply Allayments to their act: and by them gather Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness Shall from this practice but make hard your heart: Besides, the seeing these effects will be Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee. —

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.* Will I first work: he's for his master, And enemy to my son. — How now, Pisanio? —

Doctor, your service for this time is ended; Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam; But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*]

Queen. Hark thee, a word. — [*To PISANIO.*]

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think, she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice with A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has, Will stupify and dull the sense awhile: Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs; Then afterward up higher; but there is No danger in what show of death it makes, More than the locking up the spirits a time, To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd With a most false effect; and I the truer, So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor, Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time

She will not quench; ³⁷) and let instructions enter Where folly now possesses? Do thou work; When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son, I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then As great as is thy master: greater; for His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor Continue where he is: to shift his being, ³⁸) Is to exchange one misery with another; And every day, that comes, comes to decay A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect, To be depender on a thing that leans? ³⁹) Who cannot be new-built; nor has no friends,

[*The QUEEN drops a Box: PISANIO takes it up.* So much as but to prop him? — Thou tak'st up Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour: It is a thing I made, which hath the king Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know What is more cordial: — Nay, I pr'ythee, take it; It is an earnest of a further good That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how The case stands with her: do't, as from thyself. Think what a chance thou changest on; ⁴⁰) but think Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son, Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king To any shape of thy preferment, such As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly, That set thee on to this desert, am bound To load thy merit richly. Call my women: Think on my words. [*Exit PISA.*] — A sly and constant knave;

Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master: And the remembrancer of her, to hold The hand fast to her lord. — I have given him that, Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her Of liegers for her sweet; ⁴¹) and which she, after, Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too. — So, so; — well done, well done: The violets, cowslips, and the primroses, Bear to my closet: — Fare thee well, Pisanio; Think on my words. [*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.*]

Pis. And shall do: But when to my good lord I prove untrue, I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the same.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd; — O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. — Who may this be? Fye!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a Letter.*]

Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
[*Aside.*]

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*Reads.*] *He is one of the noblest note, to
whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect
upon him accordingly, as you value your truest* ⁴²⁾
LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully. —
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady. —
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i'the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i'the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well: — Beseech you, sir,
desire [*To PISANIO.*]
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish. ⁴³⁾

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit PISANIO.*]

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech
you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries, O!
*Can my sides hold, to think, that man, — who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, — will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?*

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens
know,

Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards
him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you, — which I count his, ⁴⁴⁾ beyond all talents, —
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I'the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your — — But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop. ⁴⁵⁾

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then,)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour;) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce

The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,⁴⁶⁾
Would make the great'st king double! to be partner'd
With tomboys,⁴⁷⁾ hir'd with that self-exhibition⁴⁸⁾
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd:
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away! — I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. — If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. — What ho, Pisanio! —
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all. — What ho, Pisanio! —

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit! — Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half of all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking a false⁴⁹⁾ report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i'the court
for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,

And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their value's great;
And I am something curious, being strange,⁵⁰⁾
To have them in safe stowage; May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Court before Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter. CLOTEN and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I
kissed the jack upon an up-cast,¹⁾ to be hit away!
I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreson
jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I
borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend
them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke
his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke
it, it would have ran all out. [*Aside.*]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is
not for any standers by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord; nor [*aside*] crop the ears
of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog! — I give him satisfaction?
'Would, he had been one of my rank?

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the
earth, — A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble
as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of
the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his
belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down
like a cock that nobody can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and capon too; and you
crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should under-
take every companion²⁾ that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. *[Aside.]*

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and, he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. *[Aside.]*

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord.]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make? The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN reading in her Bed; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then; mine eyes are weak: —

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o'the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.]

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. IACHIMO from the Trunk.]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ³⁾ ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. — Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss! — Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't — 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o'the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows: ⁴⁾ White and azure, lac'd
With blue of heavens own tinct. — But my design?

To note the chamber: — I will write all down: —
Such, and such, pictures: — There the window: —
Such

The adornment of her bed; — The arras, figures,
Why, such and such: — And the contents o'the
story, —

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables

Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:

O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!

And be her sense but as a monument,

Thus in a chapel lying! — Come off, come off;

[Taking off her Bracelet.]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard! —

'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,

As strongly as the conscience does within,

To the madding of her lord. On her left breast

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops

I'the bottom of a cowslip. ⁵⁾ Here's a voucher,

Stronger than ever law could make: this secret

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more. — To what end?

Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,

Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late

The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,

Where Philomel gave up; — I have enough:

To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.

Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! — ⁶⁾ that
dawning

May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;

Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes.]

One, two, three, — Time, time!

[Goes into the Trunk. The Scene closes.]

SCENE III.

An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment.

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in
loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient after the noble
temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and
furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning would put any man into courage:
If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have
gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am ad-
vised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it
will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your
fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none
will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er.
First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after,
a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words
to it, — and then let her consider.

Song.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies; ⁷⁾
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes; ⁸⁾
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone; If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: ⁹⁾ if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.
[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly. — Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new! She hath not yet forgot him: some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king; Who lets go by no vantages, that may Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself To orderly solicits; ¹⁰⁾ and be friended With aptness of the season; make denials Increase your services; so seem, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her; that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome; The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: We must receive him According to the honour of his sender; And towards himself his goodness forespent on us We must extend our notice. — ¹¹⁾ Our dear son, When you have given good morning to your mistress, Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need To employ you towards this Roman. — Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt Cym. QUEEN, Lords, and Mess.*]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not, Let her lie still, and dream. — By your leave, ho! —

[*Knocks.*]

I know her women are about her; What If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes Diana's rangers false themselves, ¹²⁾ yield up Their deer to the stand of the stealer; and 'tis gold Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief; Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: What Can it not do, and undo? I will make One of her women lawyer to me; for I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

[*Knocks.*]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours, Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you What I shall think is good? — The princess — —

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give, Is telling you that I am poor of thanks, And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me: If you swear still, your recompense is still That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent, I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: i'faith, I shall unfold equal discourtesy To your best kindness; one of your great knowing Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin: I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad; That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir, You put me to forget a lady's manners, By being so verbal: ¹³⁾ and learn now, for all, That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce, By the very truth of it, I care not for you; And am so near the lack of charity, (To accuse myself) I hate you; which I had rather You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against Obedience, which you owe your father. For The contract ¹⁴⁾ you pretend with that base wretch, (One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes, With scraps o'the court,) it is no contract, none: And though it be allowed in meaner parties, (Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls (On whom there is no more dependency But brats and beggary) in self-figured knot; ¹⁵⁾ Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by The consequence o'the crown; and must not soil The precious note of it with a base slave, A hilding for a livery, ¹⁶⁾ a squire's cloth, A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow! Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more, But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough, Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made Comparative for your virtues, ¹⁷⁾ to be styl'd The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment, That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer, In my respect, than all the hairs above thee, Were they all made such men. — How now, Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil —

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently: —

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool; ¹⁸⁾

Frighted, and anger'd worse: — Go, bid my woman Search for a jewel, that too casually Hath left mine arm; it was my master's: 'shrew me, If I would lose it for a revenue Of any king's in Europe. I do think,

I saw't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. *[Exit Pis.]*

Clo. You have abus'd me: —
His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.
If you will mak't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. *[Exit.]*

Clo. I'll be reveng'd: —
His meanest garment? — Well. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir; I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist¹⁹) though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers,²⁰ they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo?

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land:
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet. —

Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.

I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can mak't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching,) It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride:²¹ A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was —

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves:²² the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb;²³ outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o'the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: Her andirons
(I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.²⁴

Post. This is her honour! —
Let it be granted you have seen all this,²⁵ (and praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[Pulling out the Bracelet.]

Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See! —
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove! —
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and said,
She priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[Gives the Ring.]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't: — Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing: —
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't: — Back my ring; —
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true; — nay, keep the ring — 'tis true: I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable: — They induc'd to
steal it!

And by a stranger! — No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance ²⁶) of her incontinency
Is this, — she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly. —

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of —

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn, —

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limbmeal!
I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before
Her father: — I'll do something — — [Exit.]

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! — You have won:

Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath ²⁷)
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all; ²⁸)
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. — O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow: — O, all the devils! —
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour, — was't not? —
Or less, — at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, chance of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all;
For ev'n to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them: — Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Britain. *A Room of State in
Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords,
at one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS,
and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle, ¹)
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again. — Remember, sir, my liege,

The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot fortune!) ²⁾ to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid:
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other
of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such
straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as
hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I
have a hand. — Why tribute? why should we pay
tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with
a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will
pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute,
pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free; Cæsar's ambition,
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o'the world,) against all colour, ³⁾ here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled: whose repair, and franchise,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius, ⁴⁾
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers,) thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then: — War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted; — Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance; ⁵⁾ I am perfect, ⁶⁾
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
with us a day, or two, longer: If you seek us after-
wards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-
water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours;
if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare
the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser? — Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
(As poisonous tongue'd, as handed,) ⁷⁾ hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? — Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-life, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. — ⁸⁾ O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low, ⁹⁾ as were
Thy fortunes. — How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command? — I, her? — her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes too? *Do't: The letter*

[*Reading.*]

*That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity: — O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, ¹⁰⁾ and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.*

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded. ¹¹⁾

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open. — You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content, — yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him, —
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,
For it doth physic love; — ¹²⁾ of his content,
All but in that! — Good wax, thy leave: — Bless'd be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. — Good news, gods!

[*Reads.*]

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take
me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me,
as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even
renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am
in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own
love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he
wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to
his vow, and your, increasing in love,*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings! — Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? — Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st, —
O, let me 'bate, — but not like me: — yet long'st, —
But in a fainter kind — O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak thick, ¹³⁾
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,

And our return, to excuse:— but first, how get hence:
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot? ¹⁴⁾
We'll talk of that hereafter. 'Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands,
That run i'the clock's behalf:— But this is foolery:
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father; and provide me, presently,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife. ¹⁵⁾

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.
Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet ¹⁶⁾ through
And keep their impious turbands on, ¹⁷⁾ without
Good morrow to the sun. — Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i'the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: ¹⁸⁾ To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle ¹⁹⁾ in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check; ²⁰⁾
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe; ²¹⁾
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours. ²²⁾

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor un-
fledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'the nest; nor know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit. ²³⁾

Arv. What should we speak of, ²⁴⁾
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chase what flies; our cage

We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o'the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I'the name of fame, and honour; which dies i'the
search,

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sey at the censure: — O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note; Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft,)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time. — But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunters' language: — He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o'the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[Exeunt GUI. and ARV.]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up
thus meanly

I'the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore, —
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius, — Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say, — *Thus mine enemy fell:*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arvirágus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd! —
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes; ²⁵⁾
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou rest'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
mother,

And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
the place
Was near at hand: — Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now: — Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthúmus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that
sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a haviour²⁶⁾ of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish'd my staid senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before: If winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. — My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd²⁷⁾ Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. — Speak, man; thy
tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played
the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof
lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak sur-
mises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and
as certain as I expect my revenge. That part,
thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not
tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own
hands take away her life: I shall give thee oppor-
tunities at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for
the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and
to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander
to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the
paper
Hath cut her throat already. — No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,²⁸⁾
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. — What cheer, madam?
Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness: — Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. — Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting,²⁹⁾ hath betray'd
him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd: —³⁰⁾ to pieces with me! — O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,

Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthúmus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;³¹⁾
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
From thy great fail. — Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand.³²⁾ Come, here's my
heart;

Something's afore't: — Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard. — What is here?

The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthúmus, thou that did'st set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on,³³⁾ how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. — 'Pr'ythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent,³⁴⁾ when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time;
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,

But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it: for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court, —

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing:
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest; 'Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow; Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus: so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) to ³⁵) a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel: ³⁶) nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan: and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, ³⁷) (which you'll make him
know,

If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad ³⁸)
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. 'Pr'ythee, away:

There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: This attempt
I'm soldier to, ³⁹) and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell;
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box: I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. — To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood: — May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS,
and Lords.*

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven. —
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit: —
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. — Happiness!

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty:
We have noted it. — Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! *[Exit.]*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after. —
[Exit CLOTEN.]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus! —
He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthúmus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May
This night forestall him of the coming day! ⁴⁰
[Exit QUEEN.]

Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; ⁴¹ from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady! In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady! or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,

At the next word, — No more of worthy lord, —
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. *[Presenting a Letter.]*

Clo. Let's see't: — I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish. }
She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } *[Aside.]*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humph!
Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again! *[Aside.]*

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthúmus' hand; I know't. — Sirrah,
if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true
service; undergo those employments, wherein I should
have cause to use thee, with a serious industry, —
that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to per-
form it, directly and truly, — I would think thee
an honest man; thou shouldest neither want my
means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and
constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of
that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course
of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine.
Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast
any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit
he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit
hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. *[Exit.]*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven: — I forgot to
ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon: — Even
there thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee. — I
would, these garments were come. She said upon
a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my
heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus
in more respect than my noble and natural person,
together with the adornment of my qualities. With
that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First
kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my
valour, which will then be a torment to her con-
tempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment
ended on his dead body, — and when my lust hath
dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute
in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I'll
knock her back, foot her home again. She hath
despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my
revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is
the second thing that I have commanded thee: the
third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my
design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall
tender itself to thee. — My revenge is now at Mil-
ford; 'Would I had wings to follow! — Come, and
be true. *[Exit.]*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. ⁴² To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,

You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness: labour be his meed!

[Exit.]

SCENE VI.

Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. — Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars. — My dear lord!
Thou art one o'the false ones: Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. — But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother. — Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil,⁴³⁾ speak; if savage,
Take or lend. — Ho! — No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [She goes into the Cave.]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman,⁴⁴⁾
and

Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:⁴⁵⁾
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth⁴⁶⁾
Finds the down pillow hard. — Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i'the cave; we'll browse
on that

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in:
[Looking in.]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir.

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! — Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good
troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had
found
Gold strew'd o'the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.⁴⁷⁾

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy: he embark'd at Milford;
To whom, being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.⁴⁸⁾

Bel. 'Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it. —
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom. — In honesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll mak't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother: —
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours: — Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers? — Would it had been so, that

they
Had been my father's sons! then had my } *Aside.*
prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthúmus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.⁴⁹⁾

Gui. 'Would I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.
[Whispering.]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes,) ⁵⁰⁾
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so:
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. — Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark,
less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

Rome.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul; and to you the tribunes,

For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. ⁵¹⁾ Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Forest, near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the world) for ¹⁾ 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: ²⁾ yet this imperseverant ³⁾ thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Before the Cave.

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well: [*to IMOGEN*] remain here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here: [*To IMOGEN.*]

Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be; But clay and clay differs in dignity, Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not; — yet I am not well: But not so citizen a wanton, as To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me; Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom Is breach of all. ⁴⁾ I am ill; but your being by me Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort To one not sociable: I'm not very sick, Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here: I'll rob none but myself; and let me die, Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it: How much the quantity, the weight as much, As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me In my good brother's fault: I know not why I love this youth; and I have heard you say, Love's reason's without reason; the bier at door, And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say, *My father, not this youth.*

Bel. O noble strain! [*Aside.* O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness! Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base: Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace. I am not their father; yet who this should be, Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me. — 'Tis the ninth hour o'the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health. — So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court: Experience, O, thou disprov'st report! The imperious seas ⁵⁾ breed monsters; for the dish, Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish. I am sick still; heart-sick: — Pisanio, I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him: ⁶⁾ He said, he was gentle, ⁷⁾ but unfortunate; Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field: — We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick, For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill, I am bound to you.

Bel. And so shalt be ever. [*Exit IMOGEN.* This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in characters;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick, And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh Was that it was, for not being such a smile; The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly From so divine a temple, to commix With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note, That grief and patience, rooted in him both, Mingle their spurs together. ⁸⁾

Arv. Grow, patience! And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. ⁹⁾ Come; away. — Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain Hath mock'd me: — I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates! Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis Cloten, the son o'the queen. I fear some ambush. I saw him not these many years, and yet I know 'tis he: — We are held as outlaws: — Hence.

Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. — What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. ¹⁰⁾ [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arr. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, ¹¹⁾ were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

Arr. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear: ¹²⁾ But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's Head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what: ¹³⁾ cut off one Cloten's
head,

Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in, ¹⁴⁾
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they
grow,

And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For we do fear the law? ¹⁵⁾ What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arr. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth. ¹⁶⁾

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*]

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though
valour

Becomes thee well enough.

Arr. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me! — Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
through,

And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done: —
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock:
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arr. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour, ¹⁷⁾
I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*]

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,

That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other: valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. *[Solemn Music.]*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st
mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys, ¹⁸⁾
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead,
in his Arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one-half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare ¹⁹⁾
Might easiliest harbour in? — Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, ²⁰⁾ as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O'the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and put
My clouted brogues ²¹⁾ from off my feet, whose
rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock ²²⁾ would
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse. ²³⁾

Gui. 'Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. — To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less: for
Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: ²⁴⁾ Though mean and mighty,
rotting

Together, have one dust; yet reverence,
(That angel of the world,) ²⁵⁾ doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. — Brother, begin.

[Exit BELARIUS.]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east:
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, — Begin.

Song.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o'the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o'the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, ²⁶⁾ and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee! ²⁷⁾
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: Come, lay him
down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight,
more:

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'the night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. — Upon their faces: —
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow. —
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; Which
is the way?

I thank you. — By yon bush? — Pray, how far
thither?

'Ods pittikins! — ²⁸) can it be six miles yet? —
I have gone all night: — 'Faith, I'll lie down and
sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow: — O, gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the Body.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't. — I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man! — The garments of Posthúmus!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot mercurial: his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face — ²⁹)
Murder in heaven? — How? — 'Tis gone. — Pisanio.
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, ³⁰) Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord. — To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous! — Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters, — damn'd Pisanio —
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top! — ³¹) O, Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's
that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. — How should this be?
Pisanio?

'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, preg-
nant! ³²)

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O! —
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horridier may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers,
and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother. ³³)

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'the wind.

Luc.

This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't. — Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's
purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a
vision:

(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) Thus: —
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination,) Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. — Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. — How! a page! —
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead. —
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. — Young
one,

Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain: — Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding; Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it. [*Aside.*] Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele. ³⁴)

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee; Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes ³⁵) can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd
his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee. —
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: Come; arm him. — ³⁶) Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger: — Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. — But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your high-
ness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.
For Cloten, —

There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time's troublesome:
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
[*To PISANIO.*

Does yet depend.

1 Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen! —
I am amaz'd with matter. ³⁷⁾

1 Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: ³⁸⁾ come more, for more
you're ready:

The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw:
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here. — Away. [*Exeunt.*

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; nor true to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o'the king, ³⁹⁾ or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Before the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans

Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts ⁴⁰⁾
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; ⁴¹⁾ and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be
death

Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, ⁴²⁾ have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead. — The time seems long: their blood
thinks scorn, [*Aside.*

Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Field between the British and
Roman Camps.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody Handkerchief. ¹⁾

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, ²⁾ I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,

For wrying but a little? — O, Pisanio!
 Every good servant does not all commands;
 No bond, but to do just ones. — Gods! if you
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
 Had liv'd to put on ³⁾ this: so had you saved
 The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
 Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,
 alack,
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
 To have them fall no more: you some permit
 To second ills with ills, each elder worse;
 And make them dread it to the doers' thrift. ⁴⁾
 But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
 And make me bless'd to obey! — I am brought
 hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
 Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose; I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death; and thus, unknown,
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, than my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o'the Leonati in me!
 To shame the guise o'the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter, at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army; at the other side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
 The princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me; Or, could this carl, ⁵⁾
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.

The Battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken; then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
 The lane is guarded; nothing routs us, but
 The villainy of our fears.

Gui. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
 As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
 Let's re-enforce, or fly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Another part of the Field.

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did;

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
 But that the heavens fought: The king himself
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
 Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
 More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
 With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with
 turf:

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier, —
 An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
 So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for his country; — athwart the lane,
 He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
 The country base, ⁶⁾ than to commit such slaughter;
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,) ⁷⁾
 Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men;
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand. — These
 three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many,
 (For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand, stand,*
 Accommodated by the place, more charming,
 With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
 Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
 coward

But by example (O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o'the hunters. Then began
 A stop i'the chaser, a retire; anon,
 A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made: And now our cowards
 (Like fragments in hard voyages,) became
 The life o'the need; having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
 Some slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
 O'er-borne i'the former wave: ten, chas'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs ⁸⁾ o'the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:
 A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: ⁹⁾ You are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Roman's bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you are angry. [*Exit.*

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i'the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd, ¹⁰⁾
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i'the war. — Well, I will
find him:

For being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be ¹¹⁾
Britons must take; For me, my ransome's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit, ¹²⁾
That gave the affront with them. ¹³⁾

1 Cap. So 'tis reported:
But none of them can be found. — Stand! who is
there?

Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his
service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, ¹⁴⁾ attended; BELARIUS, GUI-
DERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives.
The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE,
who delivers him over to a Goaler: after which,
all go out.*

SCENE IV.

A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.

1 Gaol. You shall not now be stolen, you have
locks upon you;

So, graze as you find pasture.

2 Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'the gout: since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: You good gods,
give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp:
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*

*Solemn Music. ¹⁵⁾ Enter, as an Apparition, SICI-
LIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man,
attired like a Warrior; leading in his hand an
ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHU-
MUS, with Music before them. Then, after other
Music, follow the two young Leonati, Brothers to
POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they died in the wars.
They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies
sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law.
Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphan's father art,)
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthúmus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o'the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati's seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck ¹⁶⁾ and scorn
O'the other's villainy?

2 Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries:

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle; he throws a Thunder-bolt.
The Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! — How dare you ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;

No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. — Rise, and fade! —
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,

And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine. —
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*]

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: ¹⁷) his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof: — Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire,
and begot

A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake. — Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake and find nothing. — But, alas! I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours: so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare
one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced
by a piece of tender air; and when from a
stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which,
being dead many years, shall after revive, be
jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow;
then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain
be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready
for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the specta-
tors, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the
comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments,
fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sad-
ness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you
come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with
too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much,
and sorry that you are paid too much; ¹⁸) purse
and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for
being too light, the purse too light, being drawn
of heaviness: ¹⁹) O! of this contradiction you shall
now be quit. — O, the charity of a penny cord!
it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true
debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and
to come, the discharge: — Your neck, sir, is pen,
book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-
ache: But a man that were to sleep your sleep,
and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he
would change places with his officer: for, look you,
sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have
not seen him so pictured: you must either be di-
rected by some that take upon them to know; or
take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do
not know; or jump the after-enquiry ²⁰) on your
own peril: and how you shall speed in your jour-
ney's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes
to direct them the way I am going, but such as
wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man
should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of
blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner
to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news; — I am called to
be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no
bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and
beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. ²¹)
Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves de-
sire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be
some of them too, that die against their wills; so
should I, if I were one. I would we were all of

one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. ²²)

Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw,
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*]
By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are: — report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise, my knights o'the battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces: — Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o'the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. — How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. 'Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to
love ²³)

With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? — Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral: which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time,
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
Lady. We did so, please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming: it had been
vicious,
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and
other Roman Prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS
behind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threat-
en'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransome, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, ²⁴) so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar ²⁵) to me. —
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own. — I know not why, nor where-
fore,

To say, live, boy: ²⁶) ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack,
There's other work in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death; your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,

He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys. —
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?
speak,

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; No more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art, my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arr. One sand another
Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele: — What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;
forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress: [Aside.
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud. — Sir, [to IACH.] step you
forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. — On, speak
to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him? [Aside.]

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more, may
grieve thee,

As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my
lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter, —
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember, — ²⁷⁾ Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength:

I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthúmus,
(What should I say? he was too good, to be

Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye: — —

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly. — This Post-
húmus,

(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity — There it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian ²⁸⁾ had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with similar proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes ²⁹⁾
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon, —
Methinks I see him now, — —

Post. Ay, so thou dost,
[Coming forward.]

Italian fiend! — Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! — O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! ³⁰⁾ Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthúmus,
That kill'd thy daughter: — villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't: — the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself. ³¹⁾
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o'the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Posthúmus Leonatus; and
Be villainy less than 'twas! — O Imogen!

My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear —

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful
page,

There lie thy part. *[Striking her: she falls.]*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help
Mine, and your mistress: — O, my lord Posthúmus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now: — Help, help! —
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers³²⁾ on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress!

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods! —
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft impórtuned me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again

Do their due functions. — Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you?

Think, that you are upon a rock;³³⁾ and now
Throw me again. *[Embracing him.]*

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard³⁴⁾ in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. *[Kneeling.]*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't.

[To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.]

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,

It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:

I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: 'pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:

This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. — Let his arms alone;

[To the Guard.]

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him. — My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger is
Ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then. —
By leave; — Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's my knee;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan, Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd: Your pleasure was my mere offence,³⁵ my punishment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd, Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes (For such, and so they are,) these twenty years Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile, Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't; Having receiv'd the punishment before, For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty, Excited me to treason: Their dear loss, The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir, Here are your sons again; and I must lose Two of the sweet'st companions in the world: — The benediction of these covering heavens Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.³⁶ The service, that you three have done, is more Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children; If these be they, I know not how to wish A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while. — This gentleman, whom I call Polydore, Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius: This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arvirágus, Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand Of his queen mother, which, for more probation, I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star; It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he; Who hath upon him still that natural stamp: It was wise nature's end in the donation, To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother Rejoic'd deliverance more: — Bless'd may you be, That, after this strange starting from your orbs, You may reign in them now! — O Imogen, Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord; I have got two worlds by't. — O my gentle brothers,

Have we thus met? O never say, hereafter, But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother, When I was but your sister; I you brothers, When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd; Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct! When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement,³⁷

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which Distinction should be rich in. —³⁸ Where? how lived you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive? How parted with your brothers? how first met them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither? These, And your three motives to the battle,³⁹ with I know not how much more, should be demanded;

And all the other by-dependancies, From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place, Will serve our long intergatories. See, Posthumus anchors upon Imogen; And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting Each object with a joy; the counterchange Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground, And smoke the temple with our sacrifices. — Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.]

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me, To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoyed, Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too, For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master! I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought, He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir, The soldier that did company these three In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for The purpose I then follow'd; — That I was he, Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again: [Kneeling.] But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you, Which I so often owe: but, your ring first; And here the bracelet of the truest princess, That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me; The power that I have on you, is to spare you; The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live, And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd; We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law; Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir, As you did mean indeed to be our brother; Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes. — Good my lord of Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought, Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back, Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows⁴⁰ Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found This label on my bosom; whose containing Is so from sense in hardness, that I can Make no collection of it;⁴¹ let him show His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus, — —

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp; The fit and apt construction of thy name, Being Leo-natus, doth import so much: The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To CYMBELINE.]

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer* We term it *mulier*: which *mulier* I divine, Is this most constant wife; who, even now,

Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin: — And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen:
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision

Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o'the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts. —
Set on there: — Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

XXXII.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*

BASSIANUS, *Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.*

LUCIUS, }
QUINTUS, } *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*
MARTIUS, }
MUTIUS, }

Young LUCIUS, *a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

PUBLIUS, *Son to Marcus the Tribune.*

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS, }
CHIRON, } *Sons to Tamora.*
DEMETRIUS, }

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans, Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE — Rome, and the Country near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. Before the Capitol.

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his Followers, on the other; with Drum and Colours.

Saturninus.

NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title ¹⁾ with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans, — friends, followers, favourers of my right, —

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the Crown.

Mar. Princes — that strive by factions, and by friends,

Ambitiously for rule and empery, —
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,

Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms ²⁾
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat. — By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore, —
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so do I affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,
And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of BASSIANUS.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of SATURNINUS.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,

As I am confident and kind to thee. —
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt with Senators, MARCUS, &c.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter a Captain and others.

Cap. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

Flourish of Trumpets, &c. Enter MUTIUS and MARTIUS: after them, two Men bearing a Coffin covered with black; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then, TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following.

The Bearers set down the Coffin, and TITUS speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome. —
Thou great defender of this Capitol, ³⁾
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend! —
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx! — ⁴⁾
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The Tomb is opened.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth. ⁵⁾

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren; — Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:

Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, ⁶⁾ madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him; and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.*]

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive

To tremble under Titus' threatening look.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,

May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,

(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with their Swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the Coffin laid in the Tomb.*]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here, ⁷⁾
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges: here, are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!

Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears

I render, for my brethren's obsequies;

And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy

Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:

O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart! —

Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,

And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise! ⁸⁾

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and others.

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,

That in your country's service drew your swords:

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,

That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness, ⁹⁾

And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed. —
 Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
 Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
 This palliament of white and spotless hue;
 And name thee in election for the empire,
 With these our late deceased emperor's sons:
 Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
 Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
 What! should I don this robe,¹⁰⁾ and trouble you?
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day;
 To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all?
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,¹¹⁾
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country;
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
 But not a sceptre to control the world:
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.¹²⁾

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right; —
 Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor: —
 Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
 That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
 But honour thee, and will do till I die;
 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
 I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men
 Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
 I ask your voices, and your suffrages;
 Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
 And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
 The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
 That you create your emperor's eldest son,
 Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
 Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
 And ripen justice in this common-weal:
 Then if you will elect by my advice,
 Crown him, and say, — *Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
 Patricians, and plebeians, we create
 Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
 And say, — *Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[A long Flourish.]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
 To us in our election this day,
 I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
 And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
 And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
 Thy name, and honourable family,
 Lavinia will I make my emperess,
 Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
 And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
 Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
 I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
 And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine, —
 King and commander of our common-weal,
 The wide world's emperor, — do I consecrate
 My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;

Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
 Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
 Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
 How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
 Rome shall record; and when I do forget
 The least of these unspeakable deserts,
 Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
 [To TAMORA.]

To him, that for your honour and your state,
 Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
 That I would choose, were I to choose anew. —
 Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
 Though chance of war hath wrought this change
 of cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
 Princely shall be thy usage every way.
 Rest on my word, and let not discontent
 Daunt all your hopes; Madam, he comforts you,
 Can make you greater than the queen of Goths. —
 Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord;¹³⁾ sith true nobility
 Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. — Romans, let us go:
 Ransomeless here we set our prisoners free:
 Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
 [Seizing LAVINIA.]

Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
 To do myself this reason and this right.

[The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.]

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
 This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's
 guard?

Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
 Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[Exeunt MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
 And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!
 Barr'st me my way in Rome? [TITUS kills MUTIUS.]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
 In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
 My sons would never so dishonour me:
 Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
 That is another's lawful promis'd love. [Exit.]

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
 Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
 I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
 Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
 Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,¹⁴⁾
 But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
 That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing
 piece¹⁵⁾

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;

One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,

To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome. ¹⁶⁾

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths, —

That like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,

Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome, —

If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,

Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,

And will create thee emperess of Rome.

Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods, —

Sith priest and holy water are so near,

And tapers burn so bright, and every thing

In readiness for Hymeneus stand, —

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

Or climb my palace, till from forth this place

I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,

She will a handmaid be to his desires,

A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon: — Lords, accompany

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,

Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,

Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:

There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, and his Followers; TAMORA, and her Sons; AARON and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid ¹⁷⁾ to wait upon this bride; —

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,

Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine, —

Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed

That hath dishonour'd all our family;

Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;

Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.

This monument five hundred years hath stood,

Which I have sumptuously re-edified:

Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,

Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls: —

Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:

My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;

He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee

To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,

And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.*]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul, —

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all, —

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.

The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals.

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise: —

The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome! —

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*MUTIUS is put into the Tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb! —

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord, — to step out of these dreary dumps, —

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths

Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;

Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:

Is she not then beholden to the man

That brought her for this high good turn so far?

Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended; TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and AARON: at the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize; ¹⁸⁾
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?

But let the laws of Rome determine all;

Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know,

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,

Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:

Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;

That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,

A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;

'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,

How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak indifferently for all;

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What! madam! be dishonour'd openly,

And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome forefend,

I should be author to dishonour you!

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake

For good lord Titus' innocence in all,

Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart. —
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone;
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in
vain. —

Aside.

Come, come, sweet emperor, — come, Andronicus,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus; —
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you. —
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable. —
And fear not, lords, — and you, Lavinia; —
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his
highness,

That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more. —

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be
friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend: and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,

And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora. — —

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made emperess.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis; — this queen, ¹⁾
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants
edge.

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd:
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! ²⁾ these lovers will not keep
the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to: have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

Aar. Why, how now, lords?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd, —
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say. —

Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all. —
Why, lords, — and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome How furious and impatient they be. And cannot brook competitors in love? I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her! — How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange? She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd; She is a woman, therefore may be won: She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd. What, man! more water glideth by the mill Than wots the miller of; and easy it is Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, ³⁾ we know: Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother, Better than he have yet worn ⁴⁾ Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What, hast thou not full often struck a doe, And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too; Then should not we be tir'd with this ado. Why, hark ye, hark ye, — And are you such fools, To square for this? ⁵⁾ Would it offend you then That both should speed?

Chi. I'faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, So I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do That you affect; and so must you resolve; That what you cannot, as you would, achieve, You must perforce accomplish as you may. Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment Must we pursue, and I have found the path. My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand; There will the lovely Roman ladies troop: The forest walks are wide and spacious; And many unfrequented plots there are, Fitted by kind ⁶⁾ for rape and villainy: Single you thither then this dainty doe, And strike her home by force, if not by words; This way, or not at all, stand you in hope. Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit, ⁷⁾ To villainy and vengeance consecrate,

Will we acquaint with all that we intend; And she shall file our engines with advice, ⁸⁾ That will not suffer you to square yourselves, But to your wishes' height advance you both. The emperor's court is like the house of fame, The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears: The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull; There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns:

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye, And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance. Horns, and cry of Hounds heard.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c. MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey, The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green: Uncouple here, and let us make a bay, And wake the emperor and his lovely bride, And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal, That all the court may echo with the noise. Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours, To tend the emperor's person carefully: I have been troubled in my sleep this night, But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Horns wind a Peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty; — Madam, to you as many and as good! — I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords, Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no; I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have, And to our sport: — Madam, now shall ye see Our Roman hunting. [*To TAMORA.*]

Mar. I have dogs, my lord, Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase, And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound, But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A desert part of the Forest.

Enter AARON, with a Bag of Gold.

Aar. He that had wit, would think that I had none, To bury so much gold under a tree, And never after to inherit it. ⁹⁾ Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly, Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem; Which, cunningly effected, will beget A very excellent piece of villainy: And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest, ¹⁰⁾

[*Hides the Gold.*]
That have their alms out of the empress' chest. ¹¹⁾

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad, When every thing doth make a gleeful boast? The birds chaunt melody on every bush; The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun; The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind, And make a checquer'd shadow on the ground: Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit, And — whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds, Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns, As if a double hunt were heard at once, — Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise: And — after conflict, such as was suppos'd The wandering prince of Dido once enjoy'd, When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd, And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave, —

We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep. ¹²⁾

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, — the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee, —
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day:
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll; —
Now question me no more, we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor! sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatso'er they be. *[Exit.]*

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal emperess,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive ¹³⁾ upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle emperess,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian ¹⁴⁾
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with ¹⁵⁾ a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness. — I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious
mother,
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,

A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins, ¹⁶⁾
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly. ¹⁷⁾
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew;
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And, had you not by wond'rous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[Stabs BASSIANUS.]

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my
strength. *[Stabbing him likewise.]*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis, — nay, barbarous Ta-
mora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my
boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness: ¹⁸⁾
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that
sure. —

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face, —

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the
dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:
The milk thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble:
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny. —
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

[To CHIRON.]

Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself
a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now!)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means: away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Had thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless: —
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let
me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body;
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.
Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly
creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall — —

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth: — Bring thou
her husband; [Dragging off LAVINIA.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[Exeunt.

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her
sure:

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; wer't not for
shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[MARTIUS falls into the Pit.

Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole
is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me: —

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O, brother, with the dismallest object ¹⁹⁾
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [Aside.] Now will I fetch the king to find
them here;

That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[Exit AARON.

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; ²⁰⁾ for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, ²¹⁾ that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand, —
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath, —
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee
out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[Falls in.

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me: — I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONI-
CUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing
grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my
wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[Giving a Letter.

The complot of this timeless ²²⁾ tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [Reads.] *An if we miss to meet him hand-
somely, —*

*Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean, —
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou knowest our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

O Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[Showing it.]

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [to *TIT.*] fell curs of
bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life: —

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;

There let them bide, until we have devis'd

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wond'rous
thing!

How easily murder is discover'd!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,

Accursed, if the fault be proved in them, — —

Sat. If it be proved! you see, it is apparent. —

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:

For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,

They shall be ready at your highness' will,

To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:

Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;

For by my soul, were there worse end than death,

That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;

Fear not, thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with
them. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished; her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can
scowl. ²³⁾

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.]

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this, — my niece, that flies away so
fast?

Cousin, a word; Where is your husband? —

If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake
me! ²⁴⁾

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep! —

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands

Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;

And might not gain so great a happiness,

As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me? —

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee;

And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood, —

As from a conduit with three issuing spouts, —

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,

Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?

O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,

That I might rail at him to ease my mind!

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost a tongue,

And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;

A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal, ²⁵⁾

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

That could have better sew'd than Philomel.

O, had the monster seen those lily hands

Tremble, like aspen leaves upon a lute,

And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;

He would not then have touch'd them for his life;

Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,

Which that sweet tongue hath made,

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,

As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's ²⁶⁾ feet.

Come, let us go, and make thy father blind:

For such a sight will blind a father's eye:

One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;

What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;

O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of Execution; TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent

In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;

For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;

For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;

And for these bitter tears, which now you see

Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;

Be pitiful to my condemned sons,

Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!

For two and twenty sons I never wept,

Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

For these, these, tribunes, ¹⁾ in the dust I write

[Throwing himself on the ground.]

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;

My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the Prisoners.]

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,

That shall distil from these two ancient urns,

Than youthful April shall with all his showers;

In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;

In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,

And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,

So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his Sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!

Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death:

And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear, ²⁾
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones,
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble ³⁾ eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My grief was at the height, before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other. —
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;

Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,

Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul. —
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened me; What shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?

Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they killed
her husband:

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them. —

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes. —
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;

Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd; like meadows, yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?

What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your
grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece: — good Titus, dry
thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee;
His napkin, with his true tears ⁴⁾ all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this?
As far from help as limbo is from bliss! ⁵⁾

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word, — That, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he, for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand;

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father: for that noble hand of thine,

That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you:
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as
these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so: —
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass. [*Aside.*]
[*He cuts off TITUS's Hand.*]

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is de
spatch'd. —

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee: —
Their heads, I mean. — O, how this villainy [*Aside.*]
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call: — What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[*To LAVINIA.*]
Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our
prayers:

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two Heads and a Hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a
wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*LAVINIA kisses him.*]

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this
hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my wat'ry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do. —

You heavy people, circle me about; —
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. — Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.*]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tfore hast been!

But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturninus and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

A Room in Titus's House. A Banquet set out.

*Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young
LUCIUS, a Boy.*

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down. —
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[To LAVINIA.]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life!
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still, that we have none.
Fye, fye, how frantically I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands! —
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this; —
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says; —
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs; —
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks: —⁶⁾
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will rest an alphabet,
And, by still practice, ⁷⁾ learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep lamentations:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away. —

[MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,

Becomes not Titus' brother: Get thee gone;
I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?⁸⁾
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly!

That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd
him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me. —
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora. —
Ah, sirrah! ⁹⁾

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away. — Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old. —

Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Titus's House.*

Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why: —
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: — Somewhat doth she mean:

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or phrenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;
Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

*[LAVINIA turns over the Books which LUCIUS
has let fall.]*

Tit. How now, Lavinia? — Marcus, what means
this?

Some book there is, that she desires to see: —
Which is it, girl, of these? — Open them, boy. —
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed. —
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more
than one

Confederate in the fact; — Ay, more there was: —
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis*;
My mother gave't me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her: —

What would she find? — Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note, how she quotes the
leaves. ¹⁾

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods? —
See, see! — —

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, — for here are none
but friends, —

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece; — brother, sit down
by me. —

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find! —
My lord, look here; — Look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides
it with his feet and mouth.*]

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift! —
Write thou, good niece, and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it
with her stumps, and writes.*]

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum — Chiron — Demetrius.

Mar. What, what! — the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. *Magne Dominator poli,* ²⁾

Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I
know,

There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me, — as with the woful feere, ³⁾
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape, —
That we will prosecute, by good advice,

Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,
But if you hurt these bear whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel ⁴⁾ will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then? — Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:

Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come: — Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:
But yet so just, that he will not revenge: —
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, *at one
Door; at another Door, young* LUCIUS, *and an
Attendant, with a Bundle of Weapons, and
Verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grand-
father.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus; —
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.

[*Aside.*]

Dem. Gramercy, ⁵⁾ lovely Lucius: What's the news?

Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it
please you,

My grandsire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*Aside*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt* Boy and Attendant.]

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round
about?

Let's see;

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just! — a verse in Horace; — right, you have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath
found their guilt;
And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with
lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the
quick.

Aside.

But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest awhile. —
And now, young lords, was't not a happy star,
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us
o'er. *[Aside. Flourish.]*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in
her Arms.*

Nur. Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor.

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace; —
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, ' you whore! is black so base a
hue? —

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. Done! that which thou
Canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man, but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole ' on my rapier's
point;

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.

[Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.]

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,

That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the emperess from me, I am of age

To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;

The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This, before all the world, do I prefer;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape. ⁸⁾

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy. ⁹⁾

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer: ¹⁰⁾

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;

As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*

He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;

And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchised and come to light:

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice;

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you:

Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[They sit on the ground.]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join in
league,

I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms. —

But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,

And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The emperess, the midwife, and yourself:

Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:

Go to the empress; tell her, this I said: —

[Stabbing her.]

Weke, weke! — so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst
thou this?

Aar. O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
 A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
 And now be it known to you my full intent.
 Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,
 His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
 His child is like to her, fair as you are:
 Go pack with him, ¹¹) and give the mother gold,
 And tell them both the circumstance of all;
 And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
 And be received for the emperor's heir,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
 And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
 Hark ye, lords; ye see, that I have given her physic,

[Pointing to the Nurse.

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
 This done, see that you take no longer days,
 But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
 Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse.

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow
 flies;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
 And secretly to greet the empress' friends. —
 Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
 For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
 I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
 To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The same. A public Place.

*Enter TITUS, bearing Arrows, with Letters at the
 ends of them; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS,
 and other Gentlemen, with Bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come; — Kinsmen, this is the
 way:

Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
 Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astræa reliquit:

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
 Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
 Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
 Happily you may find her ¹²) in the sea;
 Yet there's as little justice as at land: —
 No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
 'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
 And pierce the inmost center of the earth:
 Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
 I pray you, deliver him this petition,
 Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid:
 And that it comes from old Andronicus,
 Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome. —
 Ah, Rome! — Well, well; I made thee miserable,
 What time I threw the people's suffrages
 On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me. —
 Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
 And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
 This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
 By day and night to attend him carefully;

And feed his humour kindly as we may,
 Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
 Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
 Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
 And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters?
 What,

Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
 If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
 Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
 He thinks with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
 So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
 I'll dive into the burning lake below,
 And pull her out of Acheron by the heels. —
 Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
 No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size:
 But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
 Yet wrung with wrongs, ¹³) more than our backs
 can bear:

And, sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
 We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
 To send down justice for to wreak ¹⁴) our wrongs:
 Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[He gives them the Arrows.

Ad Jovem, that's for you: — Here, *ad Apollinem*: —

Ad Martem, that's for myself: —

Here, boy, to Pallas: — Here, to Mercury:
 To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine, —
 You were as good to shoot against the wind.
 To it, boy. Marcus, loose ¹⁵) when I bid:
 O' my word, I have written to effect;
 There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
 We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [They shoot.] O, well said,
 Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
 Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done!
 See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius
 shot,

The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
 That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
 And who should find them but the empress' villain?
 She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
 But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy.

Enter a Clown, with a Basket and two Pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
 Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
 Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath
 taken them down again, for the man must not be
 hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank
 with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there:
 God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven
 in my young days. Why, I am going with my
 pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter
 of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the empe-
 rial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve

for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor: By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. Hold, hold; — mean while, here's money for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink. —

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it. Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration; For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant: — And when thou hast given it to the emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go: — Publius, follow me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords, and others: SATURNINUS with the Arrows in his hand, that TITUS shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, ¹⁶) against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all: *[Aside.]*

But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port. —

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he. — God, and Saint Stephen, give you good den: I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. *[SATURNINUS reads the Letter.]*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. *[Exit, guarded.]*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds;
May this be borne? — as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully. —
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege: —
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he, the common people love so much;
Myself hath often over-heard them say,
(When I have walked like a private man,)
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name. ¹⁷)

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that, with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody: ¹⁸)
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know thou, emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep; ¹⁹)
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises: that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue. —
Go thou before, be our ambassador: *[To ÆMILIUS.]*
Say, that the emperor requests a parley

Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit ÆMILIUS.*]

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Plains near Rome.

Enter LUCIUS, and Goths, with Drum and Colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs:
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath, ¹⁾
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st, —
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields, —
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.
Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his Arms.

2 Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery; ²⁾
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace! — even thus he rates the
babe, —

For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye; ³⁾
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust. —
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?

Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No; not a word?
A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good. —
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A Ladder brought, which AARON is obliged to ascend.*]

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet, — for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe, —
Therefore I urge thy oath; — For that, I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;
To that I'll urge him: — Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence, —
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman! ⁴⁾

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons, that murder'd Bassianus:
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trim-
ming?

Aar. Why she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them;
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head. ⁵⁾
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swoounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse,) Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself:
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; ⁶⁾ for he must not die
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire;
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near. —

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. — March away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Rome. Before TITUS's House.

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [They knock.]

Enter TITUS above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk
with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora;
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stand;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
'Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they ⁷⁾ thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit TITUS, from above.]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,

To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house; —
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too: —
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor: —
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that have done thee
wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer. —
Go thou with him; and, when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher. —
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device? —

Tit. Marcus, my brother! — 'Tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius:
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths;
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house: and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love: and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair.

[*Aside.*]

And tarry with him, till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit TAMORA.*]

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do. —
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, and others.

Pub. What's your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. Th' empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TITUS. — PUBLIUS, &c. lay hold on
CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*]

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded. —
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA; she
bearing a Bason, and he a Knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia: look, thy foes are
bound: —

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter. —
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with
mud:

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
Your kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The bason that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me mad, —
Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin⁸) I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.⁹)
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats. — Lavinia, come,

[*He cuts their throats.*]

Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet: which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Pavilion, with Tables, &c.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON, Prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 *Goth.* And ours, with thine, ¹⁰) befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave! —
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. —

[*Exeunt* Goths, with AARON. *Flourish.*
The trumpets show, the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes,
Senators, and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the
parle; ¹¹)

These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound.* *The Company sit down at Table.*

Enter TITUS, dressed like a cook, LAVINIA, veiled,
young LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the
Dishes on the Table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread
queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched to perform the like: —
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[*He kills* LAVINIA.

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me
blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was:

And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage; — and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your
highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Killing* TAMORA.

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Killing* TITUS.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills* SATURNINUS. *A great Tumult.* *The People*
in confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, and
their Partisans ascend the Steps before TITUS's
House.

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words, —
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*to* LUCIUS] as erst our
ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound. —
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even i'the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration:

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale:

Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius

Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd ¹²)
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.

Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;

Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.

Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.

But, soft; methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child,
 [Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.
 Of this was Tamora delivered;
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
 Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,
 And, from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of Andronici
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
 And make a mutual closure of our house.
 Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say, we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
 And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
 Lucius, our emperor; for, well I know,
 The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [Several speak.] Lucius, all hail; Rome's royal
 emperor!

LUCIUS, &c. descend.

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;

[To an Attendant.
 And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
 To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
 As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [Several speak.] Lucius, all hail; Rome's gra-
 cious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,
 To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
 But, gentle people, give me aim awhile, —
 For nature puts me to a heavy task; —
 Stand all aloof; — but, uncle, draw you near,
 To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk: —
 O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips.

[Kisses *TITUS*.
 These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
 The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
 Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
 O, were the sum of these that I should pay
 Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
 To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
 Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
 Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow:
 Many a matter hath he told to thee,
 Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
 In that respect then, like a loving child,
 Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
 Because kind nature doth require it so:
 Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
 Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
 Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
 Would I were dead, so you did live again!
 O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
 My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

1 Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes;
 Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
 That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
 There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
 If any one relieves or pities him,
 For the offence he dies. This is our doom.
 Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth. ¹³⁾

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury
 dumb?

I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
 I should repent the evils I have done;
 Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
 Would I perform, if I might have my will;
 If one good deed in all my life I did,
 I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
 And give him burial in his father's grave:
 My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
 Be closed in our household's monument.
 As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
 No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
 No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
 But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:
 Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
 And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
 See justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
 By whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
 Then, afterwards, to order well the state;
 That like events may ne'er it ruin. *[Exeunt.]*

XXXIII.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*
 PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*
 HELICANUS, } *two Lords of Tyre.*
 ESCANES, }
 SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.* ¹⁾
 CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*
 LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*
 CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*
 THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch.*
 PHILEMON, *Servant to Cerimon.*
 LEONINE, *Servant to Dionyza.*
 Marshal.

A Pander, *and his Wife.*
 BOULT, *their Servant.*
 GOWER, *as Chorus.*

The Daughter of Antiochus.
 DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon.*
 THAISA, *Daughter to Simonides.*
 MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
 LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina.*
 DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates,
 Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE — *dispersedly in various Countries.*

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song of old ²⁾ was sung,
 From ashes ancient Gower is come;
 Assuming man's infirmities,
 To glad your ear, and please your eyes
 It hath been sung at festivals,
 On ember-eves, and holy-ales; ³⁾
 And lords and ladies of their lives
 Have read it for restoratives:
 'Purpose to make men glorious; ⁴⁾
Et quo antiquius, eo melius.
 If you, born in these latter times,
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
 And that to hear an old man sing,
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you, like taper-light. —
 This city then, Antioch the great, ⁵⁾
 Built up for his chiefest seat;
 The fairest in all Syria;
 (I tell you what mine authors say;)
 This king unto him took a pheere, ⁶⁾
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face, ⁷⁾
 As heaven had lent her all his grace;
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke;
 Bad father! to entice his own ⁸⁾
 To evil, should be done by none.
 By custom, what they did begin,
 Was, with long use account no sin. ⁹⁾
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame, ¹⁰⁾
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow;
 Which to prevent, he made a law,
 (To keep her still, and men in awe,)

That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life:
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify. ¹¹⁾
 What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.]

SCENE I.

Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
 The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
 Think death no hazard, in this enterprize. [Music.]

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
 For the embracements even of Jove himself;
 At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,) ¹²⁾
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
 The senate-house of planets all did sit,
 To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
 Of every virtue gives renown to men!
 Her face, the book of praises, where is read
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
 Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath
 Could never be her mild companion. ¹²⁾
 Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
 That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
 As I am son and servant to your will,
 To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles, — —

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,

With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
A countless glory,¹³⁾ which desert must gain:
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.¹⁴⁾
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:¹⁵⁾
For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,¹⁶⁾
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.]

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,¹⁷⁾
Scorning advice.

Ant. Read the conclusion then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous!

In all, save that, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

[He reads the Riddle.]

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last:¹⁸⁾ but O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.]

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you, — now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,¹⁹⁾
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man²⁰⁾ his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to
hearken;

But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;

'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:
To stop the air would hurt them.²¹⁾ The blind
mole casts

Copp'd hills²²⁾ towards heaven, to tell, the earth
is wrong'd²³⁾

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found
the meaning; —

But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince
of Tyre,

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,²⁴⁾
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:
And until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt* ANTIOCHUS, his Daughter, and Attendants.]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where²⁵⁾ now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;)
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which
we mean

To have his head.

He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends on us there?

Enter THALIARD.²⁶⁾

Thal.

Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind
Partakes her private actions to your secrecy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;

We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough;
²⁷⁾ Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say, prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I
Can get him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure: so farewell to your highness.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: Why this charge of
thoughts? ²⁸⁾

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed
me quiet!

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
them,

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.

Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done. ²⁹⁾

And so with me; — the great Antiochus
(Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:

And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am no more ³⁰⁾) but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend
them,)

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

¹ Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

² Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience
tongue.

They do abuse the king, that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,

To which that breath ³¹⁾ gives heat and stronger
glowing;

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth ³²⁾ here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from
whence

They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself:
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, 'pr'ythee, rise;
Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults
hid! ³³⁾

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do?

Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
Who minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
³⁴⁾ Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear,) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: ³⁵⁾ but thou know'st
this,

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrant's fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope, —
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it,) — —

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my
cheeks,

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them. ³⁶⁾

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave
to speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,

Who either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in absence —

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
But in our orbs³⁷) we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,³⁸)
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Tyre. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here
must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I am
sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. — Well,
I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good
discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of
the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.
Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a
king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the
indenture of his oath to be one. — Hush, here come
the lords of Tyre.

Enter HEBRICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone! [*Aside.*]

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch —

Thal. What from Antioch? [*Aside.*]

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not,)
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, would correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive [*Aside.*]
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,³⁹)
He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas. —
But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But, since my landing, as I have understood
Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire, —
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Tharsus. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of other's griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,⁴⁰)
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do⁴¹) sound deep our woes
Into the air: our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have government,
(A city, on whom plenty held full hand,)
For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the
clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted⁴²) and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grow odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our
change,

These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,⁴³)
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,
Thought not too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring
shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,

That may succeed as his inheritor.
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,⁴⁴⁾
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's⁴⁵⁾ got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,⁴⁶⁾
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, what need we fear?⁴⁷⁾
The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. *[Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;⁴⁸⁾
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
With bloody views, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd, half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,
Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile. *[Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
¹⁾ Prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those²⁾ in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation³⁾
(To whom I give my benizon)
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:⁴⁾
And, to remember what he does,
Gild his statue glorious:⁵⁾
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb show.

*Enter at one door, PERICLES, talking with CLEON;
all the Train with them. Enter at another door,*

*a Gentleman, with a Letter to PERICLES; PERICLES
shows the Letter to CLEON; then gives the Mes-
senger a reward, and knights him. Exit
PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.*

Gow. Good Helicane hath staid at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; forth he strive⁶⁾
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest:
He knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost;
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad;
And here he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this long's the text.⁷⁾ *[Exit.*

SCENE I.

Pentapolis. An open Place by the Sea-side.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 Fish. What, ho, Pilche!

2 Fish. Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 Fish. What Patch-breech, I say!

3 Fish. What say you, master?

1 Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away,
or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.⁸⁾

3 Fish. 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor
men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to
hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them,
when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I
saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled?⁹⁾
they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on
them, they ne'er come, but I look to be washed.
Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones
eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich mi-
sers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and
tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at
last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales
have I heard on a'the land, who never leave gaping,
'till they've swallowed the whole parish, church,
steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind —

Per. Simonides?

3 *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea These fishers tell the infirmities of men; And from their wat'ry empire recollect All that may men approve, or men detect! — Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast —

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon, entreats you pity him; He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Can'st thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou can'st fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on; A man shrunk up ¹⁰⁾ with cold: my veins are chill, And have no more of life, than may suffice To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help; Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For I am a man, ¹¹⁾ pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid; I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks; ¹²⁾ and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

2 *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 *Fish.* Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fish.* Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 *Fish.* Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since from his subjects He gains the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore? ¹³⁾

1 *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow

is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Did but my fortunes ¹⁴⁾ equal my desires, I'd wish ¹⁵⁾ to make one there.

1 *Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for — his wife's soul.

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a Net.

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, ¹⁶⁾ 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself: And, though it was mine own, ¹⁷⁾ part of mine heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,) *Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death;* (and pointed to this brace: ¹⁸⁾ *For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity, ¹⁹⁾ Which gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.* It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it; Till the rough seas, that spare not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd, they giv't again: ²⁰⁾ I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill, Since I have here my father's gift by will. ²¹⁾

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth, For it was sometime target to a king; I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly, And for his sake, I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court, Where with't I may appear a gentleman; And if that ever my low fortunes better, I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish.* Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

2 *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolences, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believ't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel; And spite of all the rupture of the sea, This jewel holds his bidding ²²⁾ on my arm; Unto thy value will I mount myself Upon a courser, whose delightful steps Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread. — Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided Of a pair of bases. ²³⁾

2 *Fish.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will; This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A public Way, or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph? ²⁴⁾

1 *Lord.* They are, my liege; And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; ²⁵) and our daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing, wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my father, ²⁶) to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:

As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over the Stage, and
his Squire presents his Shield to the Princess.*

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.* ²⁷)

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[*The second Knight passes.*]

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield

Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:

The motto thus, in Spanish, *Più per dulzura que
per fuerza.* ²⁸) [*The third Knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry:

The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*

[*The fourth Knight passes.*]

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows, that beauty hath his power
and will,

Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes.*]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds;
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried:

The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth Knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight
himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top; ²⁹)

The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral;

From the dejected state wherein he is,

He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his out-
ward show

Can any way speak in his just commend:

For, by his rusty outside, he appears

To have practis'd more the whipstock, ³⁰) than the
lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man. ³¹)

But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Hall of State. A Banquet prepared.

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights,
and Attendants.*

Sim. Knights,

To say you are welcome, were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a title-page, your worth in arms,

Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,

Since every worth in show commends itself.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:

You are my guests. ³²)

Thai.

But you, my knight and guest;

To whom this wreath of victory I give,

And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.

In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,

To make some good, but others to exceed;

And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o'the
feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.

Per.

Some other is more fit.

1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,

Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim.

Sit, sit, sir; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she not thought upon. ³³)

Thai. By Juno, that is queen

Of marriage, all the viands that I eat

Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat!

Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim.

He's but

A country gentleman;

He has done no more than other knights have done;
Broken a staff, or so: so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;

Had princes sit, like stars about his throne,

And he the sun, for them to reverence.

None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,

Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;

Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,

The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;

Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,

For he's their parent, and he is their grave,

And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1 *Knight.* Who can be other, in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)

We drink this health to you.

Knights.

We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while;

Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,

As if the entertainment in our court

Had not a show might countervail his worth.

Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai.

What is it

To me, my father?

Sim.

O, attend, my daughter;

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,

Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them; and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at.³⁴⁾

Therefore to make's entrance³⁵⁾ more sweet, here say,
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.³⁶⁾

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me
better. [*Aside.*]

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him
freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre — (my name, Pericles;
My education being in arts and arms;) —
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,³⁷⁾
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.³⁸⁾
Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be denied
[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Of your fair courtesy. — Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. [*To PERICLES.*] Pages and lights,
conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Tyre. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me, —
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence;

Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shafts, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has respect with him but he.³⁹⁾

2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve, without reproof.

3 Lord. And curs'd be he that will not second it.

1 Lord. Follow me, then: Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: Happy day, my
lords.

1 Lord. Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince
you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,⁴⁰⁾
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 Lord. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our
censure:⁴¹⁾

And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof,)
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That best knows how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto — our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. Try honour's cause; forbear your suffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear,
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,⁴²⁾
Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
To forbear choice i'the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search, spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And, since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp
hands;

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter, the Knights
meet him.*

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd, ⁴³)

And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 Knight. Though loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [Exeunt.]

Sim. So.

They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.

Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;

I like that well: — nay, how absolute she's in't,

Not minding whether I dislike or no!

Well, I commend her choice;

And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft, here he comes: — I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,

For your sweet music this last night: my ears,

I do protest, were never better fed

With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend; Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think, sir, of

My daughter?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer; wond'rous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;

Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,

And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here!

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?

'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. [Aside.]

O, seek not to intrap, my gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.

Never did thought of mine levy offence;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor, sir.

Per. Even in his throat, (unless it be the king,)

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now by the gods, I do applaud his courage. [Aside.]

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,

That never relish'd of a base descent.

I came unto your court, for honour's cause,

And not to be a rebel to her state;

And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No! —

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue

Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory? —
I am glad of it with all my heart. [Aside.] I'll tame
you;

I'll bring you in subjection. —

Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on a stranger?

(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [Aside.]

Hear therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine, —
And you, sir, hear you. — Either be rul'd by me,

Or I will make you — man and wife. —

Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too. —

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy; —

And for a further grief, — God give you joy!

What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then with what haste you can, get you to bed. ⁴⁴)

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;

No din but snores, the house about,

Made louder by the o'er-fed breast

Of this most pompous marriage feast.

The cat, with eyne of burning coal,

Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;

And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,

As the blither for their drouth.

Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,

Where, by the loss of maidenhead,

A babe is moulded; — Be attent,

And time that is so briefly spent,

With your fine fancies quaintly eche; ¹)

What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a Letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former. ²) Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES shows his Daughter the Letter; she rejoices; she and PERICLES take leave of her Father, and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c. retire.

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch, ³)

Of Pericles the careful search

By the four opposing coignes, ⁴)

Which the world together joins,

Is made, with all due diligence,

That horse, and sail, and high expence,

Can stead the quest. ⁵) At last from Tyre

(Fame answering the most strong inquire,)

To the court of king Simonides

Are letters brought; the tenour these:

Antiochus and his daughter's dead;

The men of Tyrus, on the head

Of Helicanus would set on

The crown of Tyre, but he will none:

The mutiny there he hastes t'appease; ⁶)

Says to them, if king Pericles

Come not, in twice six moons, home,
 He obedient to their doom, ⁷⁾
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,
 Y-ravished the regions round,
 And every one with claps, 'gan sound,
Our heir apparent is a king:
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
 His queen with child makes her desire
 (Which who shall cross?) along to go;
 (Omit we all their dole and woe;) ⁸⁾
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow; half the flood
 Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood
 Varies again; the grizzled north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives,
 The lady shrieks, and well-a-need! ⁹⁾
 Doth fall in travail with her fear:
 And what ensues in this fell storm,
 Shall, for itself, itself perform.
 I will relate, ¹⁰⁾ action may
 Conveniently the rest convey:
 Which might not what by me is told. ¹¹⁾
 In your imagination hold
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
 The sea-tost ¹²⁾ prince appears to speak. *[Exit.]*

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on a Ship at Sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these
 surges,
 Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
 Having call'd them from the deep! O still thy deaf'ning,
 Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble,
 Sulphureous flashes! — O how, Lychorida,
 How does my queen? — Thou storm, thou! venom-
 ously
 Wilt thou spit all thyself? — The seaman's whistle
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
 Unheard. — Lychorida! — Lucina, O
 Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
 Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
 Of my queen's travails! — Now, Lychorida —

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing
 Too young for such a place, who, if it had
 Conceit, ¹³⁾ would die as I am like to do.
 Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
 Here's all that is left living of your queen, —
 A little daughter; for the sake of it,
 Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
 Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
 And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
 Recall not what we give, and therein may
 Vie honour with yourselves. ¹⁴⁾

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
 Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
 For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
 Quiet and gentle thy conditions! ¹⁵⁾
 For thou'rt the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,

That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
 Thou hast as chiding a nativity, ¹⁶⁾
 As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
 To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
 Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit, ¹⁷⁾
 With all thou canst find here. — Now the good gods
 Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter two Sailors.

1 Sail. What courage, sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw; ¹⁸⁾
 It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
 Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
 I would, it would be quiet.

1 Sail. Slack the bolins there; ¹⁹⁾ thou wilt not,
 wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

2 Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy
 billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea
 works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till
 the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still
 hath been observed; and we are strong in earnest.
 Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard
 straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet. — Most wretched
 queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;
 No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
 Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
 To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
 Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
 Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
 And aye-remaining lamps, ²⁰⁾ the belching whale
 And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
 Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,
 Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
 My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
 Bring me the sattin coffer: lay the babe
 Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
 A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[Exit LYCHORIDA.]

2 Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,
 caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

2 Sail. We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
 Alter thy course for Tyre. When can'st thou reach it?

2 Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
 Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
 At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
 I'll bring the body presently. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

*Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some Persons
 who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
 It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
 Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
 There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,

That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [To PHILEMON.

[Exeunt PHILEMON, Servant, and those who
had been shipwrecked.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Good morrow, sir.

2 Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?

1 Gent. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple; ²¹) pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2 Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry. ²²)

Cer. O, you say well.

1 Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning ²³) were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which gives me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death. ²⁴)

2 Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd
forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never —

Enter two Servants with a Chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;
'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let's look on it. ²⁵)

2 Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wond'rous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.

2 Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd! —
Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open;
Soft, soft! — it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so, — up with it.
O you most potent gods! What's here? a corse!

1 Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and en-
treasur'd

With bags of spices full! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me i'the characters! [Unfolds a Scroll.

Here I give to understand, [Reads.

(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)

I, king Pericles, have lost

This queen, worth all our mundane ²⁶) cost.

Who finds her, give her burying,

She was the daughter of a king:

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! — This chanc'd to-night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks! — They were too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. I have heard
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths. —
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
The vial once more; — How thou stirr'st, thou block!
The music there. — I pray you, give her air: —
Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1 Gent. The heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [She moves.

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2 Gent. Is not this strange?

1 Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!

[Exeunt, carrying THAISA away.

SCENE III.

Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA,
and MARINA.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyros stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you
mortally,
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought
her hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord:
Your grace, ²⁷⁾ that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit, ²⁸⁾
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o'the
shore;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, ²⁹⁾ and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam. — O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter. — Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning time; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say: But since king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire. ³⁰⁾
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good-will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles at Tyre, ¹⁾
Welcom'd to his own desire.
His woful queen leave at Ephess,
'To Dian there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. ²⁾ But alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, ³⁾ Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage fight; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk ⁴⁾
With fingers, long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needl wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; ⁵⁾ or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; ⁶⁾ still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: ⁷⁾ so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
And curs'd Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath ⁸⁾
Prest for this blow. ⁹⁾ The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way. —
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

Tharsus. *An open Place near the Sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to
do it:

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i'the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.
Here

Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.
Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, ¹⁰⁾ hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends. ¹¹⁾

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd ¹²⁾
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;
Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there, ¹³⁾
Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. ¹⁴⁾ Come;—
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come; I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. ¹⁵⁾ We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports, ¹⁶⁾ thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—
[Exit DIONYZA.]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cry'd, *good seamen!* to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes:
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-
tackle

Wash'd off a canvas-climber: ¹⁷⁾ *Ha!* says one,
Wilt out? and, with a dropping industry,
They skip from stem to stern: the boatswain whistles,
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. And when was this?

Mar. It was when I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, say your prayers speedily. ¹⁸⁾

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: Pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought;
Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

1 Pirate. Hold, villain! [LEONINE runs away.]

2 Pirate. A prize! a prize!

3 Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's
have her aboard suddenly.

[Exit Pirates with MARINA.]

SCENE II.

The same.

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving thieves ¹⁹⁾ serve the great
pirate Valdes;
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea. — But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain.
[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't!

Boult. Sir!

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is
full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart,
by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures.
We have but poor three, and they can do no
more than they can do; and with continual action
are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we
pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be
us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper. ²⁰⁾

Bawd. Thou say'st true; 'tis not the bringing up
of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought up
some eleven —

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again.
But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong
wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully
sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they are too unwhole-
some o'conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead,
that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him
roast meat for worms: — but I'll go search the market.
[Exit BOULT.]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger; ²¹⁾ therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling: — but here comes Boulton.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT, dragging in MARINA.

Boulton. Come your ways. [*To MARINA.*] — My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boulton. Master, I have gone thorough ²²⁾ for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boulton, has she any qualities?

Boulton. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boulton?

Boulton. It cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. ²³⁾ [*Exeunt PANDER and Pirates.*]

Bawd. Boulton, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity: and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boulton. Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOULT.*]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! (He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates,

(Not enough barbarous,) had not overboard Thrown me, ²⁴⁾ to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault, To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. — Boulton's returned.

Enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boulton. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boulton. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boulton. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i'the hams? ²⁵⁾

Bawd. Who? monsieur Veroles?

Boulton. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow. ²⁶⁾

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither; here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boulton. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign. ²⁷⁾

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit. ²⁸⁾

Mar. I understand you not.

Boulton. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i'faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boulton. 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint, —

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boulton. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boulton. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boulton, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have: you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boulton. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, ²⁹⁾ as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come yours ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o'the earth,
I'the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too!
If thou had'st drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy feat: ³⁰) what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died by night; ³¹) I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the impious innocent, ³²)
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how cow'd a spirit. ³³)

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: None would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. ³⁴) It pierced me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me, ³⁵) as an enterprize of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us,
At whose expence 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,
Seize with an eagle's talons. ³⁶)

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA,
at Tharsus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues
make short;

Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;
Making, (to take your imagination,)
From bourn to bourn, ³⁷) region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
To learn of me, who stand i'the gaps to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,)
To see his daughter all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.

Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have
brought

This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

*Enter, at one door, PERICLES with his Train;
CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows
PERICLES the Tomb of MARINA; whereat PERICLES
makes lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in a
mighty passion departs. Then CLEON and
DIONYZA retire.*

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show;
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe; ³⁸)
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'er-
show'r'd,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, ³⁹)
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit ⁴⁰)
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the Inscription on MARINA's Monument.*
*The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o'the
earth,
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, (and swears she'll never
stint,) ⁴¹)*

Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No visor does become black villainy,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady fortune; while our scenes display ⁴²)
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.

Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?
2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as
this, she being once gone.
1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there! did
you ever dream of such a thing?
2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-
houses: Shall we go hear the vestals sing?
1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but
I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The same. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of
her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fye, fye upon her; she is able to freeze

the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll dis-furnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now? How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour! ⁴³⁾

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would — but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but —

Lys. What, 'pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; — never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you; — leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. *[To MARINA, whom she takes aside.]*

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[Exeunt Bawd, PANDER, and BOULT.]

Lys. Go thy ways. — Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven? ⁴⁴⁾

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good

That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this? — Some more; — be sage. ⁴⁵⁾

Mar. For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome stie,
Where, since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physic, — O that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i'the purer air!

Lys. I did not think

Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd
thou could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:

Perséver still in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten

That I came with no ill intent: for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble. —
Hold; here's more gold for thee. —

A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st
from me,

It shall be for thy good.

*[As LYSIMACHUS is putting up his Purse,
BOULT enters.]*

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,

But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink and overwhelm you all. Away!

[Exit LYSIMACHUS.]

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, ⁴⁶⁾ shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; She has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! ⁴⁷⁾ *[Exit Bawd.]*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. 'Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel That hither comes enquiring for his tib; ⁴⁸⁾

To the choleric fisting of each rogue thy ear Is liable; thy very food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs. ⁴⁹⁾

Boult. What would you have me? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman; Any of these ways are better yet than this: For that which thou professest, a baboon, ⁵⁰⁾ Could he but speak, would own a name too dear. O that the gods would safely from this place Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain aught by me, Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance, With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast; And I will undertake all these to teach.

I doubt not but this populous city will Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again, And prostitute me to the basest groom That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel'scapes, and chances Into an honest house, our story says.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances

As goddess-like to her admired lays:

Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her neeld composes ¹⁾

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;

That even her art sisters the natural roses;

Her inkle, ²⁾ silk, twin with the rubied cherry:

That pupils lacks she none of noble race,

Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain

She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;

And to her father turn our thoughts again,

Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd

Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast

Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd

God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,

His banners sable trimm'd with rich expence;

And to him in his barge with fervour hies.

In your supposing once more put your sight; ³⁾

Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:

Where, what is done in action, more, if might, ⁴⁾

Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.

On board Pericles' Ship, off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a Couch. A Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel, the other to the Barge; to them

HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. *[To the Sailor of Mitylene.]*

O here he is. —

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,

And in it is Lysimachus the governor,

Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you,

To greet them fairly.

[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the Barge.]

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would, Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to out-live the age I am, And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs, Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,

I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief. ⁵⁾

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may indeed, sir.
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir: [*PERICLES discovered*] this was
a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night, ⁶⁾
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail!

Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst
wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts, ⁷⁾
Which now are midway stopp'd:

She, all as happy as of all the fairest, ⁸⁾

Is, with her fellow maidens, now within

The leafy shelter that abuts against

The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords. — Exit
Lord, in the Barge of LYSIMACHUS. 9)*]

Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you further,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province. — Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it; —
But, see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the Barge, Lord, MARINA, and a
young Lady.*

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence? ¹⁰⁾

Hel. A gallant lady.

Lys. She's such, that were I well assur'd she came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous-artificial feat ¹¹⁾
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous! [*MARINA sings.*]

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear: — —

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on, comet-like: ¹²⁾ she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and aukward casualties ¹³⁾
Bound me in servitude. — I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.*

[*Aside.*]

Per. My fortunes — parentage — good parentage —
To equal mine! — was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me. —
You are like something that — What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square
brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
hungry,

The more she gives them speech. — Where do you
live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe? ¹⁴⁾

Mar. Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. 'Pr'ythee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in: ¹⁵⁾ I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing indeed
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on king's graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. ¹⁶⁾ What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I'm mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
No motion? ¹⁷) Well; speak on. Where were you
born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well: — where were
you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did
give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable ¹⁸)
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn, ¹⁹)
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, now, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It
may be,
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that was born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again! — O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us: This is Marina. —

What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep. ²⁰)

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
(As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect,)
My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir of
kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father. ²¹)

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own Helicanus,
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess. — Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music? —
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. — But what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds!
Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music? My lord, I hear —

Per. Most heavenly music:
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eyelids; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head;
[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of PERICLES
is closed.*]

So leave him all. Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.
[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,
and attendant Lady.

SCENE II.

The same.

PERICLES on the Deck asleep; DIANA appearing
to him as in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life. ²²)
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.
Awake, and tell thy dream. [*DIANA disappears.*]

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine, ²³)
I will obey thee! — Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus

Turn our blown sails; ²⁴) eftsoons I'll tell thee why. —

[To HELICANUS.]

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. With all my heart, sir; and when you come
ashore,

I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [Exeunt.]

*Enter GOWER, before the Temple of Diana at
Ephesus.*

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then done. ²⁵)
This, as my last boon, give me,
(For such kindness must relieve me,)
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice, ²⁶)
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound. ²⁷)
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful boon. ²⁸) [Exit.]

SCENE III.

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the Altar, as High-priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

*Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS,
HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.*

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
At sea in child-bed died she, but brought forth
A maidchild call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. ²⁹) She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour! —
You are, you are — O royal Pericles! — [She faints.]

Per. What means the woman? she dies! help,
gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady; — O, she's but o'erjoyed.
Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and

Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my
house,

Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense ³⁰) bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
And drown'd. ³¹)

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better. —
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[Shows a Ring.]

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present
kindness

Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Kneels to THAISA.]

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,
Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from
Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man
Through whom the gods have shown their power;
that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana!

I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betroth'd ³²) of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;
And what these fourteen years no razor touched,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold. — Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch,³³) and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,)

Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them; although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

[*Exit GOWER.*

XXXIV.

K I N G L E A R.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*
 King of FRANCE.
 Duke of BURGUNDY.
 Duke of CORNWALL.
 Duke of ALBANY.
 Earl of KENT.
 Earl of GLOSTER.
 EDGAR, *Son to Gloster.*
 EDMUND, *Bastard Son to Gloster.*
 CURAN, *a Courtier.*
 Old Man, *Tenant to Gloster.*
 Physician.

Fool.
 OSWALD, *Steward to Goneril.*
 An Officer, *employed by Edmund.*
 Gentleman, *Attendant on Cordelia.*
 A Herald.
 Servants to Cornwall.
 GONERIL, }
 REGAN, } *Daughters to Lear.*
 CORDELIA, }
 Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,
 Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE — Britain.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Room of State in King Lear's Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent.

I THOUGHT, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, ¹⁾ it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither ²⁾ can make choice of either's moiety. ³⁾

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: where-upon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper. ⁴⁾

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, ⁵⁾ who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. — Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again: — The king is coming.

[Trumpets sound within.]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[Exeunt GLOSTER and EDMUND.]

Lear. Mean-time we shall express our darker purpose. ⁶⁾

Give me the map there. — Know, that we have divided,

In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent ⁷⁾ To shake all cares and business from our age; Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburden'd crawl toward death. — Our son of Cornwall

And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will ⁸⁾ to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answer'd. — Tell me, my daughters,

(Since now we will divest us, both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state,)

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most? That we our largest bounty may extend Where merit doth most challenge it. — Goneril, Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon.

Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter, Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty; Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare; No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour: As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found. A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable; Beyond all manner of so much ⁹⁾ I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

[Aside.]

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual. — What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, — that I profess ¹⁰⁾
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses; ¹¹⁾
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*]
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, ¹²⁾ and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneril. — Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interest'd; ¹³⁾ what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come ¹⁴⁾ of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall
carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, — Thy truth then be thy dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation ¹⁵⁾ messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege, —

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. — Hence, and avoid my sight! —

[*To Cordelia.*]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! — Call France; —
Who stirs?

Call Burgundy. — Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. — Ourselves, by monthly
course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions to a king; ¹⁶⁾
The sway,

Revenue, execution of the rest, ¹⁷⁾
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*]

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers, —

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from
the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old man?
Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs ¹⁸⁾ no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye. ¹⁹⁾

Lear. Now, by Apollo, —

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance hear me! —

Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power;
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency made good, ²⁰⁾ take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! by Jupiter, ²¹⁾
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt
appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here. —
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To Cordelia.*]

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[To REGAN and GONERIL.

That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course ²²⁾ in a country new.

[Exit.

Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and
Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love? ²³⁾

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, seeming ²⁴⁾ substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir,
Will you, with those infirmities she owes, ²⁵⁾
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions. ²⁶⁾

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that
made me,

I tell you all her wealth. — For you, great king,
[To FRANCE.

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint: ²⁷⁾ which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want ²⁸⁾ that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though, not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Had'st not been born, than not to have pleas'd me
better.

France. Is it but this? ²⁹⁾ a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do? — My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, ³⁰⁾ that stand

Aloof from the entire point. ³¹⁾ Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, thou art most rich, being
poor;

Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!

Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:

Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.

Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st
neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect. —

Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:

Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy

Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me. —

Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind

Thou lovest here, ³²⁾ a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France; let her be thine;
for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see

That face of her's again: — Therefore be gone,

Without our grace, our love, our benison.

Come, noble Burgundy.

[Flourish. Exeunt LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORN-
WALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes

Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;

And, like a sister, am most loath to call

Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father:

To your professed bosoms I commit him:

But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,

I would prefer him to a better place.

So farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your study

Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you

At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,

And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning ³³⁾
hides;

Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.

Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA.

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of
what most nearly appertains to us both. I think,
our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month
with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the
observation we have made of it hath not been little:
he always loved our sister most; and with what
poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears
too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath
ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been
but rash; then must we look to receive from his
age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted
condition, ³⁴⁾ but, therewithal, the unruly wayward-
ness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have
from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit ³⁵⁾ together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i'the heat. ³⁶⁾
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a Letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; ³⁷⁾ to thy law My services are bound: Wherefore should I Stand in the plague of custom; ³⁸⁾ and permit The curiosity of nations ³⁹⁾ to deprive me, ⁴⁰⁾ For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base? When my dimensions are as well compact, My mind as generous, and my shape as true, As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base? Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take More composition and fierce quality, Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed, Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops, Got 'tween asleep and wake? — Well then, Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land: Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund, As to the legitimate: Fine word, — legitimate! Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed, And my invention thrive, Edmund the base Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper: — Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power! ⁴¹⁾
Confin'd to exhibition! ⁴²⁾ All this done
Upon the gad! — — ⁴³⁾ Edmund! How now; what news!

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the Letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? what needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your overlooking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [*Reads.*] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond ⁴⁴⁾ bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should*

enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar. — Humph — Conspiracy! — *Sleep till I waked him — you should enjoy half his revenue,* — My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? — When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! — His very opinion in the letter! — Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! — Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him: — Abominable villain! — Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you ⁴⁵⁾ violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, ⁴⁶⁾ and to no other pretence ⁴⁷⁾ of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. — Heaven and earth! — Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution. ⁴⁸⁾

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business ⁴⁹⁾ as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature ⁵⁰⁾ can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father; the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollownness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves! — Find out this villain, Edmund: it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully: — And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! — Strange! strange! [*Exit.*]

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we

were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, ⁵¹⁾ by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail: and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. — Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar —

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'Bedlam. — O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi. ⁵²⁾

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a content forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key: — If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business. —

[*Exit* EDGAR.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy! — I see the business. —
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit.

[*Exit*.]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter GONERIL and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour He flashes into one gross crime or other, That set us all at odds: I'll not endure it: His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us On every trifle: — When he returns from hunting, I will not speak with him; say, I am sick: — If you come slack of former services, You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within*.]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question: If he dislike it, let him to my sister, Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one, Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man, That still would manage those authorities, That he hath given away! — Now, by my life, Old fools are babes again; and must be used With checks, as flatteries, — when they are seen abus'd. ⁵³⁾

Remember what I have said.

Stew.

Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so: I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, That I may speak: — I'll write straight to my sister, To hold my very course: — Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the same.

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow, That can my speech diffuse, ⁵⁴⁾ my good intent May carry through itself to that full issue For which I raz'd my likeness. — Now, banish'd Kent, If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand condemn'd, (So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st, Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant*.] How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; ⁵⁵⁾ to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish. ⁵⁶⁾

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly; that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. — Dinner, ho, dinner! — Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you, —

[*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. — Where's my fool, ho? — I think the world's asleep. — How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken: for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception; I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, ⁵⁷⁾ than as a very pretence ⁵⁸⁾ and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't. — But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away. ⁵⁹⁾

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. — Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. — Go you, call hither my fool. —

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [Striking him.

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player. [Tripping up his heels.

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wisdom? so. [Pushes the Steward out.

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. [Giving KENT Money.

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too; — Here's my coxcomb.

[Giving KENT his Cap.

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. — How, now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, ⁶⁰⁾ I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when Lady, the brach, ⁶¹⁾ may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest, ⁶²⁾
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest, ⁶³⁾
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. 'Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool. [To KENT.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me, —
Or do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: ⁶⁴⁾ and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching — Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i'the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i'the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one

away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

*Fools had ne'er less grace in a year; ⁶⁵) [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.*

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

*Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.*

'Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o'the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet ⁶⁶) on? Methinks you are too much of late i'the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now: I am a fool, thou art nothing. — Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [to Gon.] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some. —

That's a sheal'd peascod. ⁶⁷) [Pointing to LEAR.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool, But other of your insolent retinue Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth, In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir, I had thought, by making this well known unto you, To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful, By what yourself too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on ⁶⁸) By your allowance; ⁶⁹) which if you should, the fault

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep; Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal, Might in their working do you that offence, Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,

That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left dark-ling. ⁷⁰)

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would, you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught: and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? — Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? — Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied. — Sleeping or waking? —

Ha! sure 'tis not so. — Who is it that can tell me who I am? — Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters. ⁷¹)

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father. ⁷²)

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir;

This admiration is much o'the favour ⁷³)

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you To understand my purposes aright:

As you are old and reverend, you should be wise: Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires; Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold, That this our court, infected with their manners, Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel, Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak For instant remedy: Be then desir'd

By her, that else will take the thing she begs, A little to disquantity your train;

And the remainder, that shall still depend, ⁷⁴)

To be such men as may besort your age, And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils! —

Saddle my horses; call my train together. —

Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;

Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble

Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents, — O, sir, are you come?

Is it your will? [to Alb.] Speak, sir. — Prepare my horses.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend, More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child, Than the sea-monster! ⁷⁵)

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [To GONERIL.

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,

That all particulars of duty know:

And in the most exact regard support

The worships of their name. — O most small fault,

How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!

Which, like an engine, ⁷⁶) wrench'd my frame of nature

From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!

Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[Striking his head.

And thy dear judgment out! — Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant

Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord, — Here, nature, hear;

Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if

Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!

Into her womb convey sterility!

Dry up in her the organs of increase;

And from her derogate body ⁷⁷) never spring

A babe to honour her! If she must teem,

Create her child of spleen; that it may live,

And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;

With cadent tears ⁷⁸) fret channels in her cheeks;

Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits, ⁷⁹)

To laughter and contempt; that she may feel

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is

To have a thankless child! Away, away! [Exit.

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;

But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee! — Life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:

[*To Goneril.*

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. — Blasts and fogs
upon thee!

The untented woundings⁸⁰) of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! — Old fond eyes,
Beweepe this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. — Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so: — Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,

To the great love I bear you, —

Gon. Pray you content. — What, Oswald, ho!

You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take
the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel: — A hundred
knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point,⁸¹) a hundred knights. Yes, that on every
dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. — Oswald, I say! —

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust:⁸²)

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness, — How now,
Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more.⁸³) Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attack'd⁸⁴) for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then —

Alb. Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Court before the same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters:
acquaint my daughter no further with any thing
you know, than comes from her demand out of the
letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be
there before you.⁸⁵)

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have deli-
vered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't
not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall
not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee
kindly:⁸⁶) for though she's as like this as a crab
is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does
to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands
i'the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his
nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may
spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong: —⁸⁷)

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail
has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it
away to his daughters, and leave his horns with-
out a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature. — So kind a father! —
Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason
why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a
pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou wouldest make a good
fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce! —⁸⁸) Monster
ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee
beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, before
thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my
departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut
shorter. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Court within the Castle of the
Earl of Gloster.*

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father;

and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

[Exit.

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best! This weaves itself perforce into my business! My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queazy question, ¹⁾ Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—Brother, a word;—descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night:—Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall? He's coming hither; now, i'the night, i'the haste, And Regan with him; Have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany? Advise yourself. ²⁾

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming, — Pardon me:—In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well. Yield: come before my father; — Light, ho, here!—Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell. —

[Exit EDGAR.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[Wounds his arm.

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards Do more than this in sport. — Father! Father! Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon To stand his auspicious mistress:—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could —

Glo. Pursue him, ho! — Go after. — [Exit Servant.] By no means, — what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship; But that I told him, the revenging gods 'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend; Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond The child was bound to the father:—Sir, in fine, Seeing how loathly opposite I stood To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion, With his prepared sword, he charges home My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm: But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits, Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter, Or whether gasted ³⁾ by the noise I made, Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught; And found — Despatch. — The noble duke my master, My worthy arch ⁴⁾ and patron, comes to-night: By his authority I will proclaim it, That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,

Bringing the murderous coward to the stake; He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent, And found him pight to do it, with curst speech ⁵⁾ I threaten'd to discover him: He replied, *Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think, If I would stand against thee, would the reposal Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny, (As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce My very character,) ⁶⁾ I'd turn it all To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice; And thou must make a dullard of the world, If they not thought the profits of my death Were very pregnant and potential spurs To make thee seek it.*

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain! Would he deny his letter? — I never got him.

[Trumpets within.

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes:

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape; The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture I will send far and near, that all the kingdom May have due note of him; and of my land, Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means To make thee capable. ⁷⁾

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,

(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short, Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life! He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:

It is too bad, too bad. —

Edm. Yes, madam, he was.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected; 'Tis they have put him on the old man's death, To have the waste and spoil of his revenues. I have this present evening from my sister Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions, That, if they come to sojourn at my house, I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan. — Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice; ⁸⁾ and receiv'd This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose, How in my strength you please. — For you, Edmund, Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant So much commend itself, you shall be ours; Natures of such deep trust we shall much need; You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir, Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you, —

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd night. Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize, ⁹⁾

Wherein we must have use of your advice: — Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,

Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; ¹⁰) the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of the house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'the mire.

Stew. 'Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; ¹¹) a whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition. ¹²)

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a sop o'the moonshine of you: Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his Sword.*]

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part, ¹³) against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal: come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, ¹⁴) strike. [*Beating him.*]

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; He dies, that strikes again: what is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,

At suit of his grey beard, —

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! — My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain ¹⁵) into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. — Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain

Which are too intrinse ¹⁶) t'unloose: smooth every passion

That in the nature of their lords rebels;

Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon ¹⁷) beaks

With every gale and vary of their masters,

As knowing nought, like dogs, but following. —

A plague upon your epileptic visage! ¹⁸)

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot. ¹⁹)

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo.

How fell you out?

Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy, Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not. ²⁰)

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or her's.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;

I have seen better faces in my time,

Than stands on any shoulder that I see

Before me at this instant.

Corn.

This is some fellow,

Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,

Quite from his nature: ²¹) He cannot flatter, he! —

An honest mind and plain, — he must speak truth:

An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.

These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,

Than twenty silly ducking observants,

That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,

Under the allowance of your grand aspect,

Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire

On flickering Phœbus' front. — ²²)

Corn.

What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave: which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it. ²³)

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew.

Never any: ²⁴)

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,

To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;

When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,

Tripp'd me behind: being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment²⁵) of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here.²⁶)

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.²⁷)

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you —

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks: ho!
As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till
noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night
too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
[Stocks brought out.]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of: — Come, bring away the
stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemn'd'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs. — Put in his legs. —

[KENT is put in the Stocks.²⁸)
Come, my good lord; away.

[Exeunt REGAN and CORNWALL.]
Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's
pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and tra-
vell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels;
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.
[Exit.]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common
saw!²⁹)

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter! — Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery; — I know, 'tis from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state, — seeking to give
Losses their remedies: — All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy
wheel!
[He sleeps.]

SCENE III.

A part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;³⁰)
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars,³¹) who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks,³²) nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages,³³) sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans,³⁴) sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. — Poor Turlygood! poor
Tom!³⁵)

That's something yet; — Edgar I nothing am.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart
from home,

And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters!³⁶)
Horses are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by
the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by the
legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he
wears wooden nether-stocks.³⁷)

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place
mistook

To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than
murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage:³⁸)

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home,
I did commend your highness' letters to them;
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth

From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission, ³⁹)
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, ⁴⁰) straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly
that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor. —

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours ⁴¹)
for thy daughters, as thou can'st tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother ⁴²) swells up toward
my heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy elements below! — Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. [Exit.]

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you
speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i'the stocks for that
question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach
thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that
follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind
men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can
smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when
a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy
neck with following it; but the great one that goes
up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise
man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again;
I would have none but knaves follow it, since a
fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i'the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick?
they are weary?

They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion! —
Fiery? what quality? why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me,
man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the
dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her
service:

Are they inform'd of this? — — My breath and
blood! —

Fiery? the fiery duke? — Tell the hot duke, that —
No, but not yet: — may be, he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man. — Death on my state! wherefore

[Looking on KENT.]

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,

That this remotion ⁴³) of the duke and her

Is practice only. ⁴⁴) Give me my servant forth:

Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,

Till it cry — *Sleep to death.*

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [Exit.]

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart! — but,
down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the
eels, when she put them i'the paste ⁴⁵) alive; she
rapp'd 'em o'the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd,
Down, wantons, down: 'Twas her brother, that,
in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!
[KENT is set at liberty.]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adulress. — O, are you free?

[To KENT.]

Some other time for that. — Beloved Regan,

Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here, —

[Points to his Heart.]

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,

Of how deprav'd a quality — O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,

Than she to scant her duty. ⁴⁶)

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;

Nature in you stands on the very verge

Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led

By some discretion, that discerns your state

Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,

That to our sister you do make return;

Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear.

Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house? ⁴⁷)

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

Age is unnecessary: ⁴⁸⁾ *on my knees I beg,*

[Kneeling.]

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks: Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart: —
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fye, fye, fye!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on. ⁴⁹⁾

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy tender-hefted nature ⁵⁰⁾ shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes, ⁵¹⁾
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o'the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

[Trumpets within.]

Lear. Who put my man i'the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here. — Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows: —
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have
good hope
Thou didst not know of't. — Who comes here? O,
heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, ⁵²⁾ if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part! —
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard? —

[To GONERIL.]

O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I of-
fended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds, ⁵³⁾
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold? — How came my man i'the
stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement. ⁵⁴⁾

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so. ⁵⁵⁾
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o'the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl, —
Necessity's sharp pinch! — Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot: — Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter ⁵⁶⁾
To this detested groom. [Looking on the Steward.]

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another: —
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle, ⁵⁷⁾
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so —
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard: almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attend-
ance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to
slack you,

We could control them: If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all —

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number: What, must I come to you
With five-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-
favour'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise: — I'll go with thee;

[To GONERIL.]

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;

What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm. — But, for true need, —

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! — No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall — I will do such things, —
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep: —

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep: — O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.]

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*]

Reg. This house
Is little; the old man and his people cannot
Be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put ⁵⁸ himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth: — he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild
night;

My Regan counsels well: come out o'the storm.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Heath.

A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Lightning.
Enter KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you; Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease: tears his white
hair;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear ¹) would
couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-just
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;

And dare, upon the warrant of my art, ²)
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Throng'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings ³) of the dukes;
Or the hard reign which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings; ⁴)
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet ⁵)
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner. — Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to
say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king, (in which
your pain
That way; I'll this:) he that first lights on him,
Holla the other.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the Heath. Storm continues.

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage!
blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing ⁶) fires,
Vaunt couriers ⁷) to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o'the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O, nuncle, court holy-water ⁸) in a dry house
is better than this rain-water out o'door. Good
nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing; here's
a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,

You owe me no subscription; ⁹⁾ why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man: —
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has
a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse; —
So beggars marry many.*

*The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.*

— for there was never yet fair woman, but she
made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I
will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's
a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love
night,

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow ¹⁰⁾ the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue
Thou art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life! — Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, ¹¹⁾ and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. — ¹²⁾ I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in,) return, and force
Their scant'd courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn. —
Come on, my boy; How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself. — Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel,
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit, —
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain, —
Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy. — Come, bring us to
this hovel. *[Exeunt LEAR and KENT.]*

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan. —
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i'the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build; —
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before
his time. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural
dealing: When I desired their leave that I might
pity him, they took from me the use of mine own
house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual dis-
pleasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him,
nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division
between the dukes; and a worse matter than that:
I have received a letter this night; — 'tis dangerous
to be spoken; — I have locked the letter in my
closet: these injuries the king now bears will be
revenged home; there is part of a power already
footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek
him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain
talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him
perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to
bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me,
the king my old master must be relieved. There is
some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be
careful. *[Exit.]*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too: —
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

A part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord,
enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. *[Storm still.]*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord,
enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious
storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear:
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i'the mouth. When the
mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,

Save what beats there. — Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't? — But I will punish home: —
No, I will weep no more. — In such a night
To shut me out! — Pour on; I will endure: —
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril! —
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all, — ¹³⁾
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that. —

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. 'Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. — But I'll go in:
In, boy; go first. — [*To the Fool.*] You houseless
poverty, —

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep. —
[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half!
Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the Hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand. — Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor
Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'the
straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me! —
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. —
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom
the foul fiend hath led through fire and through
flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and
quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow,
and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge;
made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-
horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own
shadow for a traitor: — Bless thy five wits! ¹⁴⁾
Tom's a-cold. — O, do de, do de, do de. — Bless
thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! ¹⁵⁾
Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend
vexes: There could I have him now, — and there,
— and there, — and there again, and there.

[*Storm continues.*]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to
this pass? —

Could'st thou save nothing? Did'st thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had
been all ashamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd
nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters. —
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters. ¹⁶⁾

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's hill; —
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and
madmen.

Edg. Take heed o'the foul fiend: Obey thy parents:
keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with
man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on
proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind;
that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap, ¹⁷⁾
served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the
act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as
I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face
of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust,
and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice,
dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk:
False of heart, light of ear, ¹⁸⁾ bloody of hand;
Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog
in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of
shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor
heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy
hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books,
and defy the foul fiend. — Still through the haw-
thorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, ha no
nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him
trot by. [*Storm still continues.*]

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than
to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity
of the skies. — Is man no more than this? Consi-
der him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the
beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no per-
fume: — Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!
— Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man
is no more than such a poor, bare, forked animal
as thou art. — Off, off, you lendings: — Come, un-
button here. — [*Tearing off his Clothes.*]

Fool. 'Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a
naughty night to swim in. — Now a little fire in a
wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small
spark, all the rest of his body cold. — Look, here
comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he
begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he
gives the web and the pin, ¹⁹⁾ squints the eye, and
makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and
hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold ²⁰⁾ footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a Torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the
toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; ²¹⁾
that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend
rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old
rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of
the standing pool; who is whipped from tything to
tything, ²²⁾ and stocked, punished, and imprisoned;
who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to
his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear, —

*But mice, and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower: — Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou
fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu. ²³⁾

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned The-
ban:—

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death:— Ah, that good
Kent?—

He said it would be thus:— Poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood: he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[Storm continues.]

The grief has craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
I do beseech your grace.—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the
fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words:
Hush.

Edg. Child Rowland ²⁴⁾ to the dark tower came,
His word was still, — Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his
house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that na-
ture thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me
to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your
brother's evil disposition made him seek his death;
but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable
badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must
repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of,
which approves him an intelligent party to the ad-
vantages of France. O heavens! that this treason
were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you
have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of
Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may
be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [Aside.] If I find him comforting the king,
it will stuff his suspicion more fully. — I will per-
severe in my course of loyalty, though the conflict
be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt
find a dearer father in my love. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.

*A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the
Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it
thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what
addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way
to his impatience. — The gods reward your kind-
ness! [Exit GLOSTER.]

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is
an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, inno-
cent, ²⁵⁾ and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. 'Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman
be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to
his son; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son
a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing ²⁶⁾ in upon them:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a
wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's
oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;—

[To EDGAR.]

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [To the Fool.] — Now,
you she-foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Fool. Come o'er the bourn, ²⁷⁾ Bessy, to me:—

Her boat hath a leak,

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice
of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly
for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I
have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:— Bring in the evi-
dence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—

[To EDGAR.]

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To the Fool.]
Bench by his side:— You are of the commission,
Sit you too. [To KENT.]

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shephér?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take

my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of. — Stop her there! Arms, arms, sword, fire! — Corruption in the place! False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! — Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much, They'll mar my counterfeiting. *[Aside.]*

Lear. The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them: — Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym; ²⁸⁾
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market towns: — Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomise Regan, see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts? — You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire; ²⁹⁾ but let them be changed. *[To EDGAR.]*

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so, so: We'll go to supper i'the morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms; I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him: There is a litter ready; lay him in't, And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master: If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life, With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up; And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps: — This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses, Which, if convenience will not allow, Stand in hard cure. Come, help to bear thy master; Thou must not stay behind. *[To the Fool.]*

Glo. Come, come, away.

[Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing off the King.]

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes, We scarcely think our miseries our foes. Who alone suffers, suffers most i'the mind; Leaving free things, ³⁰⁾ and happy shows, behind: But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship. How light and portable my pain seems now, When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;

He childed, as I father'd! — Tom, away:

Mark the high noises; ³¹⁾ and thyself bewray, ³²⁾ When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,

In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.

What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king! Lurk, lurk. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter: — the army of France is landed: — Seek out the villain Gloster.

[Exeunt some of the Servants.]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. — Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister; — farewell, my lord of Gloster. ³³⁾

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence: Some five or six and thirty of his knights, Hot questrists after him, ³⁴⁾ met him at gate; Who, with some other of the lord's dependants, Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND.]

Corn. Edmund, farewell. — Go, seek the traitor Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:

[Exeunt other Servants.]

Though well we may not pass upon his life Without the form of justice; yet our power Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, ³⁵⁾ which men May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms. ³⁶⁾

Glo. What mean your graces? — — Good my friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. *[Servants bind him.]*

Reg. Hard, hard: — O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him: — Villain, thou shalt find — *[REGAN plucks his Beard.]*

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady, These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin, Will quicken, ³⁷⁾ and accuse thee: I am your host; With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours ³⁸⁾ You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore

To Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at thy peril — ³⁹⁾

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course. ⁴⁰⁾

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He help'd the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key;*
All cruels else subscrib'd: — ⁴¹⁾ But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never: — Fellows, hold the chair: —

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*GLOSTER is held down in his Chair, while
CORNWALL plucks out one of his Eyes,
and sets his Foot on it.*]

Glo. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help: — O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance, —

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [*Draws, and runs at him.*]

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Draws. They fight. CORNWALL is wounded.*]

Reg. Give me thy sword. — [*To another Servant.*] A peasant stand up thus!

[*Snatches a Sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*]

Serv. O, I am slain! — My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him: O! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it: — Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?

[*Tears out GLOSTER's other Eye, and throws it on the ground.*]

Glo. All dark and comfortless. — Where's my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons ⁴²⁾ to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo.

O my follies!

Then Edgar was abus'd. —

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover. — How is't, my lord? How
look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt: — Follow me, lady. —
Turn out that eyeless villain; — throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. — Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely come this hurt: give me your arm,

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN; — Servants
unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

1 Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

2 Serv. If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death, ⁴³⁾
Women will all turn monsters.

1 Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2 Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites
of eggs,

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts. — But who comes
here? —

Enter GLOSTER, led by an old Man.

My father, poorly led? — World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee, ¹⁾
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant,
and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all.

Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us; ²⁾ and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. — Ah, dear son, Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, *I am at
the worst?*

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: The worst
is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I'the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;

Which made me think a man a worm: My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard
more since:

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be? —
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*] — Bless thee,
master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then 'pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I'll the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he's mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the
blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*]

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold. — I cannot daub ³⁾ it
further. [*Aside.*]

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must. — Bless thy sweet
eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path.
Poor Tom hath been scar'd out of his good wits:
Bless the good man from the foul fiend! Five fiends
have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obi-*
dicut! *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*,
of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*,
of mopping and mowing; who since possesses cham-
ber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's
plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier: — Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, ⁴⁾ that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. — Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.

*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward meeting
them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way: — Now, where's your master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out: —

What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
[*To EDMUND.*]

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes, on the way,
May prove effects. ⁵⁾ Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a Favour.*]

Decline your head: ⁶⁾ this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air; —
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster!
[*Exit EDMUND.*]

O, the difference of man, and man! To thee
A woman's services are due; my fool
Usurps my bed.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

[*Exit Steward.*]

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle. ⁷⁾

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. — I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, ⁸⁾ perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you maddened.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'Twill come,

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for
shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones: — Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now! —

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead:
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:⁹⁾
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge! — But, O, poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye!

Mess. Both, both, my lord. —
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not so tart. — I'll read, and answer.

[*Exit.*]

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his
eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against
him;
And quit the house on purpose, that their punish-
ment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes. — Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knowest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The French Camp, near Dover.

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone
back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd,
And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any
demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my
presence;

And now and then an ample tear thrill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be the king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day:¹⁰⁾ Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. — In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?¹¹⁾

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name
of father

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;

Cried, *Sisters! sisters! — Shame of ladies! sisters!*

*Kent! father! sisters! What? i'the storm? i'the
night?*

*Let pity not be believed! —*¹²⁾ There she shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes,

And clamour moisten'd: —¹³⁾ then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent.

It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions;¹⁴⁾

Else one self mate and mate could not beget

Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent.

No, since.

Kent. Well, sir; The poor distress'd Lear is i'the
town:

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers

What we are come about, and by no means

Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent.

Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own
unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights

To his dog-hearted daughters, — these things sting

His mind so venomously, that burning shame

Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent.

Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard
not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause¹⁵⁾

Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;

When I am known aright, you shall not grieve

Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go

Along with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Tent.

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now

As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;

Crown'd with rank fumiter,¹⁶⁾ and furrow weeds,

With harlocks,¹⁷⁾ hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow

In our sustaining corn. — A century send forth;

Search every acre in the high grown field,

And bring him to our eye. — [*Exit an Officer.*] — What
can man's wisdom do,

In the restoring his bereaved sense?

He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,

The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,

Are many simples operative, whose power

Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor.

All bless'd secrets,

All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,

Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate,

In the good man's distress! — Seek, seek for him;

Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life

That wants the means to lead it.¹⁸⁾

Enter a Messenger.

Mess.

Madam, news;

The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them. — O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important ¹⁹⁾ tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition ²⁰⁾ doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter REGAN, and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Stew. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himself
In person there?
Stew. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?
Stew. No, madam.
Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?
Stew. I know not, lady.
Reg. 'Faith he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us; Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life; ²¹⁾ moreover, to descry
The strength o'the enemy.
Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.
Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.
Stew. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.
Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might
not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something — I know not what: — I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather —
Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œliads, ²²⁾ and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her bosom.
Stew. I, madam?
Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note: ²³⁾
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's: — You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would
show
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The Country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR, dressed like a Peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same
hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we la-
bour.
Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:
Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glo. No, truly.
Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.
Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I
chang'd,
But in my garments.
Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place; — stand still. —
How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire: dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; ²⁴⁾ her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high: — I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.
Glo. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within
a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.
Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*]
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.
Glo. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him! —
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps, and falls along.*]
Edg. Gone, sir? farewell. —
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: ²⁵⁾ Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past. — Alive, or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend! — Hear you, sir? — speak!
Thus might he pass indeed: — ²⁶⁾ Yet he revives:
What are you, sir?
Glo. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Had'st thou been aught but gossamer, ²⁷⁾
feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou had'st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art
sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.
Glo. But have I fallen, or no?
Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn: ²⁸⁾
Look up a-height; — the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes. —
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:
Up; — So; — How is't? Feel you your legs? You
stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o'the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd, ²⁹) and wav'd like the enridged sea;
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, ³⁰) who make them
honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and, die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts. — But who
comes here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with Flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am
the king himself.

Edg. O, thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. — There's
your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like
a crow-keeper: ³¹) draw me a clothier's yard. —
Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; — this piece
of toasted cheese will do't. — There's my gauntlet;
I'll prove it on a giant. — Bring up the brown
bills. — ³²) O, well-flown, bird! — i'the clout, ³³)
i'the clout: hewgh! — Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril! — with a white beard! — They
flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white
hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there.
To say *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I said! — *Ay*
and *no* too was no good divinity. When the rain
came to wet me once, and the wind to make me
chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my
bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them
out. Go to, they are not men o'their words: they
told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not
ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice ³⁴) I do well re-
member:
Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: What was thy cause?
Adultery. —

Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers. —
Behold you' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head

To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle ³⁵) do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's dark-
ness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding,
stench, consumption; — Fye, fye, fye! pah, pah!
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to
sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought. — Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost
thou squiny at me? ³⁶) No, do thy worst, blind
Cupid; I'll not love. — Read thou this challenge;
mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report; — it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in
your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes
are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet
you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this
world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears:
see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief.
Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-
dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? —
Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur?
There thou might'st behold the great image of au-
thority; a dog's obeyed in office. —
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own
back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs
the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with
gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em: ³⁷)
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not. — Now, now,
now, now:

Pull off my boots: — Harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl, and cry: — I will preach to thee;
mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools; — — This a good
block? —

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him. — Sir, Your most dear daughter — —

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even The natural fool of fortune. — Use me well; You shall have ransome. Let me have a surgeon, I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself? Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,³⁸⁾ To use his eyes for garden water-pots, Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir, —

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom; What? I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king, My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it.³⁹⁾ Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit running; Attendants follow.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch; Past speaking of in a king! — Thou hast one daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that, Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour, How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry Stands on the hourly thought.⁴⁰⁾

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*]

Glo. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me; Let not my worser spirit⁴¹⁾ tempt me again To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame⁴²⁾ by fortune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows, Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand, I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benison of heaven To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy! That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh To raise my fortunes. — 'Thou old unhappy traitor, Briefly thyself remember: —⁴³⁾ The sword is out That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand Put strength enough to it. [*EDGAR opposes.*]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant, Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence; Lest that the infection of his fortune take Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait,⁴⁴⁾ and let poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye,⁴⁵⁾ or ise try whether your costard⁴⁶⁾

or my bat⁴⁷⁾ be the harder: Ch'll be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'll pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter vor your foins.⁴⁸⁾

[*They fight; and EDGAR knocks him down.*]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me: — Villain, take my purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body; And give the letters, which thou find'st about me, To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out Upon the British party: — — O, untimely death!

[*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain; As duteous to the vices of thy mistress, As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you. — Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of, May be my friends. — He's dead; I am only sorry He had no other death's man. — Let us see: — Leave, gentle wax: and, manners, blame us not: To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts; Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] *Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.*

Your wife, (so I would say,) and your affectionate servant,

GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will! —⁴⁹⁾ A plot upon her virtuous husband's life; And the exchange, my brother! — Here, in the sands,

Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified⁵⁰⁾ Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time, With this ungracious paper strike the sight Of the death-practis'd duke: For him 'tis well, That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit EDGAR, dragging out the Body.*]

Glo. The king is mad: How still is my vile sense, That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract: So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs; And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand: Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum. Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A Tent in the French Camp. LEAR on a Bed, asleep; Physician, Gentleman, and others, attending: Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work, To match thy goodness? My life will be too short, And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid. All my reports go with the modest truth; No more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:⁵¹⁾ These weeds are memories⁵²⁾ of those worser hours; I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent: ⁵³⁾
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord. — How does
the king? [To the Physician.

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father! ⁵⁴⁾

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake
him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near. — Louder the music
there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white
flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? ⁵⁵⁾ Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. — He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your
majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o'the
grave: —

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? — Fair
day-light? —

I am mightily abus'd. — I should even die with pity,
To see another thus. — I know not what to say. —
I will not swear, these are my hands: — let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me: —
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray,
weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:

You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great
rage,

You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost. ⁵⁶⁾

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, and
Attendants.

Gent. Holds it true, sir,

That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said,

The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,

His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent

In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.

'Tis time to look about; the powers o'the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,

Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.*

*Enter, with Drums and Colours, EDMUND, REGAN,
Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or, whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving: — bring his constant pleasure. ¹⁾

[To an Officer, who goes out.

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, — but truly, — but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place? ²⁾

Edm. That thought abuses you. ³⁾

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not: —

She, and the duke her husband, — —

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister Should loosen him and me. *[Aside.]*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met. — Sir, this I hear, — The king is come to his daughter, With others, whom the rigour of our state Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest, I never yet was valiant: for this business, It toucheth us as France invades our land, Not bolds the king; ⁴⁾ with others, whom, I fear, Most just and heavy causes make oppose. ⁵⁾

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly. ⁶⁾

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:

For these domestic and particular broils

Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: *[aside]* I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor, Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you. — Speak.

[Exit EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter. If you have victory, let the trumpet sound For him that brought it: wretched though I seem, I can produce a champion, that will prove What is avouched there: If you miscarry, Your business of the world hath so an end, And machination ceases. ⁷⁾ Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it. When time shall serve, let but the herald cry, And I'll appear again. *[Exit.]*

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers. Here is the guess of their true strength and forces By diligent discovery; — but your haste Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. ⁸⁾ *[Exit.]*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love; Each jealous of the other, as the stung Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take? Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd, If both remain alive: To take the widow, Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril; And hardly shall I carry out my side, ⁹⁾ Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use His countenance for the battle; which being done, Let her, who would be rid of him, devise His speedy taking off. As for the mercy Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia, — The battle done, and they within our power, Shall never see his pardon: for my state Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *[Exit]*

SCENE II.

A Field between the two Camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with Drum and Colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exeunt.

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree

For your good host; pray that the right may thrive: If ever I return to you again, I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir!

[Exit EDGAR.

Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away; King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en: Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure Their going hence, even as their coming hither: Ripeness is all: ¹⁰⁾ Come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

The British Camp near Dover.

Enter, in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, EDMUND; LEAR, and CORDELIA, as Prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard; Until their greater pleasures first be known That are to censure them. ¹¹⁾

Cor. We are not the first, Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst. For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down; Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown. — Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison: We too alone will sing like birds i'the cage: When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down, And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live, And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too, — Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out; — And take upon us the mystery of things, As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out, In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones, That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?

He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven, And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes; The gougjeers ¹²⁾ shall devour them, flesh and fell, ¹³⁾ Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve first.

Come. *[Exit* LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note; *[giving a Paper]* go, follow them to prison:

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way To noble fortunes: Know thou this, — that men Are as the time is: to be tender-minded Does not become a sword: — Thy great employment Will not bear question; ¹⁴⁾ either say, thoult do't, Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.

Mark, — I say instantly; and carry it so, As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats; If it be man's work, I will do it.

[Exit Officer.

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,
Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes ¹⁵)
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time,
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness: —
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place. ¹⁶)

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy ¹⁷) may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. — General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good-will. ¹⁸)

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.
[To EDMUND.]

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason: — Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent: [pointing to GON.] — for your
claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoken.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster: — Let the trumpet
sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [throwing down a Glove] I'll
prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg.

Sick, O sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [Aside.]

Edm. There's my exchange: [throwing down a Glove]
what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; ¹⁹) for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[Exit REGAN, led.]

Come hither, herald. — Let the trumpet sound, —
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet. [A Trumpet sounds.]

Herald reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, within the
lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund,
supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold
traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the
trumpet: He is bold in his defence.

Edm. Sound.

[1 Trumpet.]

Her. Again.

[2 Trumpet.]

Her. Again.

[3 Trumpet.]

[Trumpet answers within.]

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o'the trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:

Yet am I noble, as the adversary

I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of
Gloster?

Edm. Himself; — What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,

Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.

Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,

My oath, and my profession; ²⁰) I protest, —

Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,

Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,

Thy valour, and thy heart, — thou art a traitor:

False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;

And, from the extremest upward of thy head,

To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,

A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, No,

This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,

Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;

But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,

And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes, ²¹)

What safe and nicely I might well delay

By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:

Back do I toss these treasons to thy head:

With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;

Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever. — ²²⁾ Trumpets, speak.

[Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.]

Alb. O save him, save him!

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster:
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it: — Hold, sir: —
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil: —
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

[Gives the Letter to EDMUND.]

Gon. Say, if I do: the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for't?

Alb. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.

[Exit GONERIL.]

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.

[To an Officer, who goes out.]

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have
I done;

And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness: — I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince,
I know it well. ²³⁾

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. — List a brief tale; —
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst! —
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,

And top extremity. ²⁴⁾

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father: ²⁵⁾
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb.

But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody Knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of —

Alb. Who, man? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it. ²⁶⁾

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead! —
This judgment ²⁷⁾ of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [Exit Gentleman.]

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O! it is he.
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot! —
Speak, Edmund, where's the king; and where's Cor-
delia? —

See'st thou this object, Kent?

[The Bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in.]

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so. — Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life: — Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send, —
Be brief in it, — to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia: —
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run —

Edg. To whom, my lord? — Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [Exit EDGAR.]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself. ²⁸⁾

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.

[EDMUND is borne off.]

Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms;

EDGAR, Officer, and others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl! — O, you are men
of stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack: — O, she is gone
for ever! —

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth: — Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror? ²⁹⁾

Alb. Fall, and cease! ³⁰⁾

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*

Lear. 'Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever! —
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st? — Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low: an excellent thing in woman: —
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. — Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o'the best: — I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold. ³¹⁾

Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same;
Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too: he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man; —

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay, ³²⁾
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; ³³⁾ all's cheerless, dark,
and deadly. —

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here. —

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come, ³⁴⁾
Shall be applied: For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power: — You, to your rights;

[*To EDGAR and KENT.*

With boot, ³⁵⁾ and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited. — All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. — O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! ³⁶⁾ No, no, no life:
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never! —

Pray you, undo this button: ³⁷⁾ Thank you, sir. —
Do you see this? — Look on her, — look, — her lips, —
Look there, look there! — [*He dies.*

Edg. He faints! — my lord, my lord, —

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates
him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence. — Our present business
Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

[*To KENT and EDGAR.*

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a Dead March.*

XXXV.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*
 PARIS, *a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.*
 MONTAGUE, } *Heads of two Houses, at variance*
 CAPULET, } *with each other.*
 An old Man, *Uncle to Capulet.*
 ROMEO, *Son to Montague.*
 MERCUTIO, *Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to*
Romeo.
 BENVOLIO, *Nephew to Montague, and Friend to*
Romeo.
 TYBALT, *Nephew to Lady Capulet.*
 FRIAR LAWRENCE, *a Franciscan.*
 FRIAR JOHN, *of the same Order.*
 BALTHAZAR, *Servant to Romeo.*

SAMPSON, } *Servants to Capulet.*
 GREGORY, }
 ABRAM, *Servant to Montague.*
 An Apothecary.
 Three Musicians.
 Chorus.
 Boy; *Page to Paris*; PETER; *an Officer.*
 Lady MONTAGUE, *Wife to Montague.*
 Lady CAPULET, *Wife to Capulet.*
 JULIET, *Daughter to Capulet.*
 Nurse to Juliet.
 Citizens of Verona; *several Men and Women, Re-*
lations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards,
 Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE — *during the greater part of the play, in Verona; once in the fifth Act, at Mantua.*

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
 Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
 Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
 The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
 And the continuance of their parents' rage,
 Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
 Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;
 The which, if you with patient ears attend,
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.¹⁾

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A public Place.*

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with Swords and Bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o'my word, we'll not carry coals.²⁾

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move, is — to stir; and to be valiant, is — to stand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave: for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: — therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John.³⁾ Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.⁴⁾

Enter ABRAM and BALTHAZAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say — ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

Gre. Say — better; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. — Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. *[They fight.]*

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. *[Beats down their Swords.]*

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward. *[They fight.]*

Enter several Partizans of both Houses, who join the fray: then enter Citizens, with Clubs.

1 Cit. Clubs, bills, ⁵⁾ and partizans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his Gown; and Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this? — Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch! — Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say! — Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet, — Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel, —
Will they not hear? — what ho! you men, you beasts, —
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons ⁶⁾ to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince. —
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,

To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Exeunt PRINCE, and Attendants; CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad? —
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo! — saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, — underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side, —
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own, —
That most are busied when they are most alone, —
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the further east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pins himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself — I will not say, how true —
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun. ⁷⁾
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. — Come, madam, let's away.

[Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: — What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out. —

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will! ⁸⁾
Where shall we dine? — O me! — What fray was
here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love: —
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is! —
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression. — ⁹⁾
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz. [Going.]

Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, ¹⁰⁾ who she is you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;
But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will: —
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill! —
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man! — And she's fair
I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd, ¹¹⁾
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live
chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair, ¹²⁾
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more: ¹³⁾
These happy masks, ¹⁴⁾ that kiss fair ladies' brows,

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, ¹⁵⁾ but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth: ¹⁶⁾
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part; ¹⁷⁾
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accusom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; ¹⁸⁾ hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me; — go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, [*gives a Paper*] and
to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasures stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET and PARIS.]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written
here? It is written — that the shoemaker should
meddle with his yard, and the taylor with his last,
the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his
nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose
names are here writ, and can never find what names
the writing person hath here writ. I must to the
learned: — In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;

Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;

One desperate grief cures with another's languish:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,

And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plaintain leaf is excellent for that. ¹⁹⁾

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is: Shut up in prison, kept without my food, Whipp'd, and tormented, and — Good e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en. — I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow: I can read. [Reads.]

Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; The lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentine, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly; [gives back the Note] Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine.²⁰) Rest you merry. [Exit.]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st; With all the admired beauties of Verona: Go thither; and, with unattainted eye, Compare her face with some that I shall show, And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires! And these, — who, often drown'd, could never die, — Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by, Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:

But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd Your lady's love²¹) against some other maid That I will show you, shining at this feast, And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head, — at twelve year old, —

I bade her come. — What, lamb! what, lady-bird! — God forbid! — where's this girl? — what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter: — Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret. — Nurse, come back again; I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel. Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, And yet, to my teen²²) be it spoken, I have but four, —

She is not fourteen. — How long is it now To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year, Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen. Susan and she, — God rest all Christian souls! Were of an age. — Well, Susan is with God; She was too good for me: But, as I said, On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen; That shall she, marry; I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years; And she was wean'd, — I never shall forget it, — Of all the days of the year, upon that day:

For I had then laid wormwood to my dug, Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall; My lord and you were then at Mantua: — Nay, I do bear a brain:²³) but, as I said, When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!

To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'was no need, I trow, To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years: For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood, She could have run and waddled all about.

For even the day before, she broke her brow: And then my husband — God be with his soul! 'A was a merry man; — took up the child:

Yea, quoth he, *dost thou fall upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit; Wilt thou not, Jule?* and, by my holy dam,

The pretty wretch left crying, and said — *Ay:* To see now, how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years, I never should forget it; *Wilt thou not, Jule?* quoth he:

And, pretty fool, it stinted,²⁴) and said — *Ay.*

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose but laugh, To think it should leave crying, and say — *Ay:*

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;

A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly. *Yea*, quoth my husband, *fall'st upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;*

Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said — *Ay.*

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd: An I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme I came to talk of: — Tell me, daughter Juliet, How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse, I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, Are made already mothers: by my count, I was your mother much upon these years That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief; The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world — Why, he's a man of wax.²⁵⁾

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast:

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;

Examine every married lineament,

And see how one another lends content;

And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,

Find written in the margin of his eyes.²⁶⁾

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover:

The fish lives in the sea;²⁷⁾ and 'tis much pride,

For fair without the fair within to hide:

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;

So shall you share all that he doth possess,

By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:

But no more deep will I endart mine eye,

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served
up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse
cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity.
I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. — Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Street.

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or
six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.*

Rom. What shall this speech be spoke for our
excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity;²⁸⁾

We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,

Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;

Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke

After the prompter, for our entrance:

But, let them measure us by what they will,

We'll measure them a measure,²⁹⁾ and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,³⁰⁾ — I am not for this
ambling;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,

With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,

So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,

And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,

To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,

I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,

Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down. —

Give me a case to put my visage in:

[*Putting on a Mask.*]

A visor for a visor! — what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?³¹⁾

Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;³²⁾

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase, —

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on, —

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.³³⁾

Mer. 'Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own
word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. — Come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

Take our good meaning: for our judgment sits

Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife;³⁴⁾ and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies³⁵⁾

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

The traces, of the smallest spider's web;

The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams:

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:

Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,

Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.

And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:

On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;³⁶⁾

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,

Then dreams he of another benefice:

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,³⁷⁾

Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon

Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;

And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,

That plats the manes of horses in the night;

And bakes the elf-locks³⁸⁾ in foul sluttish hairs,

Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,

That presses them, and learns them first to bear,

Making them women of good carriage.

This, this is she —

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! — On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

A Hall in Capulet's House. Musicians waiting.

Enter Servants.

1 Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, ³⁹⁾ look to the plate: — good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; ⁴⁰⁾ and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell. — Antony! and Potpan!

2 Serv. Ay, boy; ready.

1 Serv. You are look'd for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 Serv. We cannot be here and there too. — Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all. [They retire behind.]

Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests, and the Maskers.

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have their toes Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you: — Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she, I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now? You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day, That I have worn a visor; and could tell A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, Such as would please; — 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone: You are welcome, gentlemen! — Come, musicians, play.

A hall! a hall! ⁴¹⁾ give room, and foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.]

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up, ⁴²⁾ And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot. — Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet; For you and I are past our dancing days: How long is't now, since last yourself and I Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

1 Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio, Come pentecost as quickly as it will, Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir; His son is thirty.

1 Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright! Her beauty hangs upon ⁴³⁾ the cheek of night Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear: Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows, As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand, And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand. Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight! For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague: — Fetch me my rapier, boy: — What! dares the slave Come hither, cover'd with an antic face, To fleer and scorn at our solemnity? Now, by the stock and honour of my kin, To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe; A villain, that is hither come in spite, To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 Cap. Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone, He bears him like a portly gentleman; And, to say truth, Verona brags of him, To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth: I would not for the wealth of all this town, Here in my house, do him disparagement: Therefore be patient, take no note of him, It is my will; the which if thou respect, Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns, An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest; I'll not endure him.

1 Cap. He shall be endur'd; What, Goodman boy! — I say, he shall; — Go to; — Am I the master here, or you? go to. You'll not endure him! — God shall mend my soul —

You'll make a mutiny among my guests! You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 Cap. Go to, go to, You are a saucy boy: — Is't so, indeed? — This trick may chance to scath you; ⁴⁴⁾ — I know what.

You must contráry me! marry, 'tis time — Well said, my hearts: — You are a princox; go: — ⁴⁵⁾

Be quiet, or — More light, more light, for shame! — I'll make you quiet; What! — Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting, Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting. I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall, Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [Exit.]

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand ⁴⁶⁾

[To JULIET.]

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this, — My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much.

Which mannerly devotion shows in this; For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch, And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*⁴⁷]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, — he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! My life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1 Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.⁴⁸

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night: —

More torches here! — Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, [*to 2 CAP.*] by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name: — if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, JULIET.*]

Nurse. Anon, anon: —

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,

And young affection gapes to be his heir;

That fair,⁴⁹ which love groan'd for, and would die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,

Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;

But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,

And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access

To breathe such vows as lovers us'd to swear;

And she as much in love, her means much less

To meet her new-beloved any where:

But passion lends them power, time means to meet,

Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.

[*He climbs the Wall, and leaps down within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but — Ah me! couple but — ¹) love and dove;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,

When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid — ²)

He heareth not, stirreth not, ³) he moveth not;

The ape is dead, ⁴) and I must conjure him. —

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, ⁵) and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand

Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;

That were some spite: my invocation

Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,

I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night: ⁶)

Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,

And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,

As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone. — ⁷)

Romeo, good night; — I'll to my truckle-bed;

This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:

Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain

To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, ⁸) that never felt a wound. —

[*JULIET appears above, at a Window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun! —

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, ⁹) since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off. —

It is my lady; O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it. —

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks: —

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
[*Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy; —
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title: — Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in
night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and where-
fore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let¹⁰ to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And, but thou love me,¹¹ let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell, compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say — Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.¹²
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops, —

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love —

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say — It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for
mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what pur-
pose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*

I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! — Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night
indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,

Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world:

Nurse. [Within.] Madam!

Jul. I come, anon: — But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee, —

Nurse. [Within.] Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come: —
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul, —

Jul. A thousand times good night! [Exit.]

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy
light. —

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their
books;

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[Retiring slowly.]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! — O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again! ¹³⁾
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet! ¹⁴⁾

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say — good night, till it be morrow.

[Exit.]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast! —

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a Basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning
night,
Checking the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness ¹⁵⁾ like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's
wheels: ¹⁶⁾
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,

The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, ¹⁷⁾ that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth ¹⁸⁾ some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part ¹⁹⁾ cheers each
part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri. *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? —
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right —
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou
been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.
As mine on her's, so her's is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then —
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.²⁰⁾

Fri. Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be? —
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that
Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how
he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed
with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the
ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart
cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft;²¹⁾ And
is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats,²²⁾ I can tell you.
O, he is the courageous captain of compliments.
He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance,
and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two,
and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of
a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of
the very first house, — of the first and second
cause:²³⁾ Ah, the immortal passado! the punto re-
verso! the hay!²⁴⁾

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fan-
tasticoes; these new tuners of accents! — *By Jesu,*
a very good blade! — *a very tall man!* — *a very*
good whore! — Why, is not this a lamentable thing,
grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with
these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *par-*
donnez-moys, who stand so much on the new form,
that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O,
their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring: — O
flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! — Now is he

for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to
his lady, was but a kitchen-wench; — marry, she
had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy;
Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and
harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so, but not to the
purpose. — Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a
French salutation to your French slop.²⁵⁾ You
gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counter-
feit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip;²⁶⁾ Can you not con-
ceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was
great; and in such a case as mine, a man may
strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say — such a case as
yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning — to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.²⁷⁾

Mer. Well said: Follow me this jest now, till thou
hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole
of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wear-
ing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest,²⁸⁾ solely singular for the
singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll
cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase,²⁹⁾
have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose
in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my
whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing,
when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening;³⁰⁾ it is
a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel,³¹⁾ that stretches
from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word — broad:
which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide
a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning
for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Ro-
meo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well
as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great
natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his
bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against
the hair.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it
short: for I was come to the whole depth of my
tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument
no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.³²⁾

Mer. 'Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face;
for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, ³¹) fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the brick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; — For himself to mar, quoth'a? — Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i'faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will invite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

*An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent. —*

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady. ³⁴) [Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.]

Nurse. Marry, farewell! — I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, ³⁵) that was so full of his ropery? ³⁶)

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates: — ³⁷) And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! — Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of beaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee, —

Nurse. Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, — that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell

Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall: Within this hour my man shall be with thee;

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair: ³⁸) Which to the high top-gallant of my joy ³⁹)

Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell! — Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Farewell! — Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! — Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say — Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady — Lord, lord! — when 'twas a little prating thing, — O, there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.]

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. — Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse; In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him: — that's not so. —

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts, Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over low'ring hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours, — yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were dead;

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God, she comes! — O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit PETER.]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse, — O lord! why look'st

thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave a while; —
Fye, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news!
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; — good, good nurse,
speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast
breath

To say to me — that thou art out of breath?
The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied; is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not
he; though his face be better than any man's, yet
his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot,
and a body, — though they be not to be talked on,
yet they are past compare: He is not the flower
of courtesy, — but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a
lamb. — Go thy ways, wench; serve God. — What,
have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before;
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes! what a head
have I?

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces,
My back o' t'other side. — O, my back, my back! —
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I'faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous: — Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? — why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st!
*Your love says like an honest gentleman, —
Where is your mother?*

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil, — Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! — honest nurse, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives ⁴⁰) as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady; — O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the gossomers ⁴¹)
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, ⁴²) more rich in matter than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A public Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, ¹) the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when
he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his
sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no
need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second
cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there
is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be
moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.
Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath
a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou
hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking
nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast
hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy
out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quar-
rels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head
hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrel-
ling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing
in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog
that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not
fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet
before Easter? with another, for tying his new

shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. — Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo, —

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels! an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men: Either withdraw into some private place, Or reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery: Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower; Your worship, in that sense, may call him — man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford No better term than this — Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting: — Villain am I none; Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee; But love thee better than thou canst devise, Till thou shalt know the reason of my love: And so, good Capulet, — which name I tender As dearly as mine own, — be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

A la stoccata ²⁾ carries it away. [Draws.]

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? ³⁾ make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.]

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons: — Gentlemen, for shame Forbear this outrage; — Tybalt — Mercutio — The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying In Verona's streets: — hold, Tybalt — good Mercutio.

[Exeunt TYBALT and his Partizans.]

Mer. I am hurt; —

A plague o' both the houses! — I am sped: Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough. —

Where is my page? — go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world: — A plague o'both your houses! — 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! — Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint. — A plague o'both your houses! They have made worm's meat of me: I have it, and soundly too: — Your houses!

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally, My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf; my reputation stain'd With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour Hath been thy kinsman: — O sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me effeminate, And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead; That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds, Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend; ⁴⁾

This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain! Away to heaven, respective lenity, ⁵⁾

And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now! — ⁶⁾

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again, That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul Is but a little way above our heads, Staying for thine to keep him company; Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here, Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[They fight; TYBALT falls.]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain: — Stand not amaz'd: — the prince will doom thee death, If thou art taken: — hence! — be gone! — away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[Exit ROMEO.]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio? Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 Cit. Up, sir, go with me; I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter PRINCE, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives, and others.

Princ. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl: There lies the man, slain by young Romeo, That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! — O my brother's child! Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spill'd Of my dear kinsman! — Prince, as thou art true, ⁷⁾ For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague. — O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink How nice ⁸⁾ the quarrel was, and urg'd withal Your high displeasure: — All this — uttered With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd, — Could not take truce with the unruly spleen Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast; Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point, And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats Cold death aside, and with the other sends It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,

Hold, friends! friends, part! and swifter than his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points, And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled: But by and by comes back to Romeo, Who had but newly entertain'd revenge, And to't they go like light'ning; for, ere I Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain; And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly; This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague, Affection makes him false, ⁹⁾ he speaks not true: Some twenty of them fought in this black strife, And all those twenty could but kill one life: I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give; Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio; Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend; His fault concludes but what the law should end, The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence, Immediately we do exile him hence: I have an interest in your hates' proceeding, My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding; But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine, That you shall all repent the loss of mine: I will be deaf to pleading and excuses; Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses, Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste, Else, when he's found, that hour is his last. Bear hence this body, and attend our will: Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, Towards Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner As Phaeton would whip you to the west, And bring in cloudy night immediately. — Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night! That run-away's eyes may wink; ¹⁰⁾ and Romeo Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen! — Lovers can see to do their amorous rites By their own beauties: or, if love be blind, It best agrees with night. — Come, civil night, ¹¹⁾ Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,

And learn me how to lose a winning match, Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods: Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks, ¹²⁾ With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold, Think true love acted, simple modesty. Come, night! — Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night Whiter than new snow on ¹³⁾ a raven's back. — Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night, Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die, Take him and cut him out in little stars, And he will make the face of heaven so fine, That all the world will be in love with night, And pay no worship to the garish sun. ¹⁴⁾ O, I have bought the mansion of a love, But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold, Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day, As is the night before some festival To an impatient child, that hath new robes, And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with Cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence. — Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords,

That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse.

Ay, ay, the cords.

[*Throws them down.*]

Jul. Ah me! what news! why dost thou wring thine hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone! —

Alack the day! — he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse.

Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot: — O Romeo, Romeo! — Who ever would have thought it? — Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus? This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*, ¹⁵⁾

And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:

I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;

Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.

If he be slain, say — *I*; or if not, no:

Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes, — God save the mark! ¹⁶⁾ here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,

All in gore blood; — I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart! — poor bankrupt, break at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!

Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;

And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd; and is Tybalt dead?

My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord? —

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!

For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;

Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvis-ravens lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh? —
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers. —
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitae*:
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd
your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name, ¹⁷⁾

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it? —
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:

All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worsen than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo — banished;
That — *banished*, that one word — *banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. ¹⁸⁾ Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or, — if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs, —
Why follow'd not, when she said — Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation ¹⁹⁾ might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished, — to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead: — *Romeo is banished*, —
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound. —
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall
be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords: — Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you: — I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
man;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's
doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanished from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say — death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say — banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona's walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banish'd is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death; — then banishment ²⁰⁾
Is death mis-term'd: calling death — banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, ²¹⁾ and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. — More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: ²²⁾ they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;

But Romeo may not; he is banished:
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished.

And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But — banished — to kill me; banished?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,

A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word — banishment?

Fri. Thou fond madman, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? — Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.²³⁾

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks: good Romeo, hide thyself.
[Knocking within.]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.
[Knocking.]

Fri. Hark how they knock! — Who's there: —
Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken: — Stay a while: — stand up;
[Knocking.]

Run to my study: — By and by: — God's will!
What wilfulness is this! — I come, I come. [Knocking.]
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

Nurse. [Within.] Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand;
I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Fri. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbing and weeping, weeping and blubbing: —
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! — Well, death's the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman. — O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [Drawing his Sword.]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,

By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.
Fye, fye! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,²⁴⁾
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.²⁵⁾
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation. —
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is! —
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.
[Exit Nurse.]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence: Good night; and here stands all
your state;²⁶⁾

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here.
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I; — Well; we were born to die. —
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;

To-night she's mew'd up²⁷⁾ to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender²⁸⁾ Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not. Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed; Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love; And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next — But, soft; What day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,

O' Thursday let it be: — o' Thursday, tell her, She shall be married to this noble earl: — Will you be ready? do you like this haste? We'll keep no great ado: — a friend, or two: — For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late, It may be thought we held him carelessly, Being our kinsman, if we revel much: Therefore we'll have some half-a-dozen friends, And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: — O' Thursday be it then: —

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed, Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day. — Farewell, my lord. — Light to my chamber, ho! Afore me, it is so very late, that we May call it early by and by: — Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day: It was the nightingale, and not the lark, That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear; Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:²⁹⁾ Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn, No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east: Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops; I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I: It is some meteor that the sun exhales, To be to thee this night a torch-bearer, And light thee on thy way to Mantua: Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death; I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye, 'Tis but the pale reflex³⁰⁾ of Cynthia's brow; Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat The vaulty heaven so high above our heads: I have more care to stay³¹⁾ than will to go: — Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so. — How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away; It is the lark that sings so out of tune, Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps. Some say, the lark makes sweet division;³²⁾ This doth not so, for she divideth us: Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes; O, now I would they had chang'd voices too! Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.³³⁾ O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light? — more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber: The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit Nurse.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend. [*ROMEO descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!

I must hear from thee every day i'the hour, For in a minute there are many days: O! by this count I shall be much in years, Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul; Methinks I see thee, now thou art below, As one dead in the bottom of a tomb: Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you: Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit ROMEO.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle: If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him That is renown'd for faith?³⁴⁾ Be fickle, fortune; For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long, But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother? Is she not down so late, or up so early? What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?³⁵⁾

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death? What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears? An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live; Therefore have done: Some grief shows much of love; But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss, I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the villain lives that slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder. God pardon him! I do, with all my heart; And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from³⁶⁾ the reach of these my hands.

'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua, — Where that same banish'd runagate doth live, — That shall bestow on him so sure a draught, That he shall soon keep Tybalt company: And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him — dead —
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd: —
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet — O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd, — and cannot come to him, —
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such
a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
child;

One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time,³⁷ what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris,³⁸ at St. Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by St. Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris: — These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so
yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright. —

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this soft flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, — raging with thy tears, and they with them, —
Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body. — How now, wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you
thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you
have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;

But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic! What is
this?

Proud, — and, I thank you, — and, I thank you
not; —

And yet not proud; — Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face.

La. Cap. Fye, fye! what are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, — get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. — Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
That God had sent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her;
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her! —
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day, night,
late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a man, —
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer — *I'll not wed — I cannot love,*
I am too young, — I pray you, pardon me; —
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]

Jul. O God! — O nurse! how shall this be pre-
vented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? — Comfort me, counsel me. —
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself! —
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.³⁹
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. From my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. To what?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[Exit.]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin — to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times? — Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain. —
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.¹⁾

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society;
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
[Aside.]
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be, shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that
report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, that is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own. —
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?²⁾

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now: —
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion! —
Juliet, on Thursday early I will rouse you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit PARIS.]

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me: Past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,³⁾
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire;⁴⁾ arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art⁵⁾
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, (as the manner of our country is,)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no unconstant toy,⁶⁾ nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.⁷⁾

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall
help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Room in Capulet's House.

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and
Servant.*

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ. —
[Exit Servant.]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.⁸⁾

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try
if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick
his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his
fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone. — [Exit Servant.]
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time. —
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift⁹⁾ with
merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you
been gadding?¹⁰⁾

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon: — Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell;
And gave him what becomed love¹¹⁾ I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I'm glad on't; this is well, — stand up:
This is as't should be. — Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. —
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her: — we'll to church
to-morrow. [Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night; — let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once. — What, ho! —
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wond'rous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best: — But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons¹²⁾
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.]

Jul. Farewell! — God knows, when we shall meet
again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me; —
Nurse! — What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone. —
Come, phial. —
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the county? —
No, no; — this shall forbid it: — lie thou there. —
[Laying down a Dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought. —
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place, —
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,¹³⁾
Lies fest'ring¹⁴⁾ in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort; —
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,¹⁵⁾
So early waking, — what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad; —
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,¹⁶⁾
Environ'd with all these hideous fears?

And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point: — Stay, Tybalt, stay! —
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the Bed.*]

SCENE IV.

Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more
spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the
pastry. ¹⁷⁾

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath
crow'd,

The curfeu bell ¹⁸⁾ hath rung, 'tis three o'clock: —
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere
now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your
time; ¹⁹⁾

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood! — Now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter Servants, with Spits, Logs, and Baskets.

1 Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not
what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1 Serv.*] —
Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said; A merry whoreson! ha,
Thou shalt be logger-head. — Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight,

[*Music within.*]

For so he said he would. I hear him near: —

Nurse! — Wife! — what, ho! — what, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris: — Hie, make haste,
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Juliet's Chamber; JULIET on the Bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! — what, mistress! — Juliet! —
fast, I warrant her, she: —

Why, lamb! — why lady! — fye, you slug-a-bed! —

Why, love, I say! — madam! sweet-heart! — why,
bride! —

What, not a word? — you take your pennyworths
now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little. — God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her: — Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i'faith. — Will it not be?
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you: — Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas! — Help! help! my lady's dead! —
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born! —
Some aqua-vitæ, ho! — my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me! — my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! —
Help, help! — call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the
day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her: — Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me
wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with
Musicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:

O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride: — See, there she lies.
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!

Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this:

O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!

Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown! —

O love! O life! — not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd! —
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity? —

O child! O child! — my soul, and not my child! —
Dead art thou, dead! ²⁰) alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:

Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was — her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But she's best married, that dies married young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:

Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, — and, madam, go with
him; —

And go, sir Paris; — every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS,
and Friar.]

1 Mus. 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be
gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit* Nurse.]

1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's
ease*; O, an you will have me live, play — *heart's
ease*.

1 Mus. Why *heart's ease*?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays —
My heart is full of woe: O, play me some merry
dump, ²¹) to comfort me.

2 Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will
give you the minstrel. ²²)

1 Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger
on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you,
I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

1 Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put
out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-
beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron
dagger: — Answer me like men:

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound; —*

Why, *silver sound*? why, *music with her silver
sound*?

What say you, Simon Catling? ²³)

1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck? ²⁴)

2 Mus. I say — *silver sound*, because musicians
sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?

3 Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I
will say for you. It is — *music with her silver
sound*, because such fellows as you have seldom
gold for sounding: —

*Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

[*Exit, singing.*

1 Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry
for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. ¹)

SCENE I. Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep, ²)
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord ³) sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to
think,)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHAZAR.

News from Verona! — How now, Balthazar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it to you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars! —
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit* BALTHAZAR.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means: — O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary, —
And hereabouts he dwells, — whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,

Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, ⁴⁾ and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said —
An if a man ⁵⁾ did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. —
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?
Rom. Come hither, man. — I see that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh. —
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John. —
Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me, ⁶⁾
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting, that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.
Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it, — here it is again, —
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, ⁷⁾ but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*]

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

*A Churchyard; in it a Monument belonging
to the Capulets.*

*Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing Flowers and
a Torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand
aloof; —

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bri-
dal bed:

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!

[*The Boy whistles.*]

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites?
What, with a torch! — muffle me, night, awhile.

[*Retires.*]

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHAZAR, with a Torch,
Mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching-
iron.

Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring, that I must use
In dear employment: ⁸⁾ therefore hence, be gone: —
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild;

More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will begone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship. — Take thou that:

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the Door of the Monument.*]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin; — with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died, —
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him. —

[*Advances.*]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemn'd villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither. —
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me; — think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. — I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: — O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself:
For I come hither arm'd against myself;
Stay not, be gone; — live, and hereafter say, —
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,⁹⁾
And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,
boy. [*They fight.*]

Page. O Lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.
[*Exit Page.*]

Par. O, I am slain! [*falls.*] — If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith, I will: — Let me peruse this face; —
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris: —
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? — O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave, —
A grave? O, no; a lantern,¹⁰⁾ slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence¹¹⁾ full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.¹²⁾

[*Laying PARIS in the Monument.*]

How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning? —¹³⁾ O, my love, my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there. —
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! — Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps

Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;

And never from this palace of dim night

Depart again; here, here will I remain

With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;

And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

From this world-wearied flesh. — Eyes, look your
last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss,

A dateless bargain to ingrossing death! —¹⁴⁾

Come, bitter conduct,¹⁵⁾ come, unsavoury guide!

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on

The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!

Here's to my love! — [*Drinks.*] O, true apothecary!

Thy drugs are quick. — Thus with a kiss I die.

[*Dies.*]

*Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard, Friar
LAURENCE, with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves? —¹⁶⁾ Who's
there?

Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead? ¹⁷⁾

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;

And fearfully did menace me with death,

If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone: — Fear comes
upon me;

O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,¹⁸⁾
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo? — [*Advances.*]
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre? —
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the Monument.*]

Romeo! O, pale! — Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? — Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance! —

The lady stirs. [*JULIET wakes and stirs.*]

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am: — Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*]

Fri. I hear some noise. — Lady, come from that
nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;

A greater Power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;

And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns;

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;

Come, go, good Juliet, — [*Noise again*] I dare stay
no longer. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. —
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end: —
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after? — I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm!

1 Watch. [*Within.*] Lead, boy: — Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? — then I'll be brief. — O happy
dagger! [*Snatching ROMEO's Dagger.*
This is thy sheath; [*stabs herself*] there rust, and let
me die. [*Falls on ROMEO's Body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch
doth burn.

1 Watch. The ground is bloody; Search about the
churchyard:

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach.
[*Exeunt some.*

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain; —
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried. —
Go, tell the prince, — run to the Capulets, —
Raise up the Montagues, — some others search; —
[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHAZAR.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him in
the churchyard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come
hither.

*Enter another Watchman, with Friar
LAURENCE.*

3 Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and
weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry — Romeo,
Some — Juliet, and some — Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our
ears?

1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris
slain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder
comes.

1 Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's
man;

With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heavens! — O, wife! look how our daugh-
ter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en, — for, lo! his house

Is empty on the back of Montague, —
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.¹⁹⁾

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath;
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience. —
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know
in this.

Fri. I will be brief,²⁰⁾ for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

You — to remove that siege of grief from her, —
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris: — Then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease:
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was staid by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,

At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.

She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man. —
Where's Romeo's man! what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;

And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threatened me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place? —

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's
words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes — that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet. —
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!

See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: —²¹⁾ all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it
brings;

The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:²²⁾

For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*]

XXXVI.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*
 HAMLET, ¹⁾ *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.*
 POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*
 HORATIO, *Friend to Hamlet.*
 LAERTES, *Son to Polonius.*
 VOLTIMAND, }
 CORNELIUS, } *Courtiers.*
 ROSENCRANTZ, }
 GUILDENSTERN, }
 OSRIC, *a Courtier.*
 Another Courtier.
 A Priest.
 MARCELLUS, }
 BERNARDO, } *Officers.*

FRANCISCO, *a Soldier.*
 REYNALDO, *Servant to Polonius.*
 A Captain.
 An Ambassador.
 Ghost of Hamlet's Father.
 FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway.*
 GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother of Hamlet.*
 OPHELIA, *Daughter of Polonius.*
 Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Grave-diggers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE — Elsinore.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.

FRANCISCO on his Post. Enter to him BERNARDO.
 Bernardo.

Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: ²⁾ stand, and unfold Yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
 The rivals of my watch, ³⁾ bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think, I hear them. — Stand, ho! Who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:
 Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
 Give you good night. [Exit FRANCISCO.]

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say.

What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy;
 And will not let belief take hold of him,
 Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
 Therefore I have entreated him, along

With us to watch the minutes of this night;
 That, if again this apparition come,
 He may approve our eyes, ⁴⁾ and speak to it.

Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile;

And let us once again assail your ears,
 That are so fortified against our story,
 What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
 And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
 When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
 Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
 Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
 The bell then beating one, —

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio. ⁵⁾

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like: — it harrows me ⁶⁾ with fear,
 and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
 Together with that fair and warlike form
 In which the majesty of buried Denmark
 Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee,
 speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak: speak, I charge thee, speak.
[Exit Ghost.]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded ⁷⁾ Polack on the ice. ⁸⁾
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead
hour, ⁹⁾

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, ¹⁰⁾ I
know not;

But, in the gross and scope ¹¹⁾ of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that
knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war:
Why such impress of shipwrights, ¹²⁾ whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him,)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law, and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-mart,
And carriage of the article design'd, ¹³⁾
His fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full, ¹⁴⁾
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list ¹⁵⁾ of landless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprize
That hath a stomach in't: ¹⁶⁾ which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state,)
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsory, those 'foresaid lands
So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The source of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage ¹⁷⁾ in the land.

[Ber. I think, ¹⁸⁾ it be no other, but even so:
Well may it sort, ¹⁹⁾ that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was, and is, the question of these wars. ²⁰⁾

Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome, ²¹⁾
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

— — — — —
As, stars, with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; ²²⁾ and the moist star, ²³⁾
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
And even ²⁴⁾ the like precursor of fierce events, —
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on, — ²⁵⁾
Have heaven and earth together démonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen. —]

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me. — Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, ²⁶⁾ or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

Speak of it: — stay, and speak. — Stop it, Marcellus.
[Cock crows.]

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber.

'Tis here!

Hor.

'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone!

[Exit Ghost.]

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air, ²⁷⁾
The extravagant and erring spirit ²⁸⁾ hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, ²⁹⁾ nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in the same.

Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES,
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy, —
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole, —
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: — For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras, —
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Collegued with this dream of his advantage, ³⁰)
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother. — So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras, —
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, — to suppress
His further gait herein; ³¹) in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject: — and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope ³²)
Of these dilated articles ³³) allow.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.
Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we show
our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; What is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: What would'st thou beg,
Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father,
What would'st thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says
Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow
leave,
By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent;
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces: spend it at thy will. —
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son, —

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind. ³⁴)

[*Aside.*]

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i'the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids ³⁵)
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all, that live, must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: ³⁶) But to perséver
In obstinate condolement, ³⁷) is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect ³⁸) to heaven;
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient:
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fye! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; ³⁹) whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And, with no less nobility of love, ⁴⁰)
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain ⁴¹)
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;
I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark. — Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health, ⁴²) that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse ⁴³) the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, Lords, &c. POLONIUS,
and LAERTES.*]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew! ⁴⁴)
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fye on't! O fye! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,

Possess it merely.⁴⁵) That it should come to this!
 But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two;
 So excellent a king; that was, to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr:⁴⁶) so loving to my mother,
 That he might not beteem⁴⁷) the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
 Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
 Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!
 A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
 O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my
 uncle,
 My father's brother; but no more like my father,
 Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married:—O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
 But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant
 ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name⁴⁸)
 with you.

And what make you⁴⁹) from Wittenberg, *Horatio*?—
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir,—
 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so:
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
 To make it truster of your own report
 Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.
 But what is your affair in *Elsinore*?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
 I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*! the funeral bak'd
 meats⁵⁰)

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,⁵¹)

Or ever I had seen that day, *Horatio*!—

My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Where,
 My lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
 I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration⁵²) for a while
 With an attent ear;⁵³) till I may deliver,
 Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
 This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
 In the dead waist and middle of the night,⁵⁴)

Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
 Arm'd at point, exactly, cap-à-pé,
 Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
 Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
 By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,
 Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
 Almost to jelly with the act of fear,⁵⁵)
 Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
 And I with them, the third night kept the watch:
 Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
 The apparition comes: I knew your father;
 These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did:

But answer made it none: yet once, methought,
 It lifted up its head, and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
 But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty,
 To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not
 His face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.⁵⁶)

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
 In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like,
 Very like: Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a
 hundred.

Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzl'd? no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
 A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;
 Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
 I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
 If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
 Let it be tenable in your silence still;
 And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
 Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
 I will requite your loves: So, fare you well:
 Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
 I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell.

[*Exeunt HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.*]

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
[Exit.]

SCENE III.

A Room in Polonius' House.

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute; ⁵⁷⁾
Nor more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, ⁵⁸⁾ and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wild withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: ⁵⁹⁾ but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head: Then if he says, he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his say indeed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd ⁶⁰⁾ importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection, ⁶¹⁾
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid ⁶²⁾ is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart: But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read. ⁶³⁾

Laer. O fear me not.
I stay too long; — But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail, ⁶⁴⁾

And you are staid for: There, my blessing with you;
[Laying his Hand on LAERTES' Head.]
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. ⁶⁵⁾ Give thy thoughts no
tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. ⁶⁶⁾ Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, ⁶⁷⁾ but reserve thy judg-
ment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that. ⁶⁸⁾
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry. ⁶⁹⁾
This above all, — To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee! ⁷⁰⁾

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants
tend. ⁷¹⁾

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia: and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it. ⁷²⁾

Laer. Farewell. [Exit LAERTES.]

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord
Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you: and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted ⁷³⁾ in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more
dearly; ⁷⁴⁾

Or, (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wrangling it thus.) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; ⁷⁵⁾ go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech,
my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, — extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making, —
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;

Set your entreatments ⁷⁶⁾ at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, That he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers ⁷⁷⁾
Not of that die which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds, ⁷⁸⁾
The better to beguile. This is for all, —
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air. ⁷⁹⁾

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws near
the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A Flourish of Trumpets, and Ordnance shot
off, within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes
his rouse, ⁸⁰⁾

Keeps wassel, ⁸¹⁾ and the swaggering up-spring ⁸²⁾
reels;

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind, — though I am native here,
And to the manner born, — it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west, ⁸³⁾
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us, drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute. ⁸⁴⁾

So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion, ⁸⁵⁾
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners; — ⁸⁶⁾ that these
men, —

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star, — ⁸⁷⁾
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,) ⁸⁸⁾
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance often dout, ⁸⁹⁾
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! —
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape, ⁹⁰⁾
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! ⁹¹⁾ why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel, ⁹²⁾
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition, ⁹³⁾
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground: ⁹⁴⁾
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee; ⁹⁵⁾
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?

It waves me forth again; — I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my
lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base ⁹⁶⁾ into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason, ⁹⁷⁾
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation, ⁹⁸⁾
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still: —
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Némean lion's nerve. —

[*Ghost beckons.*]
Still am I call'd; — unhand me, gentlemen; —

[*Breaking from them.*]
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me: — ⁹⁹⁾
I say, away: — Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.*]

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after: — To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A more remote part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghost and HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go
no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood: — List, list, O list! —
If thou didst ever thy dear father love, — —

Ham. O heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings
as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf, ¹⁰⁰)
Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard, ¹⁰¹)
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be: — Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial, ¹⁰²)
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,

Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd: ¹⁰³)
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd; ¹⁰⁴)
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire: ¹⁰⁵)
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [Exit.]

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What
else?

And shall I couple hell? — O fye! — Hold, hold,
my heart;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up! — Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. ¹⁰⁶) Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.

O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables, — ¹⁰⁷) meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:

[Writing.]

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word; ¹⁰⁸)
It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*

I have sworn't.

Hor. [Within.] My lord, my lord, — —

Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet, — —

Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Mar. [Within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come. ¹⁰⁹)

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good, my lord, tell it.

Ham. No;

You will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then; would heart of man
once think it? —

But you'll be secret, — —

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Den-
mark,

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from
the grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:

You, as your business, and desire, shall point you; —
For every man hath business, and desire,
Such as it is, — and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes, 'Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio, And much offence too. Touching this vision here, — It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you; For your desire to know what is between us, O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends, As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers, Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord? We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?

Come on, — you hear this fellow in the cellarage, — Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen, Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground: — Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Swear by my sword,

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i'the earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer! — Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come; — —

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on, —

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, *Well, well, we know;* — or, *We could, and*

if we would; — or, *If we list to speak;* — or,

There be, an if they might; —

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me: — This do you swear, ¹¹⁰)

So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! ¹¹¹) So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you:

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint; — O cursed spite!

That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Room in Polonius' House.

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquiry Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir, Inquire me first what Danskers ¹) are in Paris; And how, and who, what means, and where they keep, What company, at what expence; and finding, By this encompassment and drift of question, That they do know my son, come you more nearer Than your particular demands will touch it: Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him; As thus, — *I know his father, and his friends, And, in part, him;* — Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. *And, in part, him;* — but, you may say, not well:

But, ift be he I mean, he's very wild;

Addicted so and so; — and there put on him

What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As are companions noted and most known

To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling, Drabbing: — You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge. You must not put another scandal on him, ²)

That he is open to incontinency;

That's not my meaning: ³) but breathe his faults so quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty:

The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;

A savageness ⁴) in unreclaimed blood,

Of general assault. ⁵)

Rey. But, my good lord, — —

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:

You laying these slight sullies on my son,

As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'the working,

Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,

Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes, ⁶)

The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,

He closes with you in this consequence;

Good sir, or so; or *friend,* or *gentleman,* —

According to the phrase, or the addition,

Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this, — He does —

What was I about to say? By the mass, I was about to say something: — Where did I leave?

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence, — *Ay, marry;*
He closes with you thus: — *I know the gentleman;*
I saw him yesterday, or, t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse:
There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
(Videlicet, a brothel,) or so forth. —

See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out;
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?

Reg. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Reg. Good my lord, — —

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself. ⁷⁾

Reg. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him play his music.

Reg. Well, my lord.
[Exit.]

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell! — How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, — with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle; ⁸⁾
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors, — he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last, — a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down, —
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk, ⁹⁾
And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o'doors he went without their helps, ¹⁰⁾
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes itself, ¹¹⁾
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry, —
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heed, and judgment,
I had not quoted him: ¹²⁾ I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. ¹³⁾ Come, go we to the king:

This must be known; which, being kept close, might
move

More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. ¹⁴⁾
Come.
[Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,
and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guilden-
stern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That, — being of so young days brought up with
him;

And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and hu-
mour, —

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry, ¹⁵⁾ and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope, ¹⁶⁾
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent, ¹⁷⁾
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guilden-
stern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosen-
crantz:

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. — Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[Exit ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and
some Attendants.]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy ¹⁸⁾ so sure
As it hath us'd to do,) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit ¹⁹⁾ to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.
[Exit POLONIUS.]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him. — Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd, —
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand, — ²⁰⁾ sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay ²¹⁾ of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[Gives a Paper.]

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprize;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home!

[Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.]

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate ²²⁾
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, — since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes, —
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad:
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.

I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather, and surmise.
— To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most
beautified Ophelia, —
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautified* is a vile
phrase; but you shall hear. — Thus: —
In her excellent white bosom, these, &c. —

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful. —

*Doubt thou, the stars are fire; [Reads.]
Doubt, that the sun doth move:
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.*

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I
have not art to reckon my groans: but that I
love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:
And more above, ²³⁾ hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? ²⁴⁾ no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus did I bespeak;
*Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere;
This must not be:* and then I precepts gave her, ²⁵⁾
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice; ²⁶⁾
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that,)

That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:

[Pointing to his head and shoulder.]

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours
together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch
comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;

I'll board him ²⁷⁾ presently: — O, give me leave. —

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.*]

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-'a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord?

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion, — — Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'the sun: conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive, — friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter: — yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again. — What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord?

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be ²⁸⁾ as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in it. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out of the air. — How pregnant sometimes his replies are! ²⁹⁾ a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. — My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ ³⁰⁾ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir!

[*To POLONIUS.*]

[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

Guil. My honour'd lord! —

Ros. My most dear lord! —

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you: for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; ³¹⁾ and our monarchs, and out-stretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. ³²⁾ Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing — but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you?

[*To GUILDENSTERN.*]

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you; ³³⁾ [*aside*] — if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moults no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other

thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! ³⁴⁾ in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there is no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, *Man delights not me?*

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment ³⁵⁾ the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; ³⁶⁾ and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o'the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, ³⁷⁾ or the blank verse shall halt for't. — What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? ³⁸⁾ their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an aiery of children, ³⁹⁾ little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, ⁴⁰⁾ and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them,) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted? ⁴¹⁾ Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? ⁴²⁾ will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better, their writers do them wrong, ⁴³⁾ to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy: ⁴⁴⁾ there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too. ⁴⁵⁾

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle ⁴⁶⁾ is king of Denmark; and those, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. ⁴⁷⁾ 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of Trumpets within.*]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply ⁴⁸⁾

with you in this garb: lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw. ⁴⁹⁾

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern, — and you too; — at each ear a hearer; that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

Ros. Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. — You say right, sir: o'Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome, —

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour, —

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass, —

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical, historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, ⁵⁰⁾ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O *Jephthah, judge of Israel*, — what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why — *One fair daughter, and no more, The which he loved passing well.*

Pol. Still on my daughter. [Aside.]

Ham. Am I not i'the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, *As by lot, God wot*, ⁵¹⁾ and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was*, — The first row of the pious chanson ⁵²⁾ will show you more: for look, my abridgment ⁵³⁾ comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all: — I am glad to see thee well: — welcome, good friends. — O, old friend! why, thy face is valanced ⁵⁴⁾ since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard me ⁵⁵⁾ in Denmark? — What! my young lady and mistress! By-'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. ⁵⁶⁾ Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. — ⁵⁷⁾ Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: We'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, — but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: ⁵⁸⁾ but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine,) ⁵⁹⁾ an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember,

one said, there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection; ⁶⁰) but called it, an honest method, ⁶¹) as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast, — 'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

*The rugged Pyrrhus, — he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; ⁶²) horridly trick'd ⁶³)
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'er-siz'd with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks; — So proceed you.*

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1 Play. Anon he finds him

*Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives: in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel his blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i'the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.*

*But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam. —*

*Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!*

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. — 'Pr'ythee, say on: — He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps: — say on: come to Hecuba.

1 Play. *But who, ah woe! had seen the mobled queen — — ⁶⁴)*

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; the mobled queen is good.

1 Play. *Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames*

*With bisson rheum; ⁶⁵) a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:*

*But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all,)
Would have made milch the burning eye of heaven,
And passion in the gods.*

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. — 'Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. — Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, much better: Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping! Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[Exit POLONIUS, with some of the Players.]

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. — Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. — Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [Exit Player.] My good friends, [to Ros. and GUIL.] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

[Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you: — Now I am alone. O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I! Is it not monstrous, that this player here, But in a fiction, in a dream of passion, Could force his soul so to his own conceit, That from her working, all his visage wann'd; Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect, A broken voice, and his whole function suiting With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing! For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, That he should weep for her? What would he do, Had he the motive and the cue for passion, ⁶⁶) That I have? He would drown the stage with tears, And cleave the general ear with horrid speech; Make mad the guilty, and appal the free, Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed, The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak, Like John a-dreams, ⁶⁷) unpregnant of my cause, ⁶⁸) And can say nothing; no, not for a king, Upon whose property, and most dear life, A damn'd defeat was made. ⁶⁹) Am I a coward? Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across? Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face? Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i'the throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this? Ha!

Why, I should take it: for it cannot be, But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,

I should have fatted all the region kites
 With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless ⁷⁰)
 villain!
 Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
 That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
 A scullion!
 Fye upon't! foh! About my brains! ⁷¹) Humph! I
 have heard,
 That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
 Have by the very cunning of the scene
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father,
 Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
 I'll tent him ⁷²) to the quick; if he do blench, ⁷³)
 I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
 May be a devil: and the devil hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
 Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with such spirits,)
 Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
 More relative than this: ⁷⁴) The play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of conference
 Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;
 Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
 With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
 But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
 But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
 When we would bring him on to some confession
 Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
 Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
 To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
 We o'er-raught on the way: ¹) of these we told him;
 And there did seem in him a kind of joy
 To hear of it: They are about the court;
 And, as I think, they have already order
 This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
 And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
 To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
 To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
 And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]
King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
 For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;

That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
 Affront Ophelia: ²)

Her father, and myself (lawful espials) ³)
 Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
 We may of their encounter frankly judge;
 And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
 If't be the affliction of his love or no,
 That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
 And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
 That your good beauties be the happy cause
 Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope, your virtues
 Will bring him to his wonted way again,
 To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

[Exit QUEEN.]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here: — Gracious, so please
 you,

We will bestow ourselves: — Read on this book;
 [To OPHELIA.]

That show of such an exercise may colour
 Your loneliness. — We are oft to blame in this, —
 'Tis too much prov'd, ⁴) that, with devotion's visage,
 And pious action, we do sugar o'er
 The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true! how smart
 A lash that speech doth give my conscience!
 The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
 Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it, ⁵)
 Than is my deed to my most painted word:
 O heavy burden!

[Aside.]

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.

[Exit KING and POLONIUS.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question: —
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them? — To die, — to sleep, —
 No more; — and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, — 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die; — to sleep; —
 To sleep! perchance to dream; — ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, ⁶)
 Must give us pause: There's the respect, ⁷)
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, ⁸)
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? ⁹) who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
 But that the dread of something after death, —
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, — puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action. — Soft you, now!
 The fair Ophelia: — Nymph, in thy orisons ¹⁰)
 Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
 How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you
did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, you should ¹¹⁾
admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce
than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will
sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd,
than the force of honesty can translate beauty into
his likeness; ¹²⁾ this was some time a paradox, but
now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me: for virtue
cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish
of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'st thou
be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent
honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things,
that it were better, my mother had not borne me:
I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more
offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put
them in, ¹³⁾ imagination to give them shape, or time
to act them in: What should such fellows as I do
crawling between earth and heaven! We are arrant
knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a
nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he
may play the fool no where but in's own house.
Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague
for thy dowry; Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure
as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee
to a nunnery; farewell: Or, if thou wilt needs marry,
marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what
monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go;
and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well
enough; God hath given you one face, and you
make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and
you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make
your wantonness your ignorance: ¹⁴⁾ Go to, I'll no
more oft; it hath made me mad. I say, we will
have no more marriages: those that are married
already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep
as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit HAMLET.*]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form, ¹⁵⁾
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatched'd form and feature of blown youth,

Blasted with ecstasy: ¹⁶⁾ O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger: Which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down; He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well; but yet I do believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. — How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all. — My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen-mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief; let her be round with him; ¹⁷⁾
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference: If she find him not,
To England send him: or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the same.

Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pro-
nounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if
you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as
lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw
the air too much with your hand, thus: but use all
gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I
may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must ac-
quire and beget a temperance, that may give it
smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear
a robustious periwig-pated ¹⁸⁾ fellow tear a passion
to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the
groundlings; ¹⁹⁾ who, for the most part, are capable
of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise;
I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing
Termagant; ²⁰⁾ it out-herods Herod: ²¹⁾ 'Pray you,
avoid it.

¹ *Play.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame, neither, but let your own
discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word,
the word to the action; with this special observance,
that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature; for
any thing so overdone is from the purpose of play-
ing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was,
and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to na-
ture; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her
own image, and the very age and body of the time,
his form and pressure. ²²⁾ Now this, overdone, or
come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh,
cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure
of which one, ²³⁾ must, in your allowance, ²⁴⁾ o'er-
weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be
players, that I have seen play, — and heard others
praise, and that highly, — not to speak it profanely,
that, neither having the accent of christians, nor

the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Play*. I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: ²⁵) for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. —

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord, —

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter: For what advancement may I hope from thee, That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits, To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp; And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, ²⁶) Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear? Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice, And could of men distinguish her election, She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing; A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those, Whose blood and judgment ²⁷) are so well commingled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger To sound what stop she please: Give me that man That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart, As I do thee. — Something too much of this. — There is a play to-night before the king; One scene of it comes near the circumstance, Which I have told thee of my father's death. I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot, Even with the very comment of thy soul Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt Do not itself unkennel in one speech, It is a damned ghost that we have seen; And my imaginations are as foul As Vulcan's stithy. ²⁸) Give him heedful note: For I mine eyes will rivet to his face; And, after, we will both our judgments join In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:

If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing, And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:

Get you a place.

Danish March. A Flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i'faith; of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. ²⁹) My lord, — you played once in the university, you say? [*To* POLONIUS.]

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i'the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there. — Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*To the KING.*]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at OPHELIA's Feet.* ³⁰)]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maid's legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. ³¹) O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse: ³²) whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Trumpets sound. The dumb Show follows. ³³)

*Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but, in the end, accepts his love. [*Exeunt.*]*

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief. ³⁴)

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: Be not you ashamed to show, ³⁵⁾ he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. *For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.*

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a KING and a QUEEN.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart ³⁶⁾ gone round

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen, ³⁷⁾
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journies may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women fear too much, even as they love;
And women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;

My operant powers ³⁸⁾ their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou — —

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances, ³⁹⁾ that second marriage move,

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak;

But, what we do determine, oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.

Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt: ⁴⁰⁾
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy: ⁴¹⁾
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,

Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:

For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;

And who in want a hollow friend doth try,

Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun, —

Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,

That our devices still are overthrown;

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:

So think thou wilt no second husband wed;

But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!

Sport and repose lock from me, day, and night!

To desperation turn my trust and hope!

An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope! ⁴²⁾

Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,

Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!

Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now, — —

[*To OPHELIA.*

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile

The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;

And never come mischance between us twain!

[*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i'the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. ⁴³⁾ Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder, done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung. —

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. — Begin, murderer; — leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come; — —

— The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic and dire property,

On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the Poison into the Sleeper's ears.*

Ham. He poisons him i'the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frightened with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light: — away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.*]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

Thus runs the world away. —

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, ⁴⁴⁾
(if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk ⁴⁵⁾ with me,
with two Provencial roses on my razed ⁴⁶⁾ shoes,
get me a fellowship in a cry of players, ⁴⁷⁾ sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I. ⁴⁸⁾

For thou dost know, O Damon dear, ⁴⁹⁾

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very — peacock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word
for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning, — —

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha! — Come, some music; come, the
recorders. —

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike, — ⁵⁰⁾ he likes it not, perdy. ⁵¹⁾

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some music.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir, — —

Ham. Ay sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir? ⁵²⁾

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer,
to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him
to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into
more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some
frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir: — pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of
the right breed. If it shall please you to make me
a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall
be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's
diseased: But, sir, such answer as I can make, you
shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother:
therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother,
you say, — —

Ros. Then thus she says; Your behaviour hath
struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a
mother! — But is there no sequel at the heels of
this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet,
ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.
Have you any further trade ⁵³⁾ with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers. ⁵⁴⁾

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice
of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but, *While the grass grows*, —
the proverb is something musty. ⁵⁵⁾

Enter the Players, with Recorders. ⁵⁶⁾

O, the recorders: — let me see one. — To withdraw with you: — ⁵⁷⁾ Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages ⁵⁸⁾ with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. S'blood, do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by. — They fool me to the top of my bent. — ⁵⁹⁾ I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

Ham. By and by is easily said. — Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt ROS. GUIL. HOR. &c.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot
blood,

And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother. —
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words soever she be shent, ⁶⁰⁾
To give them seals ⁶¹⁾ never, my soul, consent!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the same.

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes. ⁶²⁾

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil. We will haste us.
[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself, ⁶³⁾
To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him
home:

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. ⁶⁴⁾ Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder! — Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will; ⁶⁵⁾
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force, —
'To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder! —
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence? ⁶⁶⁾
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above:

There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent? ⁶⁷⁾
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul; ⁶⁸⁾ that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of
steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well! [Retires, and kneels.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't; — and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd: ⁶⁹⁾
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent: ⁷⁰⁾
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven:
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. ⁷¹⁾ My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.]

The KING rises, and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home
to him:
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear
with;
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here. ⁷²⁾
Pray you, be round with him.

Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not: — withdraw, I hear him coming.
[POLONIUS hides himself.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And, — 'would it were not so! — you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!

Ham. How now! a rat?
[*Draws.*]

Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[*HAMLET makes a pass through the Arras.*]

Pol. [*Behind.*] O, I am slain.

[*Falls, and dies.*]

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:

Is it the king?

[*Lifts up the Arras, and draws forth POLONIUS.*]

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed; — almost as bad, good mother, As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king! ⁷³⁾

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word. — Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

[*To POLONIUS.*]

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:

Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger. —

Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit you down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;

Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows

As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed

As from the body of contraction ⁷⁴⁾ plucks

The very soul; and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,

With tristful visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me, what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index? ⁷⁵⁾

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this; ⁷⁶⁾

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow:

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;

A station like the herald Mercury, ⁷⁷⁾

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

A combination, and a form, indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

To give the world assurance of a man:

This was your husband. — Look you now, what follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And batten ⁷⁸⁾ on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

You cannot call it love: for, at your age,

The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment

Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,

Else, could you not have motion: ⁷⁹⁾ But, sure, that sense

Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;

Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,

But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,

To serve in such a difference. What devil was't, That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind? ⁸⁰⁾

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,

Or but a sickly part of one true sense

Could not so mope. — *)

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones, ⁸¹⁾

To flaming youth, let virtue be as wax,

And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,

When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;

Since frost itself as actively doth burn,

And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;

And there I see such black and grained ⁸²⁾ spots,

As will not leave their tinct. ⁸³⁾

Ham. Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed; ⁸⁴⁾

Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love

Over the nasty sty; — —

Queen. O, speak to me no more;

These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;

No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain:

A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe

Of your precedent lord: — a vice of kings: ⁸⁵⁾

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,

And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king

Of shreds and patches: — ⁸⁶⁾

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,

You heavenly guards! — What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,

That, laps'd in time and passion ⁸⁷⁾ lets go by

The important acting of your dread command?

O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:

O, step between her and her fighting soul;

Conceit in weakest bodies ⁸⁸⁾ strongest works:

Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,

And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;

And as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,

Your bedded hair, like life in excrements, ⁸⁹⁾

Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper

Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him! — Look you, how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

Would make them capable. — ⁹⁰⁾ Do not look upon me;

Lest, with this piteous action, you convert

My stern effects: ⁹¹⁾ then what I have to do

Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he liv'd!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[Exit Ghost.]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness,
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past: avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost ²²⁾ on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb ²³⁾ and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night:
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy:
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wond'rous potency. Once more, good night;
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you. — For this same lord,

[Pointing to POLONIUS.]

I do repent: but heaven has pleas'd it so, —
To punish me with this, and this with me, ²⁴⁾
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind. —
But one word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king ²⁵⁾ tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse; ²⁶⁾
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses, ²⁷⁾
Or paddling in your neck with his damp'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know:
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib, ²⁸⁾
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, ²⁹⁾ in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; ¹⁰⁰⁾ you know that?

Queen. Alack,
I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two school-fellows, —

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd, — ¹⁰¹⁾
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist ¹⁰²⁾ with his own petar: and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet. — ¹⁰³⁾
This man shall set me packing.

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room: —
Mother, good night. — Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you: ¹⁰⁴⁾
Good night, mother.

[Exeunt severally; HAMLET dragging in POLONIUS.]

ACT IV. ¹⁾

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs; these profound
heaves;

You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them:
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while. —
[To ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN,
who go out.]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, ²⁾ *A rat! a rat!*
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt, ³⁾
This mad young man: but, so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,
Among a mineral ⁴⁾ of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. — Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:

Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.*]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,⁵⁾
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless heir.—O come away!
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. — — Safely stowed, — [*ROSEN. &c. within.*
Hamlet! lord Hamlet!] But soft,—what noise? who
calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead
body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine
own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—what
replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance,
his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do
the king best service in the end: He keeps them,
like an ape,⁶⁾ in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed,
to be last swallowed: When he needs what you
have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge,
you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps in
a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body
is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is
not with the body. The king is a thing — —

GUIL. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and
all after.⁷⁾ [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter KING, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose?
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your
pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten:
a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at
him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet:
we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat
ourselves for maggots: Your fat king, and your
lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes,
but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath
eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of
that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may
go a progress⁸⁾ through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your mes-
senger find him not there, seek him i'the other place
yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within
this month, you shall nose him as you go up the
stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*]

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, — must send thee
hence

With fiery quickness: Therefore, prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,⁹⁾
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them. — But, come;
for England! — Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: Father and mother is man and
wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.
Come, for England. [*Exit.*]

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed
aboard;

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:
Away; for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: Pray you, make haste.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set¹⁰⁾
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps,¹¹⁾ my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

A Plain in Denmark.

Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;

Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye, ¹²⁾
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Forces.]

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir,
I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who
Commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand
ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace;
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. — I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi'you, sir. [Exit Captain.]

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before.
[Exeunt ROS. and GUIL.]

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time, ¹³⁾
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse, ¹⁴⁾
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple ¹⁵⁾
Of thinking too precisely on the event, —
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part
wisdom,

And, ever, three parts coward, — I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do*;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness, this army of such mass, and charge,
Let by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event:
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument: ¹⁶⁾
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot ¹⁷⁾
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,

Which is not tomb enough, and continent, ¹⁸⁾
To hide the slain? — O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

Enter QUEEN and HORATIO.

Queen. — — I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she
hears,

There's tricks i'the world; and hems, and beats
her heart;

Spurns enviously at straws; ¹⁹⁾ speaks things in
doubt,

That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to collection; ²⁰⁾ they aim at it, ²¹⁾
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield
them,

Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily. ²²⁾

Queen. 'Twere good, she were spoken with; for
she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:

Let her come in. [Exit HORATIO.]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss: ²³⁾
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. *How should I your true love know* ²⁴⁾
From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal skoon. ²⁵⁾ [Singing.]

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady, [Sings.]
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia, — —

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow, [Sings.]

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. *Larded* ²⁶⁾ *all with sweet flowers;*
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God'ield you! ²⁷⁾ They say, the owl
was a baker's daughter. ²⁸⁾ Lord, we know what
we are, but know not what we may be. God be
at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when
they ask you what it means, say you this:

*Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:*

*Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,²⁹⁾
And dupp'd the chamber door; "³⁰⁾
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't

*By Gis,³⁰⁾ and by Saint Charity,³¹⁾
Alack, and fye for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock,³²⁾ they are to blame.*

*Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:*

[He answers.]

*So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.*

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should lay him i'the cold ground: My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies! good night, good night. [Exit.]

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [Exit HORATIO.]

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death: and now behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: The people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and
whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but
greenly,³³⁾

In hugger-mugger to inter him:³⁴⁾ Poor Ophelia
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France:
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece,³⁵⁾ in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [A Noise within.]

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend.

Where are my Switzers?³⁶⁾ Let them guard the door:

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,³⁷⁾
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, *Choose we; Laertes shall be king!*

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter,³⁸⁾ you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [Noise within.]

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king? — Sirs, stand you all without.

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will.

[They retire without the door.]

Laer. I thank you: — keep the door. — O thou vile king,

Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow³⁹⁾
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like? —

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. — Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd; — Let him go, Gertrude; —

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I stand, —
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:

And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;

And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,⁴⁰⁾
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [Within.] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with Straws and Flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye! —
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia! —
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves. ⁴¹⁾

Oph. *They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear; —*

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade
revenge, It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call
him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it! ⁴²⁾
It is the false steward, that stole his master's
daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; ⁴³⁾
pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's
for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and re-
membrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines: —
there's rue for you; and here's some for me: — we
may call it, herb of grace o'Sundays: — you may
wear your rue with a difference. — ⁴⁴⁾ There's a
daisy: — I would give you some violets; but they
withered all, when my father died: — They say,
he made a good end, —

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy, —
[Sings.]

Laer. Thought and affliction, ⁴⁵⁾ passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?* [Sings.]
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

*His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
God 'a mercy on his soul!*

And of all Christian souls! ⁴⁶⁾ I pray God. God
be wi' you! [Exit OPHELIA.]

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral, —
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones. ⁴⁷⁾
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation, —
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the same.

Enter HORATIO, and a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir;

They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in. —

[Exit Servant.]

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a
letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador
that was bound for England; if your name be Ho-
ratio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [Reads.] *Horatio, when thou shalt have over-
looked this, give these fellows some means to the
king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two
days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appoint-
ment gave us chase: Finding ourselves too slow
of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in
the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they
got clear of our ship; so I alone became their
prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves
of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to
do a good turn for them. Let the king have the
letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with
as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have
words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb;
yet are they much too light for the bore of the
matter. ⁴⁸⁾ These good fellows will bring thee
where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold
their course for England; of them I have much
to tell thee. Farewell.*

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the same.

Enter KING and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance
seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears: — But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his
mother,

Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender ⁴⁹⁾ bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,

Work like the spring ⁵⁰) that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again, ⁵¹)
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections: — But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must
not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine, —
How now? what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not;
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them: —
Leave us. *[Exit Messenger.]*

[Reads.] *High and mighty, you shall know, I
am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall
I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall,
first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the
occasion of my sudden and more strange return.*
Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked,* —
And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone:*
Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so? how otherwise? —
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd, —
As checking at his voyage, ⁵²) and that he means
No more to undertake it, — I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege. ⁵³)

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,

Importing health and graveness. — ⁵⁴) Two months
since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy, —
I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence, ⁵⁵)
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers ⁵⁶) of their
nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.

Now, out of this, —

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your
father;

But that I know, love is begun by time; ⁵⁷)
And that I see, in passages of proof, ⁵⁸)
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.

There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too-much: That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would*
changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. ⁵⁹) But, to the quick o'the
ulcer:

Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself in deed your father's son
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber:
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, ⁶⁰) and, in a pass of practice, ⁶¹)
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,

Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death. ⁶²⁾

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape: ⁶³⁾ if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. ⁶⁴⁾ Soft; — let me
see: —

We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings, —
I ha't:

When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him ⁶⁵⁾
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck, ⁶⁶⁾
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: — Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the grassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal ⁶⁷⁾ shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them;
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress, ⁶⁸⁾
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out. — ⁶⁹⁾ Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. *[Exit.]*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude;
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Church-yard.

Enter two Clowns, with Spades, &c.

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in christian burial, that
wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is; therefore make her grave
straight: ¹⁾ the crowner hath set on her, and finds
it christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned her-
self in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else.
For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly,
it argues an act: and an act hath three branches;
it is, to act, to do, and to perform: ²⁾ Argal, she
drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, Goodman delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good:
here stands the man; good: If the man go to this
water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he
goes; mark you that: but if the water come to
him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal,
he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens
not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry is't; crowner's quest law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had
not been a gentlewoman, she should have been
buried out of christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st: And the more
pity; that great folks shall have countenance in
this world to drown or hang themselves, more than
their even christian. ³⁾ Come, my spade. There is
no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and
grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou un-
derstand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam
dugged; Could he dig without arms? I'll put an-
other question to thee: if thou answerest me not
to the purpose, confess thyself — —

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he that builds stronger than either
the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives
a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the
gallows does well: But how does it well? it does
well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say,
the gallows is built stronger than the church;
argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again;
come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a ship-
wright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for
your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating:
and when you are asked this question next, say,
a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last till
doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me
a stoup of liquor. *[Exit 2 Clown.]*

1 *Clown* digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love, ⁴⁾

Methought, it was very sweet,

To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business?
he sings at grave making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of
easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment
hath the daintier sense.

1 Clo. *But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.*

[Throws up a Skull.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my lord Such-a-one, that praised my lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? ⁵⁾ mine ache to think on't.

1 Clo. *A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, [Sings.
For — and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

[Throws up a Skull.

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits ⁶⁾ now, his quillets, ⁷⁾ his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce ⁸⁾ with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with its statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, ⁹⁾ his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. ¹⁰⁾ I will speak to this fellow:— Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 Clo. Mine, sir. —

*O, a pit of clay for to be made [Sings.
For such a guest is meet.*

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

1 Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

1 Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1 Clo. One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, ¹¹⁾ or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, ¹²⁾ that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. — How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 Clo. Of all the days i'the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that since?

1 Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was born: ¹³⁾ he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 Clo. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 Clo. Why, here in Denmark; I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'the earth ere he rot?

1 Clo. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corsers now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now hath lain you i'the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

[Takes the Skull.

1 Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick! — I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour ¹⁴⁾ she must come; make her laugh at that. — 'Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o'this fashion i'the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

[Throws down the Skull.

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw! ¹⁵⁾
But soft! but soft! aside; — Here comes the king,

Enter Priests, &c. in Procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES, and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites! ¹⁶⁾ This doth betoken,
The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life. ¹⁷⁾ 'Twas of some estate: ¹⁸⁾
Couch we a while, and mark.

[Retiring with HORATIO.]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, ¹⁹⁾ flints, and pebbles, should be thrown
on her,
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants, ²⁰⁾
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 Priest. No more be done!
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, ²¹⁾ and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i'the earth; —
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! — I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!

[Scattering Flowers.]

I hop'd, thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of! — Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[Leaps into the Grave.]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [Advancing.] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [Leaps into the Grave.]

Laer. The devil take thy soul!
[Grappling with him.]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.
Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen, — —

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the Grave.]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. — What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't
tear thyself?

Woul't drink up Esil? ²²⁾ eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. — Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd, ²³⁾
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[Exit.]

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him. —
[Exit HORATIO.]
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
[To LAERTES.]

We'll put the matter to the present push. —
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son. —
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see:
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see
the other; —
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of
fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. ²⁴⁾ Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it, — Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall; ²⁵⁾ and that should
teach us,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command, —
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With ho! such bugs and goblins in my life, — ²⁶⁾
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated, ²⁷⁾
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more
leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, 'beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villainies,
Or I could make ²⁸⁾ a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play; — I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statist do, ²⁹⁾
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: ³⁰⁾ Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king, —
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities; ³¹⁾
And many such like as's of great charge, —
That on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving time allow'd. ³²⁾

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal: ³³⁾
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave the impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known: Now the next day
Was our sea-fight: and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this em-
ployment;
They are not near my conscience: their defeat
Does by their own insinuation ³⁴⁾ grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes:
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect con-
science,
To quit him ³⁵⁾ with this arm? and is't not to be
damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from Eng-
land,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours: ³⁶⁾
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter OSRIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Den-
mark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. — Dost know this
water-fly? ³⁷⁾

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a
vice to know him: He hath much land, and fertile:
let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall
stand at the king's mess: 'Tis a chough; ³⁸⁾ but,
as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure,
I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of
spirit: Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the
head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is
northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and
hot; or my complexion —

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, —
as 'twere, — I cannot tell how. — My lord, his
majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid
a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the
matter, —

Ham. I beseech you, remember —

[HAMLET moves him to put on his Hat.]

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good
faith. ³⁹⁾ Sir, here is newly come to court, Laer-
tes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most
excellent differences, ⁴⁰⁾ of very soft society, and
great showing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him,
he is the card or calender of gentry, ⁴¹⁾ for you
shall find in him the continent of what part a
gentleman would see. ⁴²⁾

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in
you; — ⁴³⁾ though, I know, to divide him inven-
torially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory;
and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick
sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to
be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such
dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of
him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else
would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap
the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another
tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentle-
man?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all his golden
words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant —

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you
did, it would not much approve me; — ⁴⁴⁾ Well,
sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is — —

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed ⁴⁵⁾ he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he had impawned, ⁴⁶⁾ as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, ⁴⁷⁾ and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margent, ⁴⁸⁾ ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german ⁴⁹⁾ to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish: Why is this impawned, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, ⁵⁰⁾ that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

[Exit.

Ham. Yours, yours. — He does well, to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply ⁵¹⁾ with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; ⁵²⁾ a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; ⁵³⁾ and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment ⁵⁴⁾ to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

[Exit Lord.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. ⁵⁵⁾ But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord, — —

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, ⁵⁶⁾ as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: ⁵⁷⁾ I will forestal their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? ⁵⁸⁾ Let be.

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, LORDS, OSRIC, and Attendants with Foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The KING puts the Hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: ⁵⁹⁾ I have done you wrong;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punish'd with a sore distraction. ⁶⁰⁾

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception, Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness: If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature, ⁶¹⁾

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,

I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,

Till by some elder masters, of known honour,

I have a voice and precedent of peace,

To keep my name ungor'd: But till that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;

And will this brother's wager frankly play. —

Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance Your skill shall, like a star i'the darkest night, Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. — Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o'the weaker side.
King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both: —
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds. ⁶²)
Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.
Ham. This likes me well: These foils have all a
length? *[They prepare to play.]*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine ⁶³) upon that
table: —

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union ⁶⁴) shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn; Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet. — Come, begin; —
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. *[They play.]*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well, — again.

King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is
thine; ⁶⁵)

Here's to thy health. — Give him the cup.

[Trumpets sound; and Cannon shot off within.]

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.
Come. — Another hit; What say you?

[They play.]

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath. —
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses ⁶⁶) to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam, —

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; — I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

[Aside.]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[Aside.]

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: You do but
dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afeard, you make a wanton of me. ⁶⁷)

Laer. Say you so? come on. *[They play.]*

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

*[LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then, in scuffling,
they change Rapiers, and HAMLET wounds
LAERTES.]*

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again. *[The QUEEN falls.]*

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides: — How is it, my
lord?

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own ⁶⁸) springe,
Osrice;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink, — O my
dear Hamlet! —

The drink, the drink; — I am poison'd! *[Dies.]*

Ham. O villainy! — Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out. *[LAERTES falls.]*

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: Thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point
Envenom'd too! — Then, venom, to thy work.

[Stabs the KING.]

Osr. & Lords. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned
Dane,

Drink off this potion: — Is the union here? ⁶⁹)

Follow my mother. *[KING dies.]*

Laer. He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison temper'd by himself. —

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me! *[Dies.]*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio: — Wretched queen, adieu! —
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act, ⁷⁰)
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, ⁷¹) death,
Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you, —
But let it be: — Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man, —

Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have it. —
O God! — Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. — *[March afar off, and Shot within.]*
What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from
Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows ⁷²) my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England:
But I do prophecy, the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, ⁷³) more or less,
Which have solicited, — ⁷⁴) The rest is silence.

[Dies.]

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart; — Good night,
sweet prince;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

Why does the drum come hither? *[March within.]*

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors,
and others.*

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it, you would see?

If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc! — ⁷⁵) O proud
death!

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell, ⁷⁶⁾
That thou so many princes, at a shot,
So bloodily hast struck?

1 *Amb.* The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth, ⁷⁷⁾
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from Eng-

land,
Are here arriv'd; give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about: So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts; ⁷⁸⁾
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on ⁷⁹⁾ by cunning, and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook

Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom, ⁸⁰⁾
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild: lest more mischance,
On plots, and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldier's music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him. —

Take up the bodies: — Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A Dead March.*

[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead Bodies; after
which a Peal of Ordnance is shot off.*

XXXVII.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of VENICE.
BRABANTIO, *a Senator*.
Two other Senators.
GRATIANO, *Brother to Brabantio*.
LODOVICO, *Kinsman to Brabantio*.
OTHELLO, *the Moor*:
CASSIO, *his Lieutenant*;
IAGO, *his Ancient*.
RODERIGO, *a Venetian Gentleman*.
MONTANO, *Othello's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus*.¹⁾

Clown, *Servant to Othello*.
Herald.

DESDEMONA, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello*.

EMILIA, *Wife to Iago*.

BIANCA, *a Courtezan, Mistress to Cassio*.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE — *for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-Port in Cyprus.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. A Street.

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Roderigo.

TUSH, never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago, — who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine, — should'st know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me: —
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones
of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him: —²⁾ and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:

But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,³⁾

Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;

And, in conclusion, nonsuits

My mediators; *for, certes,*⁴⁾ says he,

I have already chose my officer.

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,

One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;⁵⁾

That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows,

More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,⁶⁾

Wherein the toged consuls⁷⁾ can propose

As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,

Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election:

And I, — of whom his eyes had seen the proof

At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds

Christian and heathen, — must be be-lee'd and
calm'd⁸⁾

By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster;⁹⁾

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,

And I, (God bless the mark!)¹⁰⁾ his Moor-ship's
ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his
hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter,¹¹⁾ and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd¹²⁾
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him:

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,

That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,

Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,

For nought but provender; and, when he's old,
cashier'd:

Whip me such honest knaves:¹³⁾ Others there are,

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,

Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;

And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,

Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd
their coats,

Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;

And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:

In following him, I follow but myself;

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end:

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern,¹⁴⁾ 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

¹⁵⁾ For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,¹⁶⁾
If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,

And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves!
thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, above, at a Window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are robb'd; for shame, put
on your gown;

Your heart is burst, ¹⁷⁾ you have lost half your soul;
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; what are you?

Rod. My name is — Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome:
I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts, ¹⁸⁾
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir, sir, —

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
Venice;

My house is not a grange. ¹⁹⁾

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple, and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those, that will
not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we
come to do you service, you think we are ruffians:
You'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary
horse: you'll have your nephews neigh to you: ²⁰⁾
you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for
germans. ²¹⁾

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your
daughter and the Moor are now making the beast
with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are — a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Ro-
derigo.

Iago. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I be-
seech you,

If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o'the night, ²²⁾
Transported — with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor, —
If this be known to you, and your allowance, ²³⁾

We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility, ²⁴⁾
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter, — if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant ²⁵⁾ and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper: — call up all my people: —
This accident is not unlike my dream;
Belief of it oppresses me already: —
Light, I say! light! *[Exit, from above.]*

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall,)
Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state, —
However this may gall him with some check, — ²⁶⁾
Cannot with safety cast him; ²⁷⁾ for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
(Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have not,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely
find him,
Lead to the sagittary ²⁸⁾ the rais'd search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. *[Exit.]*

*Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with
Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time, ²⁹⁾
Is nought but bitterness. — Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her? — O, unhappy girl! —
With the Moor, say'st thou? — Who would be a
father? —
How didst thou know 'twas she? — O, thou de-
ceiv'st me
Past thought! — What said she to you? — Get
more tapers;
Raise all my kindred. — Are they married, think
you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven! — How got she out! — O treason
of the blood! —
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act. — Are there not
charms, ³⁰⁾

By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother. — O, that you had had
her! —

Some one way, some another. — Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. 'Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most; — Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night. —
On, good Roderigo; — I'll deserve your pains.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*The same. Another Street.**Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o'the conscience,³¹⁾
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under
the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this, —
That the magnifico³²⁾ is much beloved;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's; he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege;³³⁾ and my demerits³⁴⁾
May speak, unbonneted,³⁵⁾ to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused³⁶⁾ free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come
yonder?

*Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain
Officers with Torches.*

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste-post-haste³⁷⁾ appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat: the gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly
call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests,³⁸⁾
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. *[Exit.]*

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land
carack;³⁹⁾

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to — Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers of
night, with Torches and Weapons.*

Iago. It is Brabantio: — general, be advis'd;⁴⁰⁾
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!
[They draw on both sides.]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew
will rust them. —

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd
my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid — so tender, fair, and happy;
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,⁴¹⁾
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight.⁴²⁾
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That waken motion: —⁴³⁾ I'll have it disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant: —
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. — Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison: till fit time

Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?

How may the duke be therewith satisfied;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,

The duke's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!

In this time of the night! — Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and pagans⁴⁴⁾ shall our statesmen be.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same. A Council-Chamber.

*The DUKE and Senators, sitting at a Table;
Officers attending.*

Duke. There is no composition⁴⁵⁾ in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where the aim reports, ⁴⁶)
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [Within.] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now? the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason; ⁴⁷) 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question ⁴⁸) bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace, ⁴⁹)
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this,
We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage, ⁵⁰) a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought: — How many, as you
guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. — Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus. —
Marcus Lucchesé, is he not in town?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wish him ⁵¹) post-post-haste:
despatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and
Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;

[To BRABANTIO.]

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not — —

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action. ⁵²)

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke & Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this?
[To OTHELLO.]

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters, —
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending ⁵³)
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action ⁵⁴) in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious pa-
tience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with. ⁵⁵)

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; And she, — in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing, —
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess — perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt test, ⁵⁶)
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, ⁵⁷) do prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, Othello, speak; —

Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the sagittary, ⁵⁸)
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place. — [Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i'the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance ⁵⁹⁾ in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres ⁶⁰⁾ vast, and desarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. ⁶¹⁾ These things
to hear,

Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently: ⁶²⁾ I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, — In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd, she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she
thank'd me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter
too. —

Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! — Come hither, gentle mistress;
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you, I am bound for life, and education;

My life, and education, both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you! — I have done: —
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it. —
Come hither, Moor:

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. — For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. — I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself; ⁶³⁾ and lay a
sentence,

Which, as a grise, ⁶⁴⁾ or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the
thief;

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears: ⁶⁵⁾
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the
ear. ⁶⁶⁾

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation
makes for Cyprus: — Othello, the fortitude of the
place is best known to you: And though we have
there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet
opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a
more safer voice on you: you must therefore be
content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes ⁶⁷⁾
with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: ⁶⁸⁾ I do agnize ⁶⁹⁾
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Must humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition; ⁷⁰⁾
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice, ⁷¹⁾
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,

My downright violence and storm of fortunes⁷²⁾
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:⁷³⁾
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;⁷⁴⁾
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords: — 'beseech you, let her will
Have a free way.

Vouch with me, heaven; I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young effects,
In my distinct⁷⁵⁾ and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend⁷⁶⁾ your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
For she is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,⁷⁷⁾
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries — haste,
And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty, and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so. —
Good night to every one. — And, noble signior,

[To BRABANTIO.]

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,⁷⁸⁾
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[Exeunt DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c.]

Oth. My life upon her faith. — Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I pry'thee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage. —⁷⁹⁾
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.]

Rod. Iago!

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee
after it. Why, thou silly gentleman?

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a tor-
ment: and then have we a prescription to die, when
death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world
for four times seven years! and since I could dis-
tinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never

found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere
I would say, I would drown myself for the love
of a Guinea-hen,⁸⁰⁾ I would change my humanity
with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame
to be so fond; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are
thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the
which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will
plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed
up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or
distract it with many; either to have it steril with
idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power
and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills.
If the balance of our lives had not one scale of
reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and
baseness of our natures would conduct us to most
preposterous conclusions: But we have reason to
cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our un-
bitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call —
love, to be a sect,⁸¹⁾ or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a per-
mission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thy-
self! drown cats, and blind puppies. I have pro-
fessed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy
deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I
could never better stead thee than now. Put mo-
ney in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy
favour with an usurped beard;⁸²⁾ I say, put mo-
ney in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona
should long continue her love to the Moor, — put
money in thy purse; — nor he his to her: it was
a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an an-
swerable sequestration —⁸³⁾ put but money in thy
purse. — These Moors are changeable in their
wills; — fill thy purse with money; the food that
to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to
him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must
change for youth: when she is sated with his body,
she will find the error of her choice. — She must
have change, she must: therefore put money in thy
purse. — If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a
more delicate way than drowning. Make all the
money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow,
betwixt an erring barbarian⁸⁴⁾ and a supersubtle
Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the
tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make
money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out
of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in
compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go
without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend
on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me; — Go, make money: —
I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and
again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine
hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our
revenge against him: If thou canst cuckold him,
thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There
are many events in the womb of time, which will
be delivered. Traverse;⁸⁵⁾ go; provide thy money.
We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i'the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your
purse. [Exit RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
 If I would time expend with such a snipe,
 But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
 And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
 He has done my office: I know not if't be true;
 But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
 Will do, as if for surety.⁸⁶⁾ He holds me well;⁸⁷⁾
 The better shall my purpose work on him.
 Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
 To get his place, and to plume up my will;
 A double knavery, — How? how? — Let me see: —
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
 That he is too familiar with his wife: —
 He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
 To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
 As asses are.
 I have't; — it is engender'd: — Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.
 [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.
A Platform.

Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
 I cannot, 'twixt the heaven¹⁾ and the main,
 Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
 A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
 If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
 What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
 Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
 For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
 The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
 The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous
 main,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
 And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:²⁾
 I never did like molestation view
 On th' enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
 Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
 It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lords! our wars are done;
 The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
 That their designment halts: A noble ship of Venice
 Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
 On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in,
 A Veronesé; Michael Cassio,
 Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
 Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
 And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio, — though he speak
 of comfort,
 Touching the Turkish loss, — yet he looks sadly,
 And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
 With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. 'Pray heaven he be;

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
 Like a full soldier.³⁾ Let's to the sea-side, ho!
 As well to see the vessel that's come in,
 As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
 Even till we make the main, and the aërial blue,
 An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so;
 For every minute is expectancy
 Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
 That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens
 Give him defence against the elements,
 For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
 Of very expert and approv'd allowance;⁴⁾
 Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
 Stand in bold cure.⁵⁾

[Within.] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

4 Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'the sea
 Stand ranks of people, and they cry — a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
 [Guns heard.]

Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
 And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 Gent. I shall. [Exit.]

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
 That paragons description, and wild fame;
 One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
 And in the essential vesture of creation,
 Does bear all excellency.⁶⁾ How now? who has
 put in?

Re-enter second Gentleman.

2 Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
 Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
 The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands, —
 Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
 As having sense of beauty, do omit
 Their mortal natures,⁷⁾ letting go safely by
 The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's
 captain,
 Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
 Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
 A se'nnight's speed. — Great Jove, Othello guard,
 And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
 That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
 Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
 Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
 And bring all Cyprus comfort! — O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and
 Attendants.

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
 Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees: —
 Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
 Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
 Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
 What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear; — How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

[*Cry within, A sail, a sail! Then Guns heard.*]

2 Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news. —

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Good ancient, you are welcome; — Welcome, mis-
tress: —

[*To EMILIA.*]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*]

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of
doors,

Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, ⁸⁾ devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in
your beds.

Des. O, fye upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou
should'st praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical. ⁹⁾

Des. Come on, assay: — There's one gone to the
harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise. —
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise, — fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools
laugh i'the alehouse. What miserable praise hast
thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance! — thou praisest the worst
best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a
deserving woman indeed? one, that, in the authority
of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very
malice itself? ¹⁰⁾

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;

Fled from her wish, and yet said, — *now I may*;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly:
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, — if ever such wight were, —

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion! — Do
not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy hus-
band. — How say you, Cassio? is he not a most
profane ¹¹⁾ and liberal counsellor? ¹²⁾

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him
more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well
said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I
ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon
her, do; I will gyve ¹³⁾ thee in thine own courtship.
You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as
these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been
better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft,
which now again you are most apt to play the sir
in. — ¹⁴⁾ Very good; well kissed! an excellent
courtesy! ¹⁵⁾ 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fin-
gers to your lips? 'would, they were clyster-pipes
for your sake! — — [*Trumpet.*] The Moor, I know
his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello?

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers! —
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,

[*Kissing her.*]

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*]

Oth. Come, let's to the castle. —
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are
drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus, ¹⁶⁾
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, ¹⁷⁾ and I dote
In mine own comforts: — I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. — Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant as (they say) base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them, — list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard: — ¹⁸) First, I must tell thee this — Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger — thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, — again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite, — loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor, very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds ¹⁹) look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition. ²⁰)

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish! — But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not; — I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting ²¹) his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; ²²) and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, ²³) but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; ²⁴) and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessities ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[Exit.]

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor — howbeit that I endure him not, — Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin,) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards; And nothing can or shall content my soul, Till I am even with him, wife for wife; Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do, — If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash ²⁵) For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb. — ²⁶) For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too; Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me, For making him egregiously an ass, And practising upon his peace and quiet Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd; Knavery's plain face is never seen, ²⁷) till us'd.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter a Herald, with a Proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere ²⁸) perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph: some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; ²⁹) and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Hall in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night: Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do; But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest. Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our earliest, Let me have speech with you. — Come, my dear love, The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;

[To DESDEMONA.]

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you. — Good night.

[Exeunt OTH. DES. and Attend.]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast us³⁰) thus early, for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine: and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified³¹) too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [Exit CASSIO.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offence

As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,

To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:

Three lads of Cyprus, — noble swelling spirits, That hold their honours in a wary distance,

The very elements³²) of this warlike isle, — Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,

And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action That may offend the isle: — But here they come:

If consequence do but approve my dream,³³) My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.³⁴)

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [Sings.

And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [Wine brought in.]

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they

are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander, — Drink, ho! — are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk: he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.³⁵)

Iago. O sweet England!

*King Stephen*³⁶) *was a worthy peer,*³⁷)

His breeches cost him but a crown;

He held them sixpence all too dear,

*With that he call'd the tailor — lown.*³⁸)

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis pride that pulls the country down,

Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things. — Well, — Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls that must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, — no offence to the general, nor any man of quality, — I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. — Forgive us our sins! — Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; — this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: — I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.]

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before; — He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar, And give direction: and do but see his vice; 'Tis to his virtue a just equinox, The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him. I fear, the trust Othello puts him in, On some odd time of his infirmity, Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep: He'll watch the horologe a double set,³⁹) If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well, The general were put in mind of it. Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio, And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [Aside. I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [Exit RODERIGO.]

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor Should hazard such a place, as his own second, With one of an ingraft infirmity:⁴⁰) It were an honest action, to say So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?
[*Cry within, — Help! help!*]

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!
Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?
Cas. A knave! — teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.⁴¹⁾
Rod. Beat me!
Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[*Striking RODERIGO.*]
Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;
[*Staying him.*]

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [They fight.]

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry — a mutiny.
[*Aside to Rod. who goes out.*]

Nay, good lieutenant, — alas, gentlemen, —
Help, ho! — Lieutenant, — sir, — Montano, — sir; —
Help, masters! — Here's a goodly watch, indeed!

[*Bell rings.*]
Who's that that rings the bell? — Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant! hold;
You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death; — he
dies.⁴²⁾

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant, — sir, Montano, —
gentlemen, —
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for
shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,⁴³⁾
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion. —
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety. — ⁴⁴⁾ What is the matter,
masters? —

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know; — friends all but now, even now,
In quarter,⁴⁵⁾ and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitting men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus for-
got? ⁴⁶⁾

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure; What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you —

While I spare speech, which something now offends
me; —

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity⁴⁷⁾ be sometime a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,⁴⁸⁾
Assays to lead the way: If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd⁴⁹⁾ in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me. — What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard⁵⁰⁾ of safety!
'Tis monstrous. — Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially affin'd,⁵¹⁾ or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. — Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before: When I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them close together,
At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report: —
But men are men; the best sometimes forget: —
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him, —
As men in rage strike those that wish them best, —
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio: — Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine. —

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up; —
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; Come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts,
Myself will be your surgeon: Lead him off.

[*To MONTANO, who is led off.*]
Iago. look with care about the town;
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted. —
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial. — My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound: there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now cast in his mood,⁵²) a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot?⁵³) and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? — O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee — devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. — O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moralist: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! — Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, sir. — I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general; — I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces: — confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay⁵⁴) worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit CASSIO.]

Iago. And what's he then, that says, — I play the villain?

When this advice is free, I give, and honest, Probal⁵⁵) to thinking, and (indeed) the course To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy The inclining Desdemona⁵⁶) to subdue In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful As the free elements.⁵⁷) And then for her To win the Moor, — were't to renounce his baptism, All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, — His soul is so enfetter'd to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I then a villain, To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,⁵⁸) Directly to his good? Divinity of hell! When devils will their blackest sins put on, They do suggest⁵⁹) at first with heavenly shows, As I do now: For while this honest fool Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, I'll pour this pestilence into his ear, — That she repeats⁶⁰) him for her body's lust; And, by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into pitch; And out of her own goodness make the net, That shall enmesh them all. — How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be — I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience! — What wound did ever heal, but by degrees? Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;

And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio: Though other things grow fair against the sun, Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe: Content thyself a while. — By the mass, 'tis morning; Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short. — Retire thee: go where thou art billeted:

Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:

Nay, get thee gone. [Exit Rod.] Two things are to be done, —

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress; I'll set her on;

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart, And bring him jump⁶¹) when he may Cassio find Soliciting his wife: — Ay, that's the way; Dull not device by coldness and delay. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Before the Castle.

Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains. Something that's brief; and bid — good morrow, general.¹) [Music.]

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i'the nose thus?

1 Mus. How, sir, how!

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind-instruments?

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tail, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music, the general does not greatly care.

1 Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: Go; vanish into air; away. [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. 'Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Do, good my friend. — In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago, To send in to your wife: My suit to her Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently; And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor Out of the way, that your converse and business May be more free. [*Exit.*]

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry For your displeasure;²⁾ but all will soon be well. The general, and his wife, are talking of it; And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies, That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus, And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom, He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he loves you;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings, To take the saf'st occasion by the front, To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you, — If you think fit, or that it may be done, — Give me advantage of some brief discourse With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in; I will bestow you where you shall have time To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot; And, by him, do my duties to the state:

That done, I will be walking on the works, Repair there to me.

Iago.

Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, — shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Before the Castle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do; I know, it grieves my husband,

As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow. — Do not doubt, Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam, Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio, He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you: You do love my lord: You have known him long; and be you well assur'd, He shall in strangeness stand no further off Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady, That policy may either last so long, Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet, Or breed itself so out of circumstance, That, I being absent, and my place supplied, My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here, I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee, If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it To the last article: my lord shall never rest; I'll watch him tame,³⁾ and talk him out of patience; His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift; I'll intermingle every thing he does With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio; For thy solicitor shall rather die, Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes My lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, And hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease, Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, well, Do your discretion. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if — I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it, That he would steal away so guilty-like, Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord? I have been talking with a suitor here, A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't, you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord, If I have any grace, or power to move you, His present reconciliation take;⁴⁾ For, if he be not one that truly loves you, That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,⁵⁾

I have no judgment in an honest face:

I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Des. But shall't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn; —
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best,) ⁶⁾ is not almost a fault
To incur a private check: When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. ⁷⁾ What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you; and many a time, ⁸⁾
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much, —

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize ⁹⁾ and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I will come to thee
straight.

Des. Emilia, come: — Be it as your fancies teach
you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[Exit, with EMILIA.]

Oth. Excellent wretch! ¹⁰⁾ Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord, —

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted
with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed: — Discern'st thou aught
in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Ay, honest. ¹¹⁾

Iago. My lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

'Too hideous to be shown. — Thou dost mean some-
thing:

I heard thee say but now, — Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife; What did'st not like?
And, when I told thee — he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed?*
And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think, thou dost;
And, — for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath, —

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They are close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule. ¹²⁾

Iago. For Michael Cassio, —
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then,
I think, that Cassio is an honest man. ¹³⁾

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to. ¹⁴⁾
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and
false, —

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you, —
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague

To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not, — I entreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conjects, ¹⁵⁾

You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance: —
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green ey'd monster, which doth mock

The meat it feeds on: ¹⁶⁾ That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless, ¹⁷⁾ is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor: —
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why! why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon,
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is — once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate ¹⁸⁾ and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. ¹⁹⁾ 'Tis not to make me
jealous,

To say — my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous: ²⁰⁾
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me; No, Iago;
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this, —
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me: — I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye — thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty ²¹⁾ be abus'd; look to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best con-
science

Is — not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seem'd ²²⁾ to shake, and fear your
looks,

She lov'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak, — ²³⁾
He thought, 'twas witchcraft: — but I am much to
blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love; — But, I do see you are
mov'd: —

I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, ²⁴⁾ nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
friend: —

My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd: —

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself, —

Iago. Ay, there's the point: — As, — to be bold
with you, —

Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank, ²⁵⁾
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural. —
But pardon me! I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Going.]

Oth. Why did I marry? — This honest creature,
doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your
honour

To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means: ²⁶⁾
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment ²⁷⁾
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have, to fear — I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government. ²⁸⁾

Iago. I once more take my leave. [Exit.]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit, ²⁹⁾
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard, ³⁰⁾
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-
strings, ³¹⁾

I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. ³²⁾ Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers ³³⁾ have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years; — yet that's not much; —
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be — to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague ³⁴⁾ is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself! —
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?

Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;

[He puts the Handkerchief from him, and it drops.]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt OTH. and DES.*]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it: but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, she would ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,³⁵⁾
And give it Iago:
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me? — it is a common thing.

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence;
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took't up.³⁶⁾
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with it, that you have
been so earnest
To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you?

[*Snatching it.*]

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of't; ³⁷⁾ I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit EMILIA.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison: —
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. — I did say so: —

Enter OTHELLO.

Look where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,³⁸⁾
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.³⁹⁾

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?
To me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the
rack: —

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all,⁴⁰⁾ had tasted her sweet body,

So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible? — My lord, — —

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[*Taking him by the Throat.*]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see it; (or at the least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord, — —

Oth. If thou dost slander her and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;⁴¹⁾

On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense? —
God be wi' you; take mine office. — O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice! —
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe. —

I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay: — Thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. — If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. — 'Would, I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

Iago. And may: But, how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?

It is impossible, you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats,⁴²⁾ as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances, —
Which lead directly to the door of truth, —
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason⁴³⁾ she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far, —
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love, —
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;

And being troubled with a raging tooth;
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say, — *Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry — *O, sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then
Cry'd — *Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor!*
Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;⁴⁴⁾

'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this, —
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that, —

Iago. If it be that, or any that was her's,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true. — Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven:
'Tis gone. —

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,⁴⁵⁾
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy
fraught,⁴⁶⁾

For 'tis of aspicks' tongues!

Iago. 'Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may
change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable⁴⁷⁾ and wide revenge
Swallow them up. — Now, by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet. — [*Kneels.*

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution⁴⁸⁾ of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.⁴⁹⁾

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance boun-
teous,

And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request:
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,

To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cas-
sio lies?

Clo. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier
lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to; Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you
where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to
devise a lodging, and say — he lies here, or he lies
there, were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out, and be edified by
report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is,
make questions, and by them answer.⁵⁰⁾

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I
have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all
will be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compass of man's
wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

[*Exit.*

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief,
Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes.⁵¹⁾ And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him. — How is't with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady: — [*aside*] O, hardness
to dissemble! —

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my
lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart; —
Hot, hot, and moist: This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;⁵²⁾

For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts, of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is — hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum⁵³⁾ offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault:

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father

Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt

After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her. I did so: and take heed of't,

Make it a darling like your precious eye;

To lose or give't away, were such perdition,

As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it;

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world

The sun to make two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:

The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk:

And it was died in mummy, ⁵⁴) which the skilful

Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Des. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never seen it.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash? ⁵⁵)

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out of the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; But what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;

This is a trick, to put me from my suit;

I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief, —

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief, —

Des. A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortune on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you; —

Oth. The handkerchief, —

Des. In sooth,

You are to blame.

Oth. Away! [Exit OTHELLO.]

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,

They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't; And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio? what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you, That, by your virtuous means, I may again Exist, and be a member of his love, Whom I, with all the duty of my heart, Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd: If my offence be of such mortal kind, That neither service past, nor present sorrows, Nor purpos'd merit in futurity, Can ransom me into his love again, But to know so must be my benefit; So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content, And shut myself up in some other course, To fortune's alms. ⁵⁶)

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio, My advocacy is not now in tune; My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him, Were he in favour, ⁵⁷) as in humour, alter'd.

So help me, every spirit sanctified, As I have spoken for you all my best, And stood within the blank of his displeasure, ⁵⁸)

For my free speech! You must awhile be patient: What I can do, I will; and more I will, Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence, but now, And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon, When it hath blown his ranks into the air; ⁵⁹)

And, like the devil, from his very arm

Puff'd his own brother; — And can he be angry?

Something of moment, then: I will go meet him; There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so. — Something, sure, of state, — [Exit IAGO.]

Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice, ⁶⁰)

Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him, —

Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,

Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,

Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;

For let our finger ache, and it induces ⁶¹)

Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense

Of pain: Nay, we must think, men are not gods;

Nor of them look for such observances

As fit the bridal. — ⁶²) Beshrew me much, Emilia,

I was (unhandsome warrior as I am) ⁶³)

Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;

But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,

And he's indited falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think:

And no conception, nor no jealous toy,

Concerning you.

Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;

They are not ever jealous for the cause,

But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,

Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him. — Cassio, walk hereabout:

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,

And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.]

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall in a more continue time, ⁶⁴)
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[Giving her *DESDEMONA's Handkerchief*.
Take me this work out. ⁶⁵)

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Woman, go to! ⁶⁶)
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance;
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough, it will,) I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd. ⁶⁷)
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What,
To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil: ¹)

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:

But if I give my wife a handkerchief, —

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:

But, for the handkerchief, —

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot
it: —

Thou said'st, — O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all, — ²) he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good, now.

Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you
wrong?

Or heard him say, — As knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, ³) cannot choose
But they must blab —

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unsweat.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did, — I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie —

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her! — We say, lie on
her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's ful-
some. — Handkerchief, — confessions, — handker-
chief. — To confess, and be hanged ⁴) for his la-
bour. — First, to be hanged, and then to confess: —
I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself
in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. ⁵)
It is not words that shake me thus: — Pish! —
Noses, ears, and lips: — Is it possible? — Con-
fess! — Handkerchief! — O devil! —

[*Falls into a Trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach. — What, ho! my lord!

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say! Othello! — How now, Cassio?

Cas. What is the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you. —

[*Exit CASSIO.*

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven:
'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds, ⁶)
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch, ⁷)

And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list. ⁸)

Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your grief,
(A passion most unsuited such a man,)

Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;

Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself, ⁹)

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;

For I will make him tell the tale anew, —
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[OTHELLO withdraws.]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio, — as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one; —
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter. — Here he comes: —

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy ¹⁰) must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong. — How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure o't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

[Speaking lower.]

How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [Aside.]

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think i'faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. [Aside.]

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [Aside.]

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph? ¹¹) [Aside.]

Cas. I marry her! — what? a customer! ¹²) I
pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think
it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: They laugh that win. [Aside.]

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. 'Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? ¹³) Well. [Aside.]

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is
persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love
and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story. [Aside.]

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in
every place. I was, the other day, talking on the
sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes
this bauble; by this hand, she falls thus about my
neck; —

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture
imports it. [Aside.]

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so
hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha! —

Oth. Now he tells, how she plucked him to my
chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that
dog I shall throw it to. [Aside.]

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! ¹⁴) marry, a per-
fumed one. — What do you mean by this haunting
of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What
did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave
me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must
take out the whole work? A likely piece of work,
that you should find it in your chamber, and not
know who left it there! This is some minx's token,
and I must take out the work? There, — give it
your hobby horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take
out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now?
how now?

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! [Aside.]

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may:
an you will not, come when you are next prepared
for. [Exit.]

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith, I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would
very fain speak with you.

Cas. 'Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [Exit CASSIO.]

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he
prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it
him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing: —
A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned
to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is
turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. ¹⁵)
O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might
lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is: — So
delicate with her needle! — An admirable musi-
cian! — O, she will sing the savageness out of a
bear! — Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times: — And
then, of so gentle a condition! ¹⁶)

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it,
Iago! — O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give
her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it
comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes: — Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night: — I'll
not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty
unprovide my mind again: — this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her
bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very
good.

Iago. And, for Cassio, — let me be his undertaker.
You shall hear more by midnight.

[A Trumpet within.]

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Oth. Excellent good. — What trumpet is that same?
Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,
 Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.
[Gives him a Packet.]

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[Opens the Packet, and reads.]

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
 Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you: how does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord
 An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will —*
[Reads.]

Lod. He did not call: he's busy in the paper.
 Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
 To atone them, ¹⁷⁾ for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord?

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him;
 For, as I think, they do command him home,
 Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil! *[Striking her.]*

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
 Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much;
 Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil! devil!
 If that the earth could teem with woman's tears, ¹⁸⁾
 Each drop she falls ¹⁹⁾ would prove a crocodile: —
 Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. *[Going.]*

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady: —
 I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress —

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her
 turn:

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
 And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
 And she's obedient, as you say, — obedient, —
 Very obedient: — Proceed you in your tears. —
 Concerning this, sir, — O well-painted passion!
 I am commanded home: — Get you away:
 I'll send for you anon. — Sir, I obey the mandate,
 And will return to Venice; — Hence, avaunt!

[Exit DESDEMONA.]

Cassio shall have my place. And, — sir, to-night,
 I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus. Goats and mon-
 kies! *[Exit.]*

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
 Call — all-in-all sufficient? — This the noble nature
 Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
 Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my censure.
 What he might be, — if, what he might, he is not, —
 I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I
 knew,

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
 And new-create his fault?

Iago. Alas, alas,

It is not honesty in me, to speak
 What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
 And his own courses will denote him so,
 That I may save my speech: Do but go after,
 And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
 Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o'the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor
 nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
 Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
 Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
 If any wretch hath put this in your head,
 Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
 For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
 There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
 Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither: — go. —
[Exit EMILIA.]

She says enough; — yet she's a simple bawd,
 That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
 A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
 And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes;
 Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress; *[To EMILIA.]*
 Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
 Cough, or cry — hem, if any body come:
 Your mystery, your mystery; nay, despatch.

[Exit EMILIA.]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
 I understand a fury in your words,
 But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-
damn'd,
Swear — thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am
I false?

Oth. O Desdemona! — away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day! — Why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at, —
O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;²⁰⁾
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in! — turn thy complexion there!
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!²¹⁾

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer-flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee. — 'Would, thou had'st
ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed! — O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. — What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it; What committed!
Impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian:
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be — not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then:
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello. — You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!

We have done our course; there's money for your
pains;

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[Exit.]

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive? —
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia:
I cannot weep; nor answer I have none,
But what should go by water. 'Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, — remember; —
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change, indeed.

[Exit.]

Des. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it
with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.²²⁾

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day!

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd — whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it!
How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd, else.

Iago. Fye, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her
company?

What place? what time? what form? what likeli-
hood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow: —
O, heaven, that such companions²³⁾ thou'dst unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.²⁴⁾

Emil. O, fye upon him! some such squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,²⁵⁾
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O, good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?
 Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
 I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel: —
 If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
 Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them in any other form;
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will, — though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement, — love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;
 It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
 To do the act that might the addition earn,
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
 The business of the state does him offence,
 And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other, —

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*]
 Hark how these instruments summon to supper!
 And the great messengers of Venice stay:
 Go in, and weep not: all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device,
Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now) keep'st
 from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the
 least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer
 endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in
 peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words,
 and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted my-
 self out of my means. The jewels you have had
 from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have
 corrupted a votarist: You have told me — she has
 received them, and returned me expectations and
 comforts of sudden respect and acquittance;²⁶ but
 I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor
 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very
 scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make
 myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me
 my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent
 my unlawful solicitations; if not, assure yourself, I
 will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest
 intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and
 even, from this instant, do build on thee a better
 opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Ro-
 derigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just
 exception; but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most
 directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and
 your suspicion is not without wit and judgment.
 But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed,
 which I have greater reason to believe now than
 ever, — I mean, purpose, courage, and valour, —

this night show it: if thou the next night following
 enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world
 with treachery, and devise engines for my life.²⁷)

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and
 compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from
 Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desde-
 mona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes
 away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode
 be lingered here by some accident; wherein none
 can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean — removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's
 place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a
 right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither
 will I go to him; — he knows not yet of his ho-
 nourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence,
 (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve
 and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I
 will be near to second your attempt, and he shall
 fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it,
 but go along with me; I will show you such a ne-
 cessity in his death, that you shall think yourself
 bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-
 time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA,
and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no
 further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your
 ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir? —

O, — Desdemona, — —

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be re-
 turned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look,
 it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants.*]

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says, he will return incontinent;

He hath commanded me to go to bed,
 And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
 Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:

We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would, you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
 That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns, —
 'Pr'ythee, unpin me, — have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on
 the bed.

Des. All's one: — Good father! how foolish are
 our minds! —

If I do die before thee, 'pr'ythee, shroud me
 In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd — Barbara;
 She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,²⁸)

And did forsake her: she had a song of — willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head ²⁹) all at one side,
And sing it, like poor Barbara. 'Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here. —
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. And he speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice, who would have
walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his
nether lip.

I.

Des. *The poor soul* ³⁰) *sat sighing by a sycamore tree,*
Sing all a green willow; [Singing.
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd
her moans;

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd
the stones;

Lay by these:

Sing willow, willow, willow;

'Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon. —

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

II.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve, —

Nay, that's not next. — Hark! who is it that knocks?

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. *I call'd my love, false love;* ³¹) *but what said*
he then?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping.

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so. — O, these men,
these men! —

Dost thou in conscience think, — tell me, Emilia, —
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;

I might do't as well i'the dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price
For a small vice.

Des. Good troth, I think thou would'st not.

Emil. By my troth, I think I should; and undo't,
when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a
thing for a joint-ring; ³²) nor for measures of lawn;
nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty
exhibition: but, for the whole world, — Why, who
would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him
a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for
the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'the world;
and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong
in your own world, and you might quickly make
it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many
To the vantage, ³³) as would store the world they
play'd for.

But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour out treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having ³⁴) in despite;
Why we have galls; and, though we have some grace,
Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think, it is; And doth affection breed it?

I think, it doth; Is't frailty, that thus errs?

It is so too: And have not we affections?

Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?

Then, let them use us well: else, let them know,

The ills we do, their ills instruct us to. ³⁵)

Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me such
usage send,

Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Street.

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will
he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword.
[*Retires to a little distance.*]

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons: —
'Tis but a man gone: — forth, my sword; he dies.

[*Goes to his stand.*]

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the
sense,

And he grows angry. ¹) Now whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him, ²)
As gifts to Desdemona;

It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die: — But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he; — Villain, thou diest.
[*Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at CASSIO.*]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws, and wounds RODERIGO.*]

Rod. O, I am slain!

[*IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind in
the leg, ³) and exit.*]

Cas. I am maim'd for ever: — Help, ho! murder!
murder!

[*Falls.*]

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio: — Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain, that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he; — O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me, — Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace: — Strumpet, I come:
Forth of my heart ⁴⁾ those charms, thine eyes, are
blotted;

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[*Exit OTHELLO.*]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? ⁵⁾ murder!
murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans; — it is a heavy night: ⁶⁾
These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, with a Light.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and
weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries
on murder? ⁷⁾

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did you not hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains! —

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[*To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.*]

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

[*IAGO stabs RODERIGO.*]

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog! —

O! O! O!

Iago. Kill men i'the dark! — Where be these
bloody thieves? —

How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Cassio hurt
By villains.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid! —
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet! — Cassio, may you
suspect

Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to
seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter: So. — O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints: — O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury. —

Patience a while, good Cassio. — Come, come;

Lend me a light. — Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,

Roderigo? no: — Yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra.

Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio? — O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he: — O, that's well said; —
the chair: — [A Chair brought in.]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;

I'll fetch the general's surgeon. — For you, mistress,
[*To BIANCA.*]

Save you your labour. — He that lies slain here,
Cassio,

Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*To BIAN.*] What, look you pale? — O bear
him out o'the air.

[*CASSIO and ROD. are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen. — ⁸⁾ Look you pale,
mistress?

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye? —

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon: —

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter; what's the matter,
husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. — 'Pr'ythee,
Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night: —

What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore
shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fye, fye upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? foh! fye upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio
dress'd: —

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale. —

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd. —

Will you go on, I pray? This is the night, [*Aside*
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. ⁹⁾

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

*A Bedchamber: DESDEMONA in Bed, asleep.
A Light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul, —
Let me not name it ¹⁰⁾ to you, you chaste stars! —
It is the cause. — Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[Takes off his Sword.]

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light: ¹¹⁾
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me: — but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd
thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither: — I'll smell it on the tree. —

[Kissing her.]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! — One more, one more. —
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after: — One more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes, where it doth love. — She wakes —

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No, — Heaven forefend. — I would not kill thy
soul. ¹²⁾

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, Heaven
Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear, I
know not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving. —
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and
gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth.

Yes, presently:

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth.

I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too! — I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his
hand.

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do, —
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice: ¹³⁾
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him: — Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath — us'd thee.

Des.

How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He'll not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't. ¹⁴⁾

Des. My fear interprets then, — What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my
face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive, — —

Des.

But half an hour.

Oth.

Being done,

There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. ¹⁵⁾

[He smothers her.]

Emil. *[Within.]* My lord, my lord! what ho! my
lord! my lord!

Oth. What noise is this? — Not dead! not yet
quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain. —
So, so.

Emil. *[Within.]* What ho, my lord! my lord!

Oth.

Who's there?

Emil. *[Within.]* O, good my lord, I would speak
a word with you.

Oth. Yes; — 'tis Emilia: — by and by. — She's
dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high. — Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?
I think, she stirs again: — No. — What's the best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife? — I have no wife:
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. *[Within.]* I do beseech you, I may speak
with you.

O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia: —
Soft, — by and by: — Let me the curtains draw. —
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

[Unlocks the Door.]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, good my lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont;
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd — Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd?

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice: —
Help! help, ho! help! — O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done
This deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell. [*Dies.*]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.¹⁶⁾

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.¹⁷⁾

Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity; Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio.

Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I say, thy
husband.

Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with
love! — ¹⁸⁾

My husband say, that she was false?

Oth. He, woman;
I say, thy husband; Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,

As I have to be hurt.¹⁹⁾ O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed, —
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives: — Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my mistress; Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter! — How now, general?

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie: —
She false with Cassio! — Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your
tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound
to speak;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens fend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy! —
I think upon't, — I think, — I smell't; — O villainy!
I thought so then; — ²⁰⁾ I'll kill myself for grief. —
O villainy, villainy!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you
home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [*Hanging over his Wife.*]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar:
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul! — [*Rising.*]
I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
stopp'd;

I know, this act shows horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out; — I hold my peace,
sir? no;

No, I will speak as liberal ²¹⁾ as the air;
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil.

I will not.

[IAGO offers to stab his Wife.

Fye!

Gra.

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,) He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago.

Villainous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found it, And I did give't my husband.

Iago.

Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen: O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool Do with so good a wife?

[IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out.

Oth.

Are there no stones in heaven,

But what serve for the thunder? — ²²) Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress' side!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon, Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:

Come, guard the door without; let him not pass, But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain, For 'tis a damned slave.

[Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO.

Oth.

I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword: — But why should honour outlive honesty?

Let it go all.

Emil.

What did thy song bode, lady?

Hark, can'st thou hear me? I will play the swan, And die in music; — *Willow, willow, willow.* — Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor; So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true; So speaking as I think, I die, — I die. [Dies.

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber, It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper; — ²³) O, here it is: — Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [Within.] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me, Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth.

Behold! I have a weapon;

A better never did itself sustain Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day, That, with this little arm, and this good sword, I have made my way through more impediments Than twenty times your stop: — But, O vain boast! Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now. — Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd; Here is my journey's end, here is my butt, And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'Tis a lost fear; Man but a rush against Othello's breast, And he retires; — Where should Othello go? — Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench! Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt, This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven, And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl? Even like thy chastity. —

O cursed, cursed slave! — Whip me, ye devils, From the possession of this heavenly sight! Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! —

O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?

Dead? O! O! O!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, carried in a Chair, and Officers, with IAGO, prisoner.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet; — ²⁴) but that's a fable:

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO wounds IAGO.

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago.

I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live; For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou, Othello, that was once so good, Fall'n in the practice ²⁵) of a cursed slave, What shall be said to thee?

Oth.

Why, any thing:

An honourable murderer, if you will;

For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy: Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon. Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil, Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra.

Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n, Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter, Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo; And here, another: the one of them imports The death of Cassio to be undertook By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper, Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems, Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain: But that, belike, Iago in the interim Came in and satisfied him.

Oth.

O the pernicious caitiff! —

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief That was my wife's?

Cas.

I found it in my chamber:

And he himself confess'd, but even now, That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose, Which wrought to his desire.

Oth.

O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter, — How he upbraids Iago, that he made him Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came That I was cast: And even but now he spake, After long seeming dead, — Iago hurt him, Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us; Your power and your command is taken off, And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave, — If there be any cunning cruelty, That can torment him much, and hold him long, It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest, Till that the nature of your fault be known To the Venetian state: — Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they
know it;

No more of that: — I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you
speak

Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Júdean, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; ²⁶) of one, whose subdu'd
eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum: Set you down this:
And say, besides, — that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him — thus. [*Stabs himself.*]

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All, that's spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee; — No way
but this, [*Falling upon DESDEMONA.*]

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog, ²⁷)
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!

Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [*To IAGO.*]

This is thy work: the object poisons sight; —

Let it be hid. — Gratiano, keep the house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed to you. — To you, lord governor,

Remains the censure ²⁸) of this hellish villain;

The time, the place, the torture, — O enforce it!

Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,

This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [*Exeunt.*]

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE END OF THE WORLD

I.

V E N U S A N D A D O N I S.

*Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua. — OVID.*

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
H E N R Y W R I O T H E S L Y,
Earl of Southampton, and Baron of Tichfield.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.*)

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than myself, (thus she began)
The field's chief flower, '1) sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife, 2)
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
A thousand honey-secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where serpent never hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this, she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under the other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens (O how quick is love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks:
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He says, she is immodest, blames her 'miss; 3)
What follows more, she smothers with a kiss. 4)

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone, 5)
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, 6) but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face;
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank,⁷⁾
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he low'rs and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd⁸⁾ with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a di-dapper peering through a wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet in fire must burn:
"Oh pity, 'gan she cry, flint-hearted boy;
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?"

I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To coy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus him that over-rul'd, I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mast'ring her that foil'd the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,)
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine: —
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head;
Look in mine eye-balls where thy beauty lies:
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink, so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there be but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,
Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet may'st thou well be tasted;
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey,⁹⁾ and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
Narcissus so, himself himself forsook,
And dy'd to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:¹⁰⁾
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty,
Thou wert begot, — to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase¹¹⁾ why should'st thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His low'ring brows o'er-whelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fye, no more of love;
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

"Ah me, (quoth Venus,) young, and so unkind!
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven, shines but warm,
And lo, I lie between that sun and thee;
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me:
And were I not immortal, life were done,¹²⁾
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne so bad a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.¹³⁾

What am I, that thou should'st condemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well painted idol, image, dull and dead,
Statue, contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause;
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments¹⁴⁾ break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers, one in one.

"Fondling, she saith, since I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be the park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain;
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
Fore-knowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why there love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round-enchanted pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing,
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:
"Pity,(she cries)—some favour—some remorse—"
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest¹⁵⁾ now stands on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, lo! thus my strength is try'd;
And thus I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holla, or his *Stand, I say?*
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons, or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with Nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares,
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base¹⁶⁾ he now prepares,
And whe'r he run,¹⁷⁾ or fly, they knew not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,
He vails his tail,¹⁸⁾ that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttocks lent;
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chasing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast;
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney ¹⁹⁾ once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
(Even as a dying coal revives with wind),
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askaunce he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue!
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now, her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheeks feels:
His tender cheeks receive her soft hands' print,
As apt as new fallen snow takes any dint.

O what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts ²⁰⁾ made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like to silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
"O fairest mover on this mortal round,
'Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound; ²¹⁾
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee."

Give me my hand, saith he, why dost thou feel it?
Give me my heart, saith she, and thou shalt have it;
O give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it: ²²⁾
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

For shame, he cries, let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone:
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, tied to a tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold,
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.
O learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And, once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love (quoth he) nor will I know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it; ²³⁾
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's back'd and burthen'd being young,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

What! canst thou talk (quoth she), hast thou a tongue?
O 'would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Earth's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smelling.

But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast should ever last,
And bid suspicion double-lock the door?
Lest jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the sea-man, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws ²⁴⁾ to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun:

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth.
A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And in amaze brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard;
He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd;
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye,

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon, in water seen by night.

O, where am I, quoth she? in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy.

O thou didst kill me; — kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
Oh never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!²⁵⁾
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,²⁶⁾
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred kisses unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?

Fair queen, quoth he, if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness²⁷⁾ with my unripe years;
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

Look, the world's comforter,²⁸⁾ but weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the West:
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
The coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light,
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say *good night*, and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.
Good night, quoth she; and, ere he says *adieu*,
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
(Their lips together glew'd) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught her yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willet;—
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blind-fold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant, still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with temp'ring,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
Chiefly in love, whose leave²⁹⁾ exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have pricks? yet is it pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, Love's master,³⁰⁾ shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar! (quoth she) whereast a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheeks; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging on his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysinm, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw:³¹⁾
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
Fie, fie, he says, you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so.

Thou hadst been gone, quoth she, sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me, thou would'st hunt the boar.
O be advis'd; thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never-sheath'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher,³²⁾ bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he strikes what e'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes, his crooked tushes slay.

His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eye pays tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage (wond'rous dread!)
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well, take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
Doth call himself affection's centinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill*;
Distemp'ring gentle love with his desire,
As air and water doth abate the fire.

This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,³³⁾
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,³⁴⁾
This carry-tale, dissensious jealousy,
That sometimes true news, sometimes false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That trembling at the imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed?
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshut his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles:
The many musits³⁵⁾ through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among the flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,³⁶⁾
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer;³⁷⁾
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore-sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike thyself, thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave? — No matter where, quoth he;
Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent. Why, what of that, quoth she,
I am, quoth he, expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall. —
In night, quoth she, desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves;³⁸⁾ so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.³⁹⁾

Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of sad mischances and much misery;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poising pestilence, and frenzies wood,⁴⁰⁾
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, impostumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minute's sight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat th' imperial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,⁴¹⁾
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night,
Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in their obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or their's, whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use, more gold begets.

Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme;
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in my ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase; O strange excuse!
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurps his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth, like sun-shine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun,
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.
Love surfeits not; lust like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth; lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;
Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark lawnd⁴²⁾ runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend;
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
Ah me! she cries, and twenty times, *woe, woe!*
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answers so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds, resembling parasites,
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She said, 'tis so: they answer all, 'tis so;
And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.⁴³⁾

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder:
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprize her heart,
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, chearing up her senses sore-dismay'd,
She tells them, 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more;—
And with that word she spy'd the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither;
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the paths that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain;
Full of respect, yet not at all respecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks; and he replies with howling.

When he had ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin vollies out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love, (thus chides she death)
Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

If he be dead, — O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it —
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,⁴⁴⁾
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eye-lids,⁴⁵⁾ who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in her tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving which should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expell;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
With likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she had wrought;
Adonis lives, and death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to naught;
Now she adds honour to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperial supreme of all mortal things.

No, no, (quoth she) sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow, (truth I must confess)
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate;⁴⁶⁾
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs; and stories
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Jove, quoth she, how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For, he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As faulcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head,

Where they resign'd their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terrors doth men's mind confound:
This mutiny each part doth so surprize,
That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling sight
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so stedfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet, quoth she, behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes, as fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

Bonnet or veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair;

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks; then would Adonis weep:
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

To see his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;⁴⁷⁾
To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him:
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave;
If he did see his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain;
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who would not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, his tusk in his soft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more I am accurst.
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
 She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,
 As if he heard the woeful words she told:
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 Where lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies:

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
 And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
 Wonder of time, quoth she, this is my spite, ⁴⁸⁾
 That, you being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
 Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
 It shall be waited on with jealousy,
 Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
 Ne'er settled equally, to high or low;
 That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
 And shall be blasted in a breathing-while;
 The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd
 With sweets, that shall the sharpest sight beguile:
 The strongest body shall it make most weak,
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures; ⁴⁹⁾
 The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
 Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures:
 It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,
 Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;
 It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust;
 It shall be merciful, and too severe,
 And most deceiving, when it seems most just;
 Perverse it shall be, when it seems most toward,
 Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war, and dire events,
 And set dissention 'twixt the son and sire;
 Subject and servile to all discontents,
 As dry combustious matter is to fire;
 Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
 They that love best, their love shall not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd,
 Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
 And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
 A purple flower sprung up, checquer'd with white;
 Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
 Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
 And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
 Since he himself is reft from her by death:
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
 Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

Poor flower, quoth she, this was thy father's guise,
 (Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire)
 For every little grief to wet his eyes:
 To grow unto himself was his desire,
 And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
 To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
 Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
 Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
 My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
 There shall not be one minute of an hour,
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
 And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
 Their mistress mounted, through the empty skies
 In her light chariot quickly is convey'd,
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
 Means to immure herself, and not be seen.

II.

TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

Earl of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield.

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater: mean time, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post, ¹⁾
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of *chaste* unhapp'ly set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, ²⁾ as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decayed and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apology be made
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should
vaunt
The golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows. ³⁾
O rash-false heat, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old! ⁴⁾

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white. ⁵⁾

But beauty, in that white intituled, ⁶⁾
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight, —
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white.
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue
(The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so)
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,⁷⁾
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For thoughts unstain'd do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books;
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,⁸⁾
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there.
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending⁹⁾ weariness with heavy spright;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
And every one to rest himself betakes,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that
wakes.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining;
Despair to gain, doth traffic oft for gaining;
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.

Those that much covet, are with gain so fond,
That what they have not (that which they possess)
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waining age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour, in fell battles' rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill,¹⁰⁾ we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself, himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds,¹¹⁾ betrays
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries:
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
The one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm;
But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprize,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine!
And die unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine!
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white
weed.

O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
 O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
 O impious act, including all foul harms!
 A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!¹²⁾
 True valour still a true respect should have;
 Then my digression¹³⁾ is so vile, so base,
 That it will live engraven in my face.

Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
 And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
 Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,¹⁴⁾
 To cipher me, how fondly I did dote;
 That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
 Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
 To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy:
 Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?
 Or sells eternity, to get a toy?
 For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
 Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
 Would with the scepter straight be stricken down?

If Collatinus dream of my intent,
 Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
 Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
 This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
 This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
 This dying virtue, this surviving shame
 Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

O what excuse can my invention make,
 When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
 Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake?
 Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
 The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
 And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
 But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
 Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
 Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
 Might have excuse to work upon his wife;
 As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
 But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
 The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shameful it is; — ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is; — there is no hate in loving:
 I'll beg her love; — *but she is not her own:*
 The worst is but denial, and reproving:
 My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
 Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw,
 Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.¹⁵⁾

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
 'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
 And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
 Urging the worsen sense for vantage still;
 Which in a moment doth confound and kill
 All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
 That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,
 And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
 Fearing some hard news from the warlike band
 Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
 O how her fear did make her colour rise!
 First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
 Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
 Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear!
 Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
 Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
 Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
 That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
 Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
 All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
 Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
 Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
 Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
 And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
 The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then childish fear avaunt! debating die!
 Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
 My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
 Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage;
 My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
 Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
 Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
 Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
 Away he steals with open listening ear,
 Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;
 Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
 So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
 That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
 And in the self same seat sits Collatine:
 That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits,
 That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
 Unto a view so false will not incline;
 But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
 Which, once corrupted, takes the worsen part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
 Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
 Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
 And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
 Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
 By reprobate desire thus madly led,
 The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
 Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward;
 But as they open, they all rate his ill,
 Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
 The threshold grates the door to have him heard;¹⁶⁾
 Night-wand'ring weesels shriek to see him there;
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
 Through little vents and crannies of the place
 The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,
 And blows the smoke of it into his face,
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
 But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
 Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
 Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies;¹⁷⁾
 And griping it, the needl his finger pricks:
 As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
 Is not inur'd; return again in haste;
 Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
 He in the worst sense construes their denial:
 The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,
 He takes for accidental things of trial;
 Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
 Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, so, quoth he, these lets attend the time,
 Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
 To add a more rejoicing to the prime,¹⁸⁾
 And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
 Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
 Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves
 and sands,
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber door
 That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
 Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
 Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
 So from himself impiety hath wrought,
 That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
 As if the heaven should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
 Having solicited the eternal power,
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
 And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
 Even there he starts: — quoth he, I must deflower;
 The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
 How can they then assist me in the act?

Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
 My will is back'd with resolution:
 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
 The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
 Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
 The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
 Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
 And with his knee the door he opens wide:
 The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch;
 Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
 Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside;
 But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
 Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
 And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
 The curtains being close, about he walks,
 Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head:
 By their high treason is his heart misled;
 Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon,
 To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
 Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
 Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
 To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
 Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,
 That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;
 But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,
 Then had they seen the period of their ill!
 Then Collatine again by Lucrece' side,
 In his clear bed might have reposed still:
 But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
 And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
 Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
 Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
 Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
 Between whose hills her head intombed is:
 Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
 To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
 On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
 Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
 With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
 Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
 And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
 Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
 O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
 Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
 And death's dim look in life's mortality.
 Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
 As if between them twain there were no strife,
 But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
 A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
 Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
 And him by oath they truly honoured.¹⁹⁾
 These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
 Who, like a foul usurper, went about
 From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
 What did he note, but strongly he desired?
 What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
 And in his will his wilful eye he tired.²⁰⁾
 With more than admiration he admired
 Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
 Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
 Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
 So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
 His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
 Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,
 His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
 Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
 Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,
 In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
 Nor children's tears, nor mother's groans respecting,
 Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
 Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
 Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
 His eye commends the leading to his hand;
 His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
 Smoaking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
 On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
 Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
 Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They mustering to the quiet cabinet
 Where their dear governess and lady lies,
 Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
 And fright her with confusion of their cries:
 She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
 Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
 Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
 From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
 That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
 Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking;
 What terror 'tis! but she, in worsè taking,
 From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
 The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
 Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
 She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
 Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
 Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
 Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
 In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand that yet remains upon her breast,
 (Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!)
 May feel her heart (poor citizen!) distress'd,
 Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
 Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
 This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
 To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
 To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
 Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
 The reason of this rash alarm to know,
 Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
 But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
 Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: The colour in thy face
 (That even for anger makes the lily pale,
 And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,)
 Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
 Under that colour am I come to scale
 Thy never-conquer'd fort; the fault is thine,
 For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
 Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
 Where thou with patience must my will abide,
 My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
 Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
 But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
 By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
 I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
 I think the honey guarded with a sting;
 All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends:
 But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;
 Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
 And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated, even in my soul,
 What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
 But nothing can affection's course control,
 Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
 I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
 Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
 Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
 Which like a falcon towering in the skies,
 Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
 Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he dies:
 So under the insulting falchion lies
 Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
 With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcons' bells.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee:
 If thou deny, then force must work my way,
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee;
 That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
 To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
 And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
 Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
 The scornful mark of every open eye;
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
 Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
 And thou, the author of their obloquy,
 Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhimes,
 And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
 The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
 A little harm, done to a great good end,
 For lawful policy remains enacted.
 The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
 In a pure compound; being so applied,
 His venom in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband's and thy children's sake,
 Tender my suit: ²¹⁾ bequeath not to their lot
 The shame that from them no device can take,
 The blemish that will never be forgot;
 Worse than a slavish wipe, ²²⁾ or birth-hour's blot: ²³⁾
 For marks descried in men's nativity
 Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,
 He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause,
 While she, the picture of pure piety,
 Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws, ²⁴⁾
 Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
 To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
 Nor ought obeys but his foul appetite.

Look, when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
 In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
 From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
 Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
 Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
 So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
 And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
 While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth;
 Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly, ²⁵⁾
 A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
 His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
 No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
 Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
 In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
 Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
 Which to her oratory adds more grace.
 She puts the period often from his place,
 And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
 That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
 By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
 By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
 By holy human law, and common troth,
 By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
 That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
 And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, reward not hospitality
 With such black payment as thou hast pretended;²⁶⁾
 Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
 End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended:
 He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow
 To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;
 Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me;
 Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me.
 Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me:
 My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee.
 If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
 Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans;

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
 Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
 To soften it with their continual motion;
 For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
 O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
 Melt at my tears and be compassionate!
 Soft pity enters at an iron gate.²⁷⁾

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
 Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
 To all the host of heaven I complain me,
 Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
 Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
 Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
 For kings, like gods, should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
 When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
 If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
 What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?
 O be remember'd, no outrageous thing
 From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
 Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.²⁸⁾

This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
 But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
 With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
 When they in thee the like offences prove:
 If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
 For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
 Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
 Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
 Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
 Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
 To privilege dishonour in thy name?
 Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
 And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
 From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
 Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
 For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
 Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
 When, pattern'd by thy fault,²⁹⁾ foul Sin may say,
 He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

Think but how vile a spectacle it were
 To view thy present trespass in another.
 Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
 Their own transgressions partially they smother:
 This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
 O how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
 That from their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes!

To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
 Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier;³⁰⁾
 I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;
 Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
 His true respect will 'prison false desire,
 And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
 That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he; my uncontrolled tide
 Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
 Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
 And with the wind in greater fury fret:
 The petty streams that pay a daily debt
 To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,
 Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.

Thou art, quoth she, a sea, a sovereign king;
 And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
 Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
 Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
 If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
 Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hersed,
 And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
 Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
 Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
 Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
 The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
 But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state —
 No more, quoth he, by heaven, I will not hear thee:
 Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
 Instead of love's coy touch,³¹⁾ shall rudely tear thee;
 That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
 Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
 To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
 For light and lust are deadly enemies:
 Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
 The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries,
 Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
 Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears,
 He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
 Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
 O, that prone lust³²⁾ should stain so pure a bed!
 The spots whereof could weeping purify,
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
 And he hath won what he would lose again.
 This forced league doth force a further strife,
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
 Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
 And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
 The prey wherein by nature they delight;
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
 Devours his will that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,
For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her fore-sight could not fore-stall their will.

Even in his thought, through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor, that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain,
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He, like a thievish dog, creeps sadly thence,
She, like a wearied lamb, lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence,
She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays exclaiming on the direful night,
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,
She there remains a hopeless cast-away:
He in his speed looks for the morning light,
She prays she never may behold the day:
For day, quoth she, night-scapes doth open lay;³³⁾
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night.

O comfort-killing night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies³⁴⁾ and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

O hateful, vaporous and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time!
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;³⁵⁾
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child,) ³⁶⁾
The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids³⁷⁾ too, by him defil'd,
Through night's black bosom should not peep again;
So should I have copartners in my pain:
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made,
May likewise be sepulcher'd in thy shade!

Make me not object to the tell-tale day!
The light will show, charáctér'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow:
Yea, the illiterate that know not how
To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame:
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attain of mine,
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
 O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
 Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
 And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,³⁸⁾
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
 Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
 Which not themselves, but he that gives them, knows!

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
 From me by strong assault it is bereft,
 My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
 Have no perfection of my summer left,
 But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
 In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
 And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet am I guiltless of thy honour's wreck;
 Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
 Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
 For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
 Besides of weariness he did complain him,
 And talk'd of virtue: — O unlook'd for evil,
 When virtue is prophan'd in such a devil!

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
 Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
 Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
 Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
 Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
 But no perfection is so absolute,
 That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers up his gold,
 Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits,
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
 But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
 And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
 Having no other pleasure of his gain,
 But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
 And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
 Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
 Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
 To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
 The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour,
 Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
 Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
 The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
 What virtue breeds, iniquity devours:
 We have no good that we can say is ours,
 But ill-annexed opportunity
 Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
 'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
 Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
 Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
 'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
 And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
 Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
 Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
 Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
 Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
 Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
 Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
 Thy private feasting to a public fast;
 Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;³⁹⁾
 Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
 Thy violent vanities can never last.
 How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
 And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
 When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
 Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
 Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?
 The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
 But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
 The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds;⁴⁰⁾
 Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
 Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
 Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
 They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
 He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd⁴¹⁾
 As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
 My Collatine would else have come to me—
 When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
 Guilty of perjury and subornation;
 Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift:
 Guilty of incest, that abomination:
 An accessory by thine inclination
 To all sins past, and all that are to come,
 From the creation to the general doom.

Misshapen Time, copesmate⁴²⁾ of ugly night,
 Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care;
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
 Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
 Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.
 O hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
 Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
 Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
 Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
 To endless date of never-ending woes?
 Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;
 To eat up error by opinion bred,
 Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
 To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
 To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
 To wrong the wronger till he render right;⁴³⁾
 To ruin proud buildings with thy hours,⁴⁴⁾
 And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
 To feed oblivion with decay of things,
 To blot old books, and alter their contents,
 To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
 To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;⁴⁵⁾
 To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,⁴⁶⁾
 And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel:

To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd;
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou could'st return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, would'st thou one hour come
back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun this wrack!

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;
And the dire thought of his committed evil,
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan, but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave;
And time to see one that by alms doth live,
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort:
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport:
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill:
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's-man⁴⁷⁾ to so base a slave?

The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon, being clouded, presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

Out, idle words,⁴⁸⁾ servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools,
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw,⁴⁹⁾
Since that my case is past the help of law.

In vain I rail at opportunity,
At time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night;
In vain I cavil with my infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul, defiled, blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame:
Since thou could'st not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death.
But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

In vain, quoth she, I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife;
So am I now: — O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

O! that is gone, for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery;⁵⁰⁾
A dying life to living infamy;
Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy
peeping;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines, that pines heholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-flows:
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb!
(My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:)
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear:
For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st, better skill.⁵¹⁾

And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink,⁵²⁾ shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is sham'd, and death reproaches
debtor.⁵³⁾

To kill myself, quoth she, alack! what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body or my soul, which was the dearer?
When the one pure, the other made divine.
Whose love of either to myself was nearer?
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.
Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
And as his due, writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, Love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgement of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do you take;
Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives, disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
 How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
 My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
 My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
 Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, *so be it.*
 Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee;
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
 And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
 With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
 Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
 For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
 Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
 As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
 With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
 And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
 (For why? her face wore sorrow's livery;)
 But durst not ask of her audaciously
 Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
 Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
 Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;
 Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
 Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
 Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,
 Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
 Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
 Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
 One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
 No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
 Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
 And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts:

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
 The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
 Then call them not the authors of their ill,
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
 Lays open all the little worms that creep;
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
 Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
 Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
 Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd!
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
 Is worthy blame. O let it not be hild
 Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
 With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
 Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
 Of present death, and shame that might ensue
 By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
 Such danger to resistance did belong,
 That dying fear through all her body spread;
 And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
 To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
 My girl, quoth she, on what occasion break
 Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
 If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
 Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
 If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went — (and there she stay'd
 Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from hence?
 Madam, ere I was up, reply'd the maid,
 The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
 Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
 Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
 And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
 She would request to know your heaviness.
 O peace! quoth Lucrece; if it should be told,
 The repetition cannot make it less;
 For more it is than I can well express:
 And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
 When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen —
 Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
 What should I say? — One of my husband's men,
 Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
 A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it:
 The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
 First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
 Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
 What wit sets down, is blotted straight with will;
 This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
 Much like a press of people at a door,
 Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
 Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
 Health to thy person! next vouchsafe to afford
 (If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see,)
 Some present speed to come and visit me:
 So I commend me from our house in grief;
 My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
 Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
 By this short schedule Collatine may know
 Her grief, but not her grief's true quality;
 She dares not thereof make discovery,
 Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
 Ere she with blood hath stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
 She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
 When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
 Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
 From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
 To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
 With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
 For then the eye interprets to the ear
 The heavy motion that it doth behold,
 When every part a part of woe doth bear.
 'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
 Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
 And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
At Ardea to my lord with more than haste:
 The post attends, and she delivers it,
 Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
 As lagging fowls before the northern blast.
 Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems:
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villein court'sies to her low;⁵⁴⁾
 And blushing on her, with a stedfast eye
 Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,
 And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
 But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
 Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
 For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame,

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
 Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
 Such harmless creatures have a true respect
 To talk in deeds, while others saucily
 Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
 Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age⁵⁵⁾
 Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
 That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
 She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
 And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;
 Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
 The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
 The more she thought he spy'd in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
 The weary time she cannot entertain,
 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
 So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
 That she her complaints a little while doth stay,
 Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
 Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
 Before the which is drawn⁵⁶⁾ the power of Greece,
 For Helen's rape⁵⁷⁾ the city to destroy,
 Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
 Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
 As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
 In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless life:
 Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
 Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
 The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife;
 And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
 Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
 And from the towers of Troy there would appear
 The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
 Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
 Such sweet observance in this work was had,
 That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
 You might behold, triúmphing in their faces;
 In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
 And here and there the painter interlaces
 Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
 Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
 That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art
 Of physiognomy might one behold!
 The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart;
 Their face their manners most expressly told:
 In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
 But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,
 Show'd deep regard and smiling government.⁵⁸⁾

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
 As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
 Making such sober action with his hand,
 That it beguill'd attention, charm'd the sight:
 In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
 Wag'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
 Thin winding breath, which pur'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
 All jointly listening, but with several graces,
 As if some mermaid did their ears entice;
 Some high, some low, the painter was so nice:
 The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
 To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
 His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
 Here one being throng'd bears back, all blown and red;
 Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;⁵⁹⁾
 And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
 As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
 It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,⁶⁰⁾
 That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
 Grip'd in an armed hand; himself, behind,
 Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
 A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
 When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
 Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
 To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
 And to their hope they such odd action yield,
 That, through their light joy, seemed to appear
 (Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strond of Dardan where they fought,
 To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
 Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
 With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
 To break upon the galled shore, and than⁶¹⁾
 Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
 They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
 To find a face where all distress is stél'd.⁶²⁾
 Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
 But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
 Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
 Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
 Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
 Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
 Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;
 Of what she was, no semblance did remain:
 Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
 Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
 Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no God to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor instrument, quoth she, without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter, die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many mo?⁶³
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so.
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

Lo here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds;⁶⁴
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
Shelends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,
And whom she finds forlorn, she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content:
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wild-fire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wond'rous skill;
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill;
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spy'd,
That she concludes the picture was bely'd.

It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile
(She would have said) *can lurk in such a look*;
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, *can lurk* from *cannot* took;
It cannot be she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus: "It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted)
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguild
With outward honesty,⁶⁵ but yet defil'd
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls,⁶⁶ a Trojan bleeds;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds:
Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water."

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
Fool! fool! quoth she, his wounds will not be sore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.
These water-galls in her dim element ⁶⁷)
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares,
But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrows fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say: —
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cry'd, Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word:
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

O teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To accessory yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that stops his answer so:
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste;
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his, poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful: let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece, — now attend me;
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth she,
(Speaking to those that came with Collatine)
Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies'
harms.

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. O speak, quoth she,
How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?

What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?

With this, they all at once began to say,
 Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
 While with a joyless smile she turns away
 The face, that map which deep impression bears
 Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.
 No, no, quoth she, no dame, hereafter living,
 By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
 She throws forth Tarquin's name: *He, he*, she says,
 But more than *he* her poor tongue could not speak;
 Till after many accents and delays,
 Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
 She utters this: *He, he*, fair lords, 'tis *he*,
 That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
 A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:
 That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
 Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
 Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
 Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
 Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
 Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
 Till Lucrece' father that beholds her bleed,
 Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
 And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
 The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
 Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
 Circles her body in on every side,
 Who like a late-sack'd island vastly stood
 Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.
 Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
 And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin
 stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
 Of that black blood, a watery rigol goes,
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
 And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
 Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
 And blood untainted still doth red abide,
 Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

Daughter, dear daughter, old Lucretius cries,
 That life was mine, which thou hast here depriv'd.
 If in the child the father's image lies,
 Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd?
 Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
 If children pre-decease progenitors,
 We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass, I often did behold
 In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born;
 But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
 Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn;
 O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!
 And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
 That I no more can see what once I was.

O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
 If they surcease to be, that should survive.
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
 And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
 The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
 Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
 Thy father die, and not thy father thee!

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
 And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
 And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream ⁶⁸)
 He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
 And counterfeits to die with her a space;
 Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
 And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
 Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
 Who mad that sorrow should his use control,
 Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
 Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
 Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's aid,
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
 But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
 This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
 Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
 Then son and father weep with equal strife,
 Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
 The father says, she's mine: O mine she is,
 Replies her husband: Do not take away
 My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
 He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
 And only must be wail'd by Collatine.

O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
 Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.
 Woe, woe, quoth Collatine, she was my wife,
 I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.
My daughter and *my wife* with clamours fill'd
 The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece' life,
 Answer'd their cries, *my daughter* and *my wife*.

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
 Seeing such emulation in their woe,
 Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
 Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
 He with the Romans was esteemed so
 As silly jeering idiots are with kings,
 For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
 Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
 And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
 To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
 Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, arise;
 Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
 Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
 Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
 Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
 For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
 Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:
 Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
 To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
 In such relenting dew of lamentations,
 But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
 To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
 That they will suffer these abominations,
 Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
 By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

Now by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
By heaven's fair sun, that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who wondering at him, did him words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show the bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly⁶⁹) did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

III.

S O N N E T S.

I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own buduriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.¹⁾

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou could'st answer — "This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse —"
Proving his beauty by succession thine.
This were to be new-made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd womb²⁾
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?

For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excell;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some phial, treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then, what could death do if thou should'st depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear,³⁾ why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.

Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly?
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
 In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
 Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
 Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;⁴⁾
 The world will be thy widow and still weep,
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
 When every private widow well may keep,
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
 Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
 And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
 No love toward others in that bosom sits,
 That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.
 Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
 But that thou none lov'st, is most evident;
 For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
 O change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
 Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
 Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
 Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
 Make thee another self, for love of me,
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
 Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth con-
 vertest.
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,
 And threescore years would make the world away.
 Let those whom nature hath not made for store,⁵⁾
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
 Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more;
 Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish;
 She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
 Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,

That thou among the wastes of time must go,
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
 And die as fast as they see others grow;
 And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defence,
 Save breed, to brave him,⁶⁾ when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
 No longer your's, than you yourself here live:
 Against this coming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give.
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease,
 Find no determination: then you were
 Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
 Which husbandry⁷⁾ in honour might uphold
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
 O! none but unthrifths: — Dear my love, you know,
 You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
 And yet methinks I have astronomy,
 But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality:
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
 Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind,
 Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
 By oft predict⁸⁾ that I in heaven find:
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
 And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
 If from thyself to store thou would'st convert:⁹⁾
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
 Holds in perfection but a little moment,
 That this huge state presenteth nought but shows
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,
 Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky;
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
 And wear their brave state out of memory;
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
 Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
 To change your day of youth to sullied night;
 And, all in war with time, for love of you,
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
 And fortify yourself in your decay
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
 And many maiden gardens yet unset,
 With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
 So should the lines of life¹⁰⁾ that life repair,
 Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,¹¹⁾
 Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
 To give away yourself, keeps yourself still;¹²⁾
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?

Though yet heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice; — in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,¹³⁾
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;¹⁴⁾
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;¹⁵⁾
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue all hues in his controlling,¹⁶⁾
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out¹⁷⁾ for women's
pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So it is not with me as with that muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement¹⁸⁾ of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.¹⁹⁾
O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair

As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hear-say well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I not for myself but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'er-charg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
O let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,

To thee I send this written embassy,
 To witness duty, not to show my wit.
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
 And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
 Till then, not show my head where thou may'st
 prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
 But then begins a journey in my head,
 To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
 For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
 And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see.
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
 Lo thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
 For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
 When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
 But day by night and night by day oppress'd?
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
 The one by toil, the other to complain
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
 I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
 When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even.
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
 And night doth nightly make grief's length seem
 stronger.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweep my out-cast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee, — and then my state
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
 For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
 Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,²⁰
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expence of many of vanish'd sight.
 Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,

And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not pay'd before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
 And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
 And all those friends which I thought buried.
 How many a holy and obsequious tear
 Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
 As interest of the dead, which now appear
 But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
 That due of many now is thine alone:
 Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall
 cover,
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
 Compare them with the bettering of the time;
 And though they be out-stripp'd by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.
 O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
*Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage:
 But since he died, and poets better prove,
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.*

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
 With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
 But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud²¹ hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun
 staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,
 To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
 'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
 For no man well of such a salve can speak,
 That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
 The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
 Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love
 sheds,
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:²²⁾
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,²³⁾
 (Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,
 That I an accessory needs must be
 To that sweet thief, which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
 Although our undivided loves are one:
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
 In our two loves there is but one respect,
 Though in our lives a separable spite,²⁴⁾
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,²⁵⁾
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,
 Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,²⁶⁾
 I make my love engrafted to this store:
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
 And by a part of all thy glory live.
 Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;
 This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
 Oh give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
 Worthy perusal, stand against thy sight,
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
 When thou thyself dost give invention light?
 Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
 Than those old nine, which rhimers invoke;
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
 If my slight muse do please these curious days,
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
 And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee?
 Even for this let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one,
 That by this separation I may give

That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
 O absence, what a torment would'st thou prove,
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
 (Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,)
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
 No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call;
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
 Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest;
 But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
 By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
 And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
 Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those petty wrongs that liberty commits,
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
 For still temptation follows where thou art.
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd.
 Ah me! but yet thou might'st, my sweet, forbear,
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
 Who lead thee in their riot even there
 Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;
 Her's, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
 And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love
 her;
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,²⁷⁾
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
 But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
 Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unrespected;
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
 And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
 Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
 How would thy shadow's form form happy show
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
 How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
 All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
 And nights, bright days, when dreams do show
 thee me.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then, although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee,
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,²⁸⁾
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life being made of four, with two alone,
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
(A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,) ²⁹⁾
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impannelled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee;
Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That, to my use, it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.

Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stolen I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects,
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, — my weary travel's end, —
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race;³⁰⁾
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,³¹⁾
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.³²⁾
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?

Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
 Is poorly imitated after you;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
 Speak of the spring, and foison of the year;
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear,³³⁾
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses.
 But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
 Even in the eyes of all posterity
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said,
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
 To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
 So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
 Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
 Return of love, more blest may be the view:
 Or call it winter, which being full of care,
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more
 rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,³⁴⁾
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
 When you have bid your servant once adieu;
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,

But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
 Save, where you are, how happy you make those:
 So true a fool is love, that in your will
 (Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
 Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty,
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check
 Without accusing you of injury.
 Be where you list; your charter is so strong,
 That you yourself may privilege your time:
 Do what you will, to you it doth belong
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
 Which labouring for invention bear amiss
 The second burthen of a former child?
 O that record could with a backward look,
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
 Show me your image in some antique book,
 Since mind at first in character was done!³⁵⁾
 That I might see what the old world could say
 To this composed wonder of your frame;
 Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they,
 Or whether revolution be the same.
 O! sure I am, the wits of former days
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity once in the main of light,³⁶⁾
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;³⁷⁾
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
 And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,
 The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
 O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
 From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
 And all my soul, and all my every part;

And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
'Bated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his
brow

With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich proud cost of out-worn bury'd age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare —
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?³⁸⁾
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry, —
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,

And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill:
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?³⁹⁾
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had,
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,⁴⁰⁾
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature store,
To show false art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound,
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes
were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
To solve is this, —⁴¹⁾ that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,⁴²⁾
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;⁴³⁾
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should'st owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell

Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
 But let your love even with my life decay:
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
 What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
 After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
 To do more for me than mine own desert,
 And hang more praise upon deceased I,
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
 O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,
 My name be buried where my body is,
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
 For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
 As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
 strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
 Without all bail shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line some interest,
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
 The very part was consecrate to thee.
 The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The prey of worms, my body being dead;
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
 Too base of thee to be remembered.
 The worth of that, is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground,
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
 Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
 Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,
 And by and by clean starved for a look;⁴⁴⁾

Possessing or pursuing no delight,
 Save what is had or must from you be took.
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.⁴⁵⁾

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
 So far from variation or quick change?
 Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keep invention in a noted weed,⁴⁶⁾
 That every word doth almost tell my name,
 Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
 O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument;
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent:
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
 Of mouthed graves⁴⁷⁾ will give thee memory;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
 Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 These offices, so soft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,
 As every alien pen hath got my use,
 And under thee their poesy disperse.
 Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
 And given grace a double majesty.
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee.
 In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
 And my sick muse doth give another place.
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
 He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
 From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
 And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
 Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,⁴⁸⁾

And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-ty'd, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth (wide, as the ocean is,)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this; — my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die.
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen,)
Where breath most breathes, — even in the mouths
of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
And therefore may'st without attaint o'er-look
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set.
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,⁴⁹⁾
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.⁵⁰⁾
Their lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,
Than this rich praise, — that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,

And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises
worse.⁵¹⁾

LXXXV.

My tongue-ty'd muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd.
I think good thoughts, while others write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say, 'tis so, 'tis true,
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hind-most, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence.
But when your countenance fil'd up his line,⁵²⁾
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewel! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of Scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou, in losing me, shall win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:

Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;
 Against thy reasons making no defence.
 Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
 To set a form upon desired change,
 As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
 I will acquaintance strangle,⁵³⁾ and look strange;
 Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
 Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell;
 Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
 For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 And do not drop in for an after-loss:
 Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,
 But in the onset come; so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of Fortune's might;
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
 Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
 And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
 But these particulars are not my measure,
 All these I better in one general best.
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
 Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assured mine;
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine.
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath end.
 I see a better state to me belongs
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
 O what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?—
 Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband; so love's face
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd-new;
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
 In many looks the false heart's history
 Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
 But heaven in thy creation did decree,
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;

Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 And husband nature's riches from expence;
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die;
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed out-braves his dignity:
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
 Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name?
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
 O what a mansion have those vices got,
 Which for their habitation chose out thee!
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
 And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see!
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
 The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness,
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:⁵⁴⁾
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
 As on the finger of a throned queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd;
 So are those errors that in thee are seen,
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!⁵⁵⁾
 How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
 If thou would'st use the strength of all thy state!
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen?
 What old December's bareness every where!
 And yet this time remov'd⁵⁶⁾ was summer's time;
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,⁵⁷⁾
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And thou away, the very birds are mute;
 Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,

Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,⁵⁸)
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they
grew:

Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide; —
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet
that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,⁵⁹)
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe,⁶⁰) and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignify'd.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay:
But best is best, if never intermix'd? —
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee
To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,

And stops his pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now,
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O, blame me not if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd:
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idle show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,⁶¹⁾
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case⁶²⁾
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd, —
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd,
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,⁶³⁾
Gor'd mine own thoughts,⁶⁴⁾ sold cheap what is
most dear,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,⁶⁵⁾
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.⁶⁶⁾
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;

Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eysell, 'gainst my strong infection;⁶⁷⁾
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?⁶⁸⁾
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.⁶⁹⁾
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.⁷⁰⁾
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense: —
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead.⁷¹⁾

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about,
Doth part his function,⁷²⁾ and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch;⁷³⁾
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour,⁷⁴⁾ or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchymy,
To make, of monsters and things indigest,
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,⁷⁵⁾
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
Yet then my judgement knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, *now I love you best*,
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love,

Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof, surmise accumulate,
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate:
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge:
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured.
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!⁷⁶⁾
O benefit of ill! now I find true,
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by your's, you have pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,

And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosom fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransom your's, and your's must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, — I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;⁷⁷⁾
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,⁷⁸⁾
Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past;
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste:
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it not grows with heat, nor drowns with
showers.⁷⁹⁾
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,

Or lay'd great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No; — let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds,⁸⁰) knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st!
If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure;
She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame.
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited: and they mourners seem
At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:⁸¹)
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
Since saucy jacks⁸²) so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expence of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, — and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:

All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, — yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go, —
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground;
And yet by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she bely'd with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgement's place.
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd;
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will;
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine

Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
 He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statute of thy beauty⁸³) thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
 And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
 Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
 And will to boot, and will in over-plus;
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
 And in abundance addeth to his store;
 So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
 One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
 Let no unkind, no fair beseeches kill;
 Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
 Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfill.
Will will fulfill the treasure of thy love,
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove;
 Among a number one is reckon'd none.
 Then in the number let me pass untold,
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
 And then thou lov'st me, — for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
 That they behold, and see not what they see?
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 Whereto the judgement of my heart is ty'd?
 Why should my heart think that a several plot,
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common
 place?
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
 In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears⁸⁴) that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her, though I know she lies;
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
 Unlearned in the world's false subtilties.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 Although she knows my days are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue,
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
 But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?

And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
 O love's best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in love loves not to have years told:
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O call not me to justify the wrong,
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy
 might
 Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide?
 Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
 Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
 Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
 My tongue-ty'd patience with too much disdain;
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
 (As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
 No news but health from their physicians know:)
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
 That I may not be so, nor thou bely'd,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart
 go wide.

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
 Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
 Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:
 But my five wits, nor my five senses can
 Dissuade⁸⁵) one foolish heart from serving thee,
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
 That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
 O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
 Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine;
 Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
 Thy pity may deserve to pity'd be.
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
 By self-example may'st thou be deny'd!

CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful house-wife runs to catch,
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
 In púrsuit of the thing she would have stay;
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
 To follow that which flies before her face,
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;⁸⁶⁾
 So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
 Whilst I thy babe chace thee afar behind;
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
 So will I pray that thou may'st have thy Will,
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
 The better angel is a man right fair,
 The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
 But being both from me, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell.
 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
 Breath'd forth the sound that said, *I hate*,
 To me that languish'd for her sake:
 But when she saw my woeful state,
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,
 Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
 Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
 And taught it thus a-new to greet:
I hate she alter'd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day
 Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
 From heaven to hell is flown away.
I hate from hate away she threw,
 And sav'd my life, saying — *not you.*⁸⁷⁾

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
 For that which longer nurseth the disease;
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
 My reason, the physician to my love,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,

Desire is death, which physic did except.
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,⁸⁸⁾
 And frantic-mad with ever-more unrest;
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,
 At random from the truth vainly express'd;
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
 Which have no correspondence with true sight?
 Or, if they have, where is my judgement fled,
 That censures falsely what they see aright?
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
 What means the world to say it is not so?
 If it be not, then love doth well denote
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
 How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
 No marvel then though I mistake my view;
 The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.
 O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
 When I, against myself, with thee partake?
 Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?⁸⁹⁾
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
 Nay if thou low'r'st on me, do I not spend
 Revenge upon myself with present moan?
 What merit do I in myself respect,
 That is so proud thy service to despise,
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O from what power hast thou this powerful might,
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
 That in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
 O, though I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou should'st not abhor my state;
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
 Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
 But rising at thy name, doth point out thee
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call
 Her — love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
 When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
 Or made them swear against the thing they see;
 For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
 To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
 And grew a seething bath which yet men prove,
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
 But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fired,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
 I sick withal, the help of bath desired,
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
 But found no cure; the bath for my help lies
 Where Cupid got new fire; my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god lying once asleep,
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep,
 Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
 The fairest votary took up that fire
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
 And so the general of hot desire
 Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
 Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy
 For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

IV.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

DID not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine,
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward;
He rose and ran away; ah fool too froward!

III.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
Those thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live, that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee com-
mend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his
dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly
tongue.

IV.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
Under an osier growing by a brook,

A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his spleen.
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him:
He spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood;
Oh Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood?

V.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A little pale, with damask die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.
Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.
She burnt with love, as straw with fire flameth,
She burnt out love, as soon as straw out burneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing,
She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VI.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound,
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

VII.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
* * * * *
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,¹⁾
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds;
Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth

Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore:
She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

VIII.

Sweet rose,²⁾ fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!³⁾
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy Will.
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why? I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

IX.

Fair Venus with Adonis sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd me;
And then she clip'd Adonis in her arms:
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd me,
As if the boy should use like loving charms.
Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

X.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young:
Age, I do defy thee;
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XI.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.
And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

XII.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:
She bade good night, that kept my rest away;
And daft me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewel, quoth she, and come again to-morrow;
Farewel I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
May be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
May be, again to make me wander thither:
Wander, a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XIII.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch;⁴⁾ the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;
For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;⁵⁾
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;
Short, Night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XIV.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye
could see,

Her fancy fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love
did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel.
But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain,
That nothing could be used, to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with
disdain:

Alas she could not help it!
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XV.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air,
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath:
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alas my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom even Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiopie were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

XVI.

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss:
Love's denying,⁶⁾
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this.⁷⁾
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,⁸⁾
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay⁹⁾ is plac'd without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
O frowning fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.
In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
(O cruel speeding!)
Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,¹⁰⁾
My wethers' bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
With sighs so deep,
Procures to weep,
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through harkless ground,¹¹⁾
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!
Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth; they die:
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully.
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for love is dead.
Farewel, sweet love,
Thy like ne'er was
For sweet content, the cause of all my moan:
Poor Coridon
Must live alone,
Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVII.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial tike:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.
And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,¹²⁾

Lest she some subtle practice smell;
(A cripple soon can find a halt:)
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set her person forth to sale.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;
And then too late she will repent,
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl,¹³⁾ and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
"Had women been so strong as men,
In faith you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend, — and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble, true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin, and never for to saint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age shall them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But soft; enough, — too much I fear,
Lest that my mistress hear my song;
She'll not stick to round me i' th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XVIII.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring:
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by:

That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None take pity on thy pain:

Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
 Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee,
 King Pandion, he is dead;
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
 All thy fellow birds do sing,
 Careless of thy sorrowing.
 Even so, poor bird, like thee,
 None alive will pity me.
 Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
 Thou and I were both beguil'd.
 Every one that flatters thee,
 Is no friend in misery.
 Words are easy like the wind;
 Faithful friends are hard to find.
 Every man will be thy friend,
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
 But if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call:
 And with such like flattering,
 "*Pity but he were a king.*"
 If he be addict to advice,
 Quickly him they will entice;
 If to women he be bent,
 They have him at commandment;
 But if fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown:
 They that fawn'd on him before,
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need,
 If thou sorrow, he will weep;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
 Thus of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

XIX.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.
 Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow,
 Are of those that April wears.
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

XX.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
 On the sole Arabian tree,
 Herald sad and trumpet be,
 To whose sound chaste wings obey.
 But thou shrieking harbinger,
 Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
 Augur of the fever's end,¹⁴⁾
 To this troop come thou not near.
 From this session interdict
 Every fowl of tyrant wing,

Save the eagle, feather'd king:
 Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
 That defunctive music can,¹⁵⁾
 Be the death-divining swan,
 Lest the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
 That thy sable gender mak'st
 With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,¹⁶⁾
 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
 Love and constancy is dead;
 Phoenix and the turtle fled
 In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
 Had the essence but in one;
 Two distincts, division none:
 Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
 Distance, and no space was seen
 'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
 But in them it were a wonder.¹⁷⁾

So between them love did shine,
 That the turtle saw his right¹⁸⁾
 Flaming in the phoenix' sight:
 Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
 That the self was not the same;¹⁹⁾
 Single nature's double name
 Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
 Saw division grow together;
 To themselves yet either-neither,²⁰⁾
 Simple were so well compounded;

That it cried, how true a twain
 Seemeth this concordant one!
 Love hath reason, reason none,
 If what parts can so remain.²¹⁾

Whereupon it made this threne²²⁾
 To the phoenix and the dove,
 Co-supremes and stars of love;
 As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
 Grace in all simplicity,
 Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest;
 And the turtle's loyal breast
 To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity: —
 'Twas not their infirmity,
 It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
 Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
 Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
 That are either true or fair;
 For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

V.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded ¹⁾
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I lay to list the sad-tun'd tale:
Ere long espy'd a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain. ²⁾

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcase of a beauty spent and done.
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age. ³⁾

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters, ⁴⁾
Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears, ⁵⁾
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride, ⁶⁾
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are ty'd
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor ty'd in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat, ⁷⁾
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet, ⁸⁾
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set, —
Like usury, applying wet to wet, ⁹⁾
Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries *some*, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly ¹⁰⁾
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy. ¹¹⁾

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cry'd, O false blood! thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
(Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew ¹²⁾
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours,) observed as they flew; ¹³⁾
Towards this afflicted fancy ¹⁴⁾ fastly drew;
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat, ¹⁵⁾
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught apply'd
Which may her suffering ecstasy ¹⁶⁾ assuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgement I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place; ¹⁷⁾
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find: ¹⁸⁾
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn. ¹⁹⁾

Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phoenix down ²⁰⁾ began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear;
Yet show'd his visage by that cost most dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth,
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would say
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop
he makes!"

And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

But quickly on his side the verdict went,
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:²¹⁾
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, their's in thought assign'd;
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple,²²⁾ (not in part,)
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired, yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

But ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,²³⁾
That we must curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgement stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason weep, and cry *it is thy last*.

For further I could say, *this man's untrue*,
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;²⁴⁾
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,²⁵⁾
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;²⁶⁾
Thought, characters, and words, merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: "Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to you sworn, to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

All my offences that abroad you see,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind:
Love made them not; with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:²⁷⁾
They sought their shame that so their shame did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leasures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And lo! behold these talents of their hair,²⁸⁾
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,²⁹⁾
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,)
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

The diamond; why 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;³⁰⁾
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold; each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender:
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;³¹⁾
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,³²⁾
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;³³⁾
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,³⁴⁾
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?
Paling the place which did no form receive,³⁵⁾
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves:
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O pardon me, in that my boast is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be enmur'd,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,³⁶⁾
Who disciplin'd and dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when I the assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place.
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impresses, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,
'gainst shame,³⁷⁾
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
And leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate the glowing roses
That flame³⁸⁾ through water which their hue incloses.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear?
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect!³⁹⁾ cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extinture hath!

For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daft,
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears;⁴⁰⁾
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels,⁴¹⁾ all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows;

That not a heart which in his level came,
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And veil'd in them, would win whom he would maim:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burnt in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,
That the unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spungy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrowed motion, seeming ow'd,⁴²⁾
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!

N O T E S

A N D

G L O S S A R Y.

V. N O T E S.

PL: 1. 2. 3. . . . TO 37, IN THE TOP-CORNERS OF THE INNER COLUMNS, INDICATE THE ROMAN NUMBERS OF THE *PLAYS*, ACCORDING TO THE TEXT; AND SO IN THE SAME MANNER THE ABBREVIATURE, *M. P.* 1 TO 5, THE ORDER OF THE *MISCELLANEOUS POEMS*.

I. TEMPEST.

ACT I. = 1:) — *fall to't yarely,* i. e. readily, nimbly. Our author is frequent in his use of this word. = 2:) *Play the men.* i. e. act with spirit, behave like men. = 3:) — *of the present,* i. e. of the present instant. = 4:) *Gonzalo.* It may be observed of Gonzalo, that, being the only good man that appears with the king, he is the only man that preserves his cheerfulness in the wreck, and his hope on the island. **JOHNSON.** = 5:) — *bring her to try with main-course.* This phrase occurs in Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627, 4to. under the article *How to handle a Ship in a Storme*: "Let us lie at *Trie* with our main course; that is, to hale the tacke aboard, the sheat close aft, the boling set up, and the helme tied close aboard." **STEEVENS.** = 6:) — *an unstanched wench.* *Unstanched*, perhaps incontinent. = 7:) *Lay her a-hold, a-hold:* i. e. bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea. = 8:) — *set her two courses; off to sea again,* The courses are the main-sail and fore-sail. = 9:) — *merely* — in this place signifies absolutely. **STEEVENS.** = 10:) — *to glut him.* Shakspeare probably wrote, *t'englut him, to swallow him.* In this signification *englut*, from *engloutir*, Fr., occurs frequently. Yet Milton writes *glutted offal* for *swallowed*, and, therefore, perhaps, the present text may stand. = 11:) *Mercy on us! &c.* — *Farewell, brother! &c.* It is probable that the lines succeeding the *confused noise within* should be considered as spoken by no determinate characters. = 12:) — *an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, &c.* Sir T. Hanmer reads — *ling, heath, broom, furze.* — Perhaps rightly, though he has been charged with tautology. = 13:) *ereatures in her,* The old copy reads — *creature*; but the preceding as well as subsequent words of Miranda seem to demand the emendation suggested first by Theobald. = 14:) — *or e'er* — i. e. before. = 15:) *Pro. No harm.* Perhaps Shakspeare wrote, *O, woe the day! no harm?* To which Prospero properly answers: *I have done nothing but in care of thee.* **JOHNSON.** = 16:) — *more better* — This ungrammatical expression is very frequent among our oldest writers. = 17:) — *full poor cell,* i. e. a cell in a great degree of poverty. = 18:) *Did never meddle with my thoughts.* i. e. mix with them. To meddle, means also, to interfere, to trouble, to busy itself. = 19:) — *virtue of compassion* — Virtue; the most efficacious part, as, *the virtue of a plant is in the extract.* = 20:) — *no soul* — Such interruptions are not uncommon to Shakspeare. He sometimes begins a sentence, and, before he concludes it, entirely changes its construction, because another, more forcible, occurs. As this change frequently happens in conversation, it may be suffered to pass uncensured in the language of the stage. **STEEVENS.** = 21:) *Out three years old.* i. e. Quite three years old. = 22:) — *abyss of time?* i. e. Abyss. This method of spelling the word is common to other ancient writers. They took it from the French *abysme*, now written *abime*. = 23:) *Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,* Years, in the first instance, is used as a dissyllable, in the second as a monosyllable; a licence not peculiar to the prosody of Shakspeare. = 24:) *A princess; — no worse issued.* The old copy reads — *"And princess."* For the trivial change in the text I am answerable. *Issued* is descended. **STEEVENS.** = 25:) — *teen* — is sorrow, grief, trouble. = 26:) *To trash for over-topping;* *To trash*, in old books of gardening, is to cut away the superfluities. It is used, also, by sportsmen in the North, when they correct a dog for misbehaviour in pursuing the game. A *trash*, among hunters, denotes a piece of leather, couples, or any other weight fastened round the neck of a dog, when his speed is superior to the rest of the pack; i. e. when he *over-tops* them, when he *hunts too quick.* = 27:) — *both the key* — This is meant of a key for turning the harpsichord, spinnet, or virginal; called now a tuning hammer. = 28:) — *"set all hearts i'th' state,"* — **MALONE.** = 29:) *I pray thee, mark me.* In the old copy, these words are the beginning of Prospero's next speech; but, for the restoration of metre, I have changed their place. **STEEVENS.** Mr. Malone follows the old copy. = 30:) — *"dedicated"* — **MALONE.** = 31:) *Like a good parent, &c.* Alluding to the observation, that a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it. *Heroum filii noxæ.* **JOHNSON.** = 32:) — — *like one,* ||

Who having, unto truth, by telling of it, || Made such a sinner of his memory, || To credit his own lie, There is, perhaps, no correlative, to which the word *it* can with grammatical propriety belong. *Lie*, however, seems to have been the correlative to which the poet meant to refer, and the meaning is, *Who having made his memory such a sinner to truth as to credit his own lie by telling of it.* = 33:) *He was the duke: out of the substitution,* The reader should place his emphasis on — was: but Mr. Malone reads, "he was indeed the duke." = 34:) *(So dry he was for sway)* i. e. So thirsty. = 35:) *To think but nobly* — But, i. e. in this place otherwise, than. = 36:) — *in lieu o'the premises, &c.* In lieu of, means here, in consideration of; an unusual acceptance of the word. = 37:) — *a hint,* Hint is suggestion. = 38:) *That wrings mine eyes.* i. e. squeezes the water out of them. Mr. Malone reads, "mine eyes to't." = 39:) — *deck'd the sea* — To deck the sea, if explained to honour, adorn, or dignify, is indeed ridiculous, but the original import of the verb *deck*, is to cover; so, in some parts, they yet say *deck the table.* This sense may be borne, but perhaps the poet wrote *fleck'd*, which I think is still used in rustic language, of drops falling upon water. Dr. Warburton reads *mock'd*; the Oxford edition, *brack'd*. **JOHNSON.** To deck signifies in the North, to sprinkle; and *degg'd*, which means the same, is in daily use in the north of England. When clothes that have been washed are too much dried, it is necessary to moisten them before they can be ironed, which is always done by sprinkling; this operation the maidens universally call *degging*. = 40:) *An undergoing stomach,* Stomach is stubborn resolution. = 41:) *Some food we had, and some fresh water, that || A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo, || Out of his charity, (who being then appointed || Master of this design,) did give us;* Mr. Steevens has suggested, that we might better read — *he being then appointed*; and so we should certainly now write: but the reading of the old copy is the true one, that mode of phraseology being the idiom of Shakspeare's time. **MALONE.** I have left the passage in question as I found it, though with slender reliance on its integrity. **STEEVENS.** = 42:) *Now I arise:* Perhaps these words belong to Miranda, and we should read: Mir. *Would I might || But ever see that man! — Now I arise.* Pro. *Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.* As the words — "now I arise" — may signify, "now I rise in my narration," — "now my story heightens in its consequence," I have left the passage in question undisturbed. We still say, that the interest of a drama rises or declines. **STEEVENS.** = 43:) *Now my dear lady,* i. e. now my auspicious mistress. = 44:) — *'tis a good dulness,* Dr. Warburton rightly observes, that this sleepiness, which Prospero by his art had brought upon Miranda and of which he knew not how soon the effect would begin, makes him question her so often whether she is attentive to his story. **JOHNSON.** = 45:) *On the curl'd clouds;* So, in *Timon* — *crisp heaven.* = 46:) — *and all his quality.* i. e. all his confederates. = 47:) *Perform'd to point* — i. e. to the minutest article; a literal translation of the French phrase — *à point.* = 48:) — *now on the beak,* The beak was a strong pointed body at the head of the ancient gallies: it is used here for the fore-castle, or the bolt-sprit. **JOHNSON.** = 49:) *Now in the waist,* The part between the quarter-deck and the fore-castle. **JOHNSON.** = 50:) — *Sometimes, I'd divide, || And burn in many places;* Burton says, that the spirits of fire, in form of fire-drakes and blazing stars, "oftentimes sit on shipmasts," &c. *Melanch.* P. I. § 2. p. 30. edit. 1632. **WARTON.** = 51:) *Yea, his dread trident shake.* Lest the metre should appear defective, it is necessary to apprise the reader, that in some counties, *shake* is still pronounced by the common people as if it was written *shaake*, a dissyllable. **FARMER.** = 52:) — *and quit the vessel,* Quit, for quitted. = 53:) — *sustaining* — i. e. their garments that bore them up and supported them; or their garments which bore, without being injured, the drenching of the sea. = 54:) The epithet here applied to the Bermudas, will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous. It was in our poet's time the current opinion, that Bermudas was inhabited by monsters, and devils. — *Setebos*, the god of Caliban's dam, was an American devil, worshipped by the

giants of Patagonia. HENLEY. = 55:) — the Mediterranean flote.] Flote is wave. = 56:) Dost thou forget —] That the character and conduct of Prospero may be understood, something must be known of the system of enchantment, which supplied all the marvellous found in the romances of the middle ages. This system seems to be founded on the opinion that the fallen spirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted them at their expulsion, some being confined in hell, some (as Hooker, who delivers the opinion of our poet's age, expresses it,) dispersed in air, some on earth, some in water, others in caves, dens, or minerals under the earth. Of these, some were more malignant and mischievous than others. The earthy spirits seem to have been thought the most depraved, and the aerial the less vitiated. Thus Prospero observes of Ariel: — "thou wast a spirit too delicate // To act her earthy and abhor'd commands. Over these spirits a power might be obtained by certain rights performed or charms learned. This power was called *The black art*, or knowledge of enchantment. The enchanter being, (as king James observes in his *Demonology*,) one who commands the devil, whereas the witch serves him. The art was held by all, though not equally criminal, yet unlawful, and, therefore, Casaubon, speaking of one who had commerce with spirits, blames him, though he imagines him one of the best kind, who dealt with them by way of command. Thus Prospero repents of his art in the last scene. The spirits were always considered as in some measure enslaved to the enchanter, at least for a time, and as serving with unwillingness; therefore Ariel so often begs for liberty; and Caliban observes, that the spirits serve Prospero with no good will, but hate him rootedly. JOHNSON. = 57:) — in Argier.] Argier is the ancient English name for Algiers. = 58:) — to a nymph o'the sea:] There does not appear to be sufficient cause why Ariel should assume this new shape, as he was to be invisible to all eyes but those of Prospero. STEEVENS. Mr. Malone arranges these lines thus: "Go make thyself like a nymph o'the sea; be subject // To no sight but thine and mine: invisible // To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape, // And hither come in't, go, hence, with diligence." = 59:) The strangeness —] Why should a wonderful story produce sleep? I believe experience will prove, that any violent agitation of the mind easily subsides in slumber, especially when, as in Prospero's relation, the last images are pleasing. JOHNSON. The poet seems to have been apprehensive that the audience, as well as Miranda, would sleep over this long but necessary tale, and, therefore, strives to break it. First, by making Prospero divest himself of his magic robe and wand: then by waking her attention no less than six times by verbal interruption: then by varying the action when he rises and bids her continue sitting: and lastly, by carrying on the business of the fable while Miranda sleeps, by which she is continued on the stage till the poet has occasion for her again. WARNER. = 60:) We cannot miss him:] that is, we cannot do without him. = 61:) Cal. As wicked dew —] Wicked, having baneful qualities. = 62:) — urchins —] i. e. hedgehogs; or perhaps, here, fairies. = 63:) — for that vast of night that they may work,] The vast of night means the night which is naturally empty and deserted, without action; or when all things lying in sleep and silence, makes the world appear one great uninhabited waste. Fastum is likewise the ancient law term for waste, uncultivated land. It should be remembered, that, in the pneumatology of former ages, these particulars were settled with the most minute exactness, and the different kinds of visionary beings had different allotments of time suitable to the variety or consequence of their employments. During these spaces, they were at liberty to act, but were always obliged to leave off at a certain hour, that they might not interfere in that portion of night which belonged to others. = 64:) O ho, O ho!] This savage exclamation was originally and constantly appropriated by the writers of our ancient Mysteries and Moralities, to the Devil; and has, in this instance, been transferred to his descendant Caliban. STEEVENS. = 65:) — when thou didst not, savage, // Know thine own meaning,] By this expression, however defective, the poet seems to have meant — When thou didst utter sounds, to which thou hadst no determinate meaning. = 66:) — But thy vile race,] Race, in this place, seems to signify original disposition, inborn qualities. = 67:) — the red plague rid you,] The erysipelas was anciently called the red plague. The word rid, means to destroy. = 68:) — my dam's god, Setebos,] Mr. Warner has observed, on the authority of John Barbot, that "the Patagons are reported to dread a great horned devil called Setebos." We learn from Magellan's voyage, that Setebos was the supreme god of the Patagons, and Cheleule was an inferior one. Setebos is also mentioned in Hackluyt's Voyages, 1598. = 69:) Re-enter Ariel invisible,] In the wardrobe of the lord admiral's men (i. e. company of comedians,) 1598, was — "a robe for to goo invisibell." = 70:) Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,] As was anciently done at the beginning of some dances. = 71:) Weeping again the king my father's wreck,] Thus the old copy; but in the books of Shakspeare's age again is sometimes printed instead of against, [i. e. opposite to,] which Mr. Malone thinks was our author's word. = 72:) Full fathom five thy father lies; &c.] The songs in this play, Dr. Wilson, who reset and published two of them, tells us, in his Court Ayres, or Ballads, published at Oxford, 1660, that "Full fathom five," and "Where the bee sucks," had been first set by Robert Johnson, a composer contemporary with Shakspeare. BURNES. = 73:) Nothing of

him that doth fade, // But doth suffer a sea-change —] Every thing about him, that is liable to alteration, is changed. = 74:) The same burden to a song occurs in *The Merchant of Venice*. It should here be — Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, bell. = 75:) Ariel's lays, however seasonable and efficacious, must be allowed to be of no supernatural dignity or eloquence; they express nothing great, nor reveal any thing above mortal discovery. JOHNSON. = 76:) That the earth owes:] To owe, in this place, as well as many others, signifies to own. = 77:) The fringed curtains, &c.] The same expression occurs in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609: "— her eyelids // Begin to part their fringes of bright gold." = 78:) "It goes on, I see," — MALONE. = 79:) If you be made or no?] Some copies read maid, and the critics are not fully agreed in their opinions. Mr. M. Mason says, "The question is, whether our readers will adopt a natural and simple expression, which requires no comment, or one which the ingenuity of many commentators has but imperfectly supported." = 80:) And his brave son, being twain.] This is a slight forgetfulness. Nobody was lost in the wreck, yet we find no such character as the son of the duke of Milan. THEOBALD. = 81:) — controul thee,] Confute, or unanswerably contradict thee. = 82:) — I fear you have done yourself some wrong:] i. e. I fear that, in asserting yourself to be king of Naples, you have uttered a falsehood, which is below your character, and, consequently, injurious to your honour. STEEVENS. = 83:) He's gentle, and not fearful.] Fearful signifies both terrible and timorous. In this place it may mean timorous; or it may signify formidable, as in *K. Hen. IV*: "A mighty and a fearful head they are." and then the meaning of the passage is obvious. One of the original meanings, if not the sole meaning, of the word gentle is, noble, highminded: and to this day a Scotch woman in the situation of the young lady in *The Tempest*, would express herself nearly in the same terms. — Don't provoke him; for being gentle, that is, highspirited, he won't tamely bear an insult. = 84:) — come from thy ward;] Desist from any hope of awing me by that posture of defence. JOHNSON. = 85:) My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.] Alluding to a common sensation in dreams; when we struggle, but cannot run, strike, &c. WARBURTON. = 86:) — are but light to me,] This passage, as it stands at present, with all allowance for poetical licence, cannot be reconciled to grammar. I suspect that our author wrote — "were but light to me," in the sense of — would be. — In the preceding line the old copy reads — "nor this man's" threats. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE. =

ACT II. = 1:) — Our hint of woe —] Hint is that which recalls to the memory; or here it may mean — circumstance. = 2:) The masters of some merchant, &c.] Thus the old copy. If the passage be not corrupt, (as I suspect it is,) we must suppose that by masters our author means the owners of a merchant ship, or the officers to whom the navigation of it had been trusted. I suppose, however, that our author wrote — "The mistress of some merchant," &c. Mistress was anciently spelt — maistresse or maistres. Hence, perhaps, arose the present typographical error. STEEVENS. = 3:) Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,] The words — of woe, appear to me as an idle interpolation. STEEVENS. = 4:) The visitor —] Why Dr. Warburton should change visitor to visier, for adviser, I cannot discover. Gonzalo gives not only advice but comfort, and is therefore properly called the visitor, like others who visit the sick or distressed to give them consolation. In some of the Protestant churches there is a kind of officers termed consolators for the sick. JOHNSON. = 5:) — you've pay'd.] The meaning is this: Antonio lays a wager with Sebastian, that Adrian would crow before Gonzalo, and the wager was a laughter. Adrian speaks first, so Antonio is the winner. Sebastian laughs at what Adrian had said, and Antonio immediately acknowledges that by his laughing he has paid the bet. = 6:) — and delicate temperance,] or temperature. = 7:) Temperance was a delicate wench.] In the puritanical times it was usual to christen children from the titles of religious and moral virtues. = 8:) How lush, &c.] Lush here signifies rank; but it appears to have sometimes signified juicy, succulent. Spencer, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, (Feb.) applies the epithet lusty to green. = 9:) With an eye of green in't.] An eye is a small shade of colour. = 10:) — Claribel —] This name is probably taken from bl. l. *History of George Lord Fauconbridge*. CLARIBEL is there the concubine of king Richard I., and the mother of lord Falconbridge. = 11:) — Widow Dido!] The name of a widow brings to their minds their own shipwreck, which they consider as having made many widows in Naples. JOHNSON. = 12:) — the miraculous harp.] Alluding to the wonders of Amphion's music. STEEVENS. = 13:) The stomach of my sense:] By sense, is meant both reason and natural affection. Mr. M. Mason, however, supposes, sense, in this place, means feeling. STEEVENS. = 14:) Weigh'd,] Weigh'd means deliberated. = 15:) Than we bring men to comfort them:] It does not clearly appear whether the king and these lords thought the ship lost. This passage seems to imply, that they were themselves confident of returning, but imagined part of the fleet destroyed. Why, indeed, should Sebastian plot against his brother in the following scene, unless he knew how to find the kingdom which he was to inherit. JOHNSON. = 16:) Mr. Malone reads thus: "Letters should not be known: riches, poverty, // And use of service, none; contract, succession, // Bourne, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;" &c. = 17:) The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the be-

gunning.] All this dialogue is a fine satire on the Utopian treatises of government, and the impracticable inconsistent schemes therein recommended. WARBURTON. There is something so strikingly applicable to modern times in this text and note, that the Editor could not persuade himself to omit the latter, although unnecessary in other respects. C. = 18:) — any engine,] any instrument of war, or military machine. = 19:) — all foizon,] *Foison*, or *foizon*, signifies plenty, *ubertas*: and sometimes moisture, or juice of grass. = 20:) Enter Ariel, &c. *playing solemn music.*] This stage-direction does not mean to tell us that Ariel himself was the *fidicen*; but that solemn music attended his appearance, or was an accompaniment to his entry. STEEVENS. = 21:) *I am more serious than my custom: you must be so too, if heed me; which to do, Trebles thee o'er.*] The meaning of this passage seems to be — You must put on more than your usual seriousness, if you are disposed to pay a proper attention to my proposal; which attention if you bestow, it will in the end make you *thrice what you are*. Sebastian is already brother to the throne; but, being made a king by Antonio's contrivance, would be, (according to our author's idea of greatness,) *thrice the man he was before*. In this sense he would be *trebled o'er*. MALONE. = 22:) *If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish, While thus you mock it! how, in stripping it, You more invest it!*] A judicious critic, in *The Edinburgh Magazine*, for Nov. 1786, offers the following illustration of this obscure passage. "Sebastian introduces the simile of water. It is taken up by Antonio, who says he will teach his stagnant water to flow. '—It has already learned to ebb,' says Sebastian. To which Antonio replies. 'O, if you but knew how much even that metaphor which you use in jest, encourages to the design which I hint at; how, in stripping the words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation!'" STEEVENS. = 23:) — *this lord of weak remembrance.*] This lord, who being now in his dotage, has outlived his faculty of remembering; and who, once laid in the ground, shall be as little remembered himself, as he can now remember other things. JOHNSON. = 24:) Mr. Malone reads, (*For he's a spirit of persuasion, only*) *Professes to persuade*; — It is an entangled sentence of which the meaning may be either, that *he alone, who is a spirit of persuasion, professes to persuade the king*; or that, *He only professes to persuade, that is, without being so persuaded himself he makes a show of persuading the king*. JOHNSON. = 25:) — *a wink beyond.*] That this is the utmost extent of the prospect of ambition, the point where the eye can pass no farther, and where objects lose their distinctness, so that what is there discovered is faint, obscure, and doubtful. JOHNSON. = 26:) — *beyond man's life*; i. e. at a greater distance than the life of man is long enough to reach. STEEVENS. = 27:) — *she that from Naples Can have no note, &c.*] *Note* is notice, or information. Shakspeare's great ignorance of geography is not more conspicuous in any instance than in this, where he supposes Tunis and Naples to have been at such an immeasurable distance from each other. = 28:) — *she, from whom* — i. e. in coming from whom. = 29:) — *though some cast again*;] *Cast* is here used in the same sense as in *Macbeth*, Act II, sc. iii.: "—though he took my legs from me, I made a shift to cast him." STEEVENS. = 30:) *And, by that, destin'd* — It is a common plea of wickedness to call temptation destiny. JOHNSON. Mr. Malone reads *destiny*. = 31:) *In yours and my discharge.*] i. e. depends on what you and I are to perform. = 32:) *A chough* — Is a bird of the jack-daw kind. = 33:) *And melt, ere they molest!*] I had rather read — *Would melt, ere they molest*, i. e. *Twenty consciences, such as stand between me and my hopes, though they were congealed, would melt before they could molest me*, or prevent the execution of my purposes. JOHNSON. = 34:) "he's like, that's dead:" — MALONE. = 35:) — *for aye* — i. e. for ever. = 36:) *This ancient morsel.*] For morsel, Dr. Warburton reads — *ancient moral*, very elegantly and judiciously; yet I know not whether the author might not write *morsel*, as we say a *piece of a man*. JOHNSON. = 37:) — *take suggestion*,] i. e. Receive any hint of villainy. = 38:) — *to keep them living.*] By them, as the text now stands, Gonzalo and Alonso must be understood. Dr. Johnson objects very justly to this passage, and would read — "That these his friends are in." This Mr. Steevens adopts, but Mr. Malone reads, "That you, his friend, are in." = 39:) — *drawn?*] Having your swords drawn. = 40:) "Tis best we stand," &c. — MALONE. = 41:) — *that moe, &c.*] i. e. make mouths. = 42:) *Their pricks* — i. e. prickles. = 43:) — *wound with adders,*] *wound*, or twisted about. = 44:) — *looks like a foul bumbard* — This word means a large vessel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordnance so called. = 45:) — *this fish painted,*] To exhibit fishes, either real or imaginary, was very common about the time of our author. STEEVENS. = 46:) — *make a man*;] That is, make a man's fortune. = 47:) — *his gaberdine*;] A *gaberdine* is properly the coarse frock or outward garment of a peasant, but here means a loose felt cloak. MALONE. = 48:) — *savages,*] *salvages* was the spelling and pronunciation of the time. = 49:) — *too much* — *Too much* means *any sum, ever so much*. It has, however, been observed, that when the vulgar mean to ask an extravagant price for any thing, they say, with a laugh, I won't make him pay twice for it. = 50:) — *I know it by thy trembling*;] This tremor is always represented as the effect of being possessed by the devil. = 51:) — *cat*;] *Good liquor will make a cat speak.* = 52:) *His forward voice, &c.*] The person of Fame was anciently described in this manner. = 53:) — *Amen!*] Means, stop your draught. = 54:)

I have no long spoon.] Alluding to the proverb, *A long spoon to eat with the devil.* = 55:) — *to be the siege of this moon-calf?*] *Siege* signifies *stool* in every sense of the word, and is here used in the dirtiest. A *moon-calf* is an inanimate shapeless mass, supposed by Pliny to be engendered of woman only. = 56:) *Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.*] Mr. Ritson proposes to alter this line thus: *Ste. [to Cal.] Here, swear then. [to Trin.] How escap'dst thou?* = 57:) *Hast thou not dropped from heaven?*] The new-discovered Indians of the island of St. Salvador, asked, whether Columbus and his companions were *not come down from heaven?* = 58:) "and thy dog, and thy bush." MALONE. = 59:) *I afeard of him? — a very weak monster: &c.*] It is to be observed, that Trinculo, the speaker, is not charged with being afraid; but it was his consciousness that he was so that drew this brag from him. This is nature. WARBURTON. = 60:) "And I will kiss" — MALONE. = 61:) — *sea-mells* — This word has puzzled the commentators: Dr. Warburton reads *shamois*; Mr. Holt, who wrote notes upon this play, observes, that limpets are in some places called *seams*. Theobald had very reasonably proposed to read *sea-malls* or *sea-mells*. = 62:) *Get a new man.*] When Caliban sings this last part of his ditty, he must be supposed to turn his head scornfully toward the cell of Prospero, whose service he had deserted. =

ACT III. = 1:) "and their," &c. MALONE. = 2:) "as odious;" — MALONE. = 3:) — *I forget:*] Perhaps Ferdinand means to say — *I forget my task*; but that is not surprizing, for I am thinking on *Miranda*, and these sweet thoughts, &c. He may, however, mean, that he *forgets or thinks little of the baseness of his employment*. Whichsoever be the sense, *And, or For,* should seem more proper in the next line than *But*. MALONE. = 4:) "And yours it is against." MALONE. = 5:) — *hest* — For *behest*; i. e. command. = 6:) "I therein do forget." MALONE. = 7:) *The flesh-fly blow my mouth.*] To *blow* means the act of a fly, by which she lodges eggs in flesh. STEEVENS. = 8:) — *of what else i'the world.*] i. e. of aught else, of whatsoever else there is in the world. = 9:) — *I am a fool, To weep at what I am glad of.*] This is one of those touches of nature that distinguish Shakspeare from all other writers. It was necessary, in support of the character of *Miranda*, to make her appear unconscious that excess of sorrow and excess of joy find alike their relief from tears; and as this is the first time that consummate pleasure had made any near approaches to her heart, she calls such a seeming contradictory expression of it, *folly*. STEEVENS. = 10:) — *your fellow* — i. e. companion. = 11:) — *here's my hand.*] *Mira. And mine with my heart i't:*] It is still customary in the west of England, when the conditions of a bargain are agreed upon, for the parties to ratify it by joining their hands, and at the same time for the purchaser to give an earnest. HENLEY. = 12:) *So glad of this as they, I cannot be, Who are surpriz'd with all;*] The sense might be clearer, were we to make a slight transposition: "So glad of this as they, who are surpriz'd With all, I cannot be—" Perhaps, however, more consonantly with ancient language, we should join two of the words together, and read — "Who are surpriz'd *withal*." STEEVENS. = 13:) — *bear up, and board 'em:*] A metaphor alluding to a chace at sea. = 14:) — *or my standard.*] *Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.*] Meaning he is so much intoxicated, as not to be able to stand. The quibble between *standard*, an ensign, and *standard*, a fruit-tree that grows without support, is evident. STEEVENS. = 15:) — *thou deboshed fish thou,*] the same as *debauched*. = 16:) "to the suit." — MALONE. = 17:) — *a tyrant*;] *Tyrant* is here employed as a trisyllable. = 18:) *What a pied ninny's this?*] It should be remembered that *Trinculo* is no sailor, but a jester; and is so called in the ancient *dramatis personæ*. He therefore wears the party-coloured dress of one of these characters. STEEVENS. Dr. Johnson observes, that Caliban could have no knowledge of the striped coat usually worn by fools; and would therefore transfer this speech to Stephano. But though *Caliban* might not know this circumstance, Shakspeare did. Surely he who has given to all countries and all ages the manners of his own, might forget himself here, as well as in other places. MALONE. = 19:) — *Remember, First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am,*] In the old romances the sorcerer is always furnished with a book, by reading certain parts of which he is enabled to summon to his aid whatever demons or spirits he has occasion to employ. When he is deprived of his book, his power ceases. Our author might have observed this circumstance much insisted on in the *Orlando Innamorato* of Boyardo; and also in Harrington's translation of the *Orlando Furioso*, 1591. = 20:) "I never saw a woman," — MALONE. = 21:) — *Will you troll the catch* — To *troll* a catch, is to dismiss it trippingly from the tongue. = 22:) *This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.*] A ridiculous figure, sometimes represented on signs, but the allusion is here to the print of *No-body*, prefixed to the anonymous comedy of "*No-body and Some-body*;" without date, but printed before the year 1600. = 23:) — *afeard?*] To *afear* is an obsolete verb, with the same meaning as to *affray*. Between *aferde* and *afraide* in the time of Chaucer, there might have been some nice distinction, which is at present lost. STEEVENS. = 24:) *Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.*] The first words are addressed to Caliban, who, vexed at the folly of his new companions idly running after the music, while they ought only to have attended to the main point, the dispatching Prospero, seems,

for some little time, to have staid behind. HEATH. The words—*Wilt come?* should be added to Stephano's speech. *I'll follow*, is Trinculo's answer. RITSON. = 25:) *By'r lakin*,] i. e. The diminutive only of our lady, i. e. ladykin. STEEVENS. = 26:) *Our frustrate search*—] *Frustrate* for frustrated. = 27:) *A living drollery*:] Shows, called *drolleries*, were in Shakspeare's time performed by puppets only. From these our modern *drolls*, exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name. *A living drollery*, i. e. a drollery not represented by wooden machines, but by personages who are alive. = 28:)—*one tree, the phoenix throne*:] Our poet had probably Lyly's *Euphues*, and his *England*, particularly in his thoughts: signat. Q 3. —“As there is but one phoenix in the world, so is there but one tree in Arabia wherein she buildeth.” See also, Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: “*Rasin*, a tree in Arabia, whereof there is but one found, and upon it the phoenix sits.” MALONE. = 29:) *For*, certes, &c.] *Certes* is an obsolete word, signifying certainly. = 30:) *Their manners are more gentle-kind*,] Mr. Malone reads “gentle, kind;” but Steevens considers it as a compound epithet. = 31:)—*too much muse*,] *To muse*, in ancient language, is to admire, to wonder. = 32:) *Praise in departing*,] i. e. Do not praise your entertainment too soon, lest you should have reason to retract your commendation. It is a proverbial saying. = 33:)—*that there were mountaineers*, &c.] The inhabitants of the Alps have been long accustomed to such excrescences or tumours. = 34:)—*men*,] *Whose heads stood in their breasts?*] Our author might have had this intelligence from the translation of Pliny, b. v. chap. 8: “The Blemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eyes both in their breasts.” STEEVENS. = 35:) *Each putter-out*, &c.] In this age of travelling, it was a practice with those who engaged in long and hazardous expeditions, to place out a sum of money on condition of receiving great interest for it at their return home. “—on five for one,” means *on the terms of five for one*. Mr. Malone reads “—of five for one.” = 36:) *I will stand to, and feed*, &c.] This passage was probably intended to be in a rhyme. = 37:)—*and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes*,] Though I will not undertake to prove that all the culinary pantomimes exhibited in France and Italy were known and imitated in this kingdom, I may observe that flying, rising, and descending services were to be found at entertainments given by the duke of Burgundy, &c. in 1453, and by the grand Duke of Tuscany in 1600, &c. See M. Le Grand d'Aussis *Histoire de la Vie privée des François*, vol. iii. p. 294. &c. Examples, therefore, of machinery similar to that of Shakspeare in the present instance, were to be met with, and perhaps had been adopted on the stage, as well as at public festivals here in England. STEEVENS. = 38:) (*That hath to instrument this lower world*, &c.) i. e. that makes use of this world, and every thing in it, as its instruments to bring about its ends. = 39:) *One dowe that's in my plume*;] Bailey, in his dictionary, says that *dowe* is a feather, or rather, the single particles of the down. = 40:)—*clear life*—] Pure, blameless, innocent. = 41:)—*is nothing, but heart's sorrow*,] *And a clear life ensuing*,] that is—*a miserable fate, which nothing but contrition and amendment of life can avert*. MALONE. = 42:)—*with mops and mowes*,—] *To mowe*, i. e. to insult, by making mouths, or wry faces. = 43:)—*with good life*,] *With good life* may mean, with exact presentation of their several characters, with observation strange of their particular and distinct parts, or with honest alacrity, or cheerfulness. = 44:) *Their several kinds have done*:] i. e. have discharged the several functions allotted to their different natures. = 45:)—*bass my trespass*,] The deep pipe told it me in a rough bass sound. JOHNSON. = 46:) *And with him there lie mudded*,] *But one fiend*—] *with him*, and *but*, are probably playhouse interpolations. = 47:) *Like poison given*, &c.] The natives of Africa have been supposed to be possessed of the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered. = 48:)—*this ecstasy*—] *Ecstasy* meant not anciently, as at present, *rapturous pleasure*, but alienation of mind. =

ACT IV. = 1:)—*a thread of mine own life*,] i. e. a fibre or a part of my own life. Prospero considers himself as the stock or parent-tree, and his daughter as a fibre or portion of himself, and for whose benefit he himself lives. TOLLET. = 2:)—*strangely stood the test*:] *Strangely* is used by way of commendation, *merveilleusement*, to a wonder. = 3:) *If thou dost break her virgin knot before* || *All sanctimonious ceremonies*, &c.] This is a manifest allusion to the zones of the ancients which were worn as guardians of chastity by marriageable young women. HENLEY. = 4:) *No sweet aspersion*] *Aspersion* is here used in its primitive sense of sprinkling. At present it is expressive only of calumny and detraction. STEEVENS. = 5:) *Fairly spoke*:] *Fairly* is here used as a trisyllable. = 6:)—*the rabble*,] The crew of meaner spirits. = 7:) *Some vanity of mine art*:] i. e. illusion of mine art. = 8:)—*bring a corollary*,] i. e. bring more than are sufficient rather than fail for want of numbers. *Corollary* means surplus. = 9:) *No tongue*:] Those who are present at incantations are obliged to be strictly silent, “else,” as we are afterwards told, the “spell is marred.” JOHNSON. = 10:)—*thatch'd with stover*,] *Stover*, (in Cambridgeshire and other counties,) signifies hay made of coarse rank grass, such as even cows will not eat while it is green. *Stover* is likewise used as *thatch* for cart-lodges, and other buildings that deserve but rude and cheap coverings. = 11:) *Thy banks with*

peonied and lilled brims,] The old edition reads *pioned* and *twilled* brims, which gave rise to Mr. Holt's conjecture, that the poet originally wrote: “*with pioned and tilled brims*.” *Peonied* is the emendation of Hanmer, but Mr. Malone adheres to the old edition. = 12:)—*and thy broom groves*,] *Broom*, in this place, signifies the *Spartium scoparium*, of which brooms are frequently made. Near Gamlingay, in Cambridgeshire, it grows high enough to conceal the tallest cattle as they pass through it; and in places where it is cultivated, still higher. = 13:) *Being lass-lorn*:] *Lass-lorn* is forsaken of his mistress. = 14:)—*thy pole-clipt vineyard*:] *To clip* is to twine round or embrace. The poles are clipped or embraced by the vines. = 15:) *My bosky acres*, &c.] *Bosky* is woody. *Bosky acres* are fields divided from each other by hedge-rows. *Boscus* is middle Latin for wood. = 16:)—*to this short-grass'd green?*] The old copy reads *short-grass'd green*. *Short graz'd green* means *grazed so as to be short*. = 17:) *Earth's increase, and foison plenty*, &c.] *Earth's increase*, is the produce of the earth:—*foison*, *plenty*, i. e. plenty to the utmost abundance; *foison* signifying plenty. = 18:)—*a wonder'd father*,] i. e. able to perform wonders. = 19:)—*wand'ring brooks*,] The modern editors read—*winding brooks*. The old copy—*windring*. STEEVENS. = 20:) *Leave your crisp channels*,] *Crisp*, i. e. curling, *winding*. *Crisp*, however, may allude to the little wave or curl (as it is commonly called) that the gentlest wind occasions on the surface of waters. STEEVENS. = 21:) *This is most strange*:] Malone reads: “This is strange:” I have introduced the word—*most*, on account of the metre, which otherwise is defective. —In the first line of Prospero's next speech there is likewise an omission, but I have not ventured to supply it. STEEVENS. = 22:)—*all which it inherit*,] i. e. all who possess, who dwell upon it. MALONE. = 23:) *And, like this insubstantial pageant faded*,] *Faded* means here—having vanished; from the Latin, *vado*. To feel the justice of this comparison, and the propriety of the epithet, the nature of these exhibitions should be remembered. The ancient English pageants were shows exhibited on the reception of a prince, or any other solemnity of a similar kind. They were presented on occasional stages erected in the streets. Originally they appear to have been nothing more than dumb shows; but before the time of our author, they had been enlivened by the introduction of speaking personages, who were characteristically habited. The speeches were sometimes in verse; and as the procession moved forward, the speakers, who constantly bore some allusion to the ceremony, either conversed together in the form of a dialogue, or addressed the noble person whose presence occasioned the celebrity. On these allegorical spectacles very costly ornaments were bestowed. = 24:) *Leave not a rack behind*:] “The winds (says lord Bacon) which move the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below, pass without noise.” Mr. Steevens would explain the word *rack* somewhat differently, by calling it *the last fleeting vestige of the highest clouds, scarce perceptible on account of their distance and tenuity*. What was anciently called the *rack*, is now termed by sailors—the *scud*. The word is common to many authors contemporary with Shakspeare. But sir Thomas Haumer reads *tract*, for which there are some authorities; and Mr. Malone *wrack*, a misspelling for *wreck*; and after producing authorities, says, it has been urged, that “objects which have only a visionary and insubstantial existence, can, when the vision is faded, leave nothing *real*, and consequently no *wreck* behind them.” But the objection is founded on misapprehension. The words—“Leave not a rack (or wreck) behind,” relate not to “the baseless fabric of this vision,” but to the final destruction of the world, of which the towers, temples, and palaces, shall (like as vision, or a pageant,) be dissolved, and leave no vestige behind. = 25:) *Thy thoughts I cleave to*:] *To cleave to*, is to unite with closely. = 26:)—*to meet with Caliban*,] *To meet with* is to counteract; to play stratagem against stratagem. = 27:)—*pricking goss*,] I know not how Shakspeare distinguished *goss* from *furze*; for what he calls *furze* is called *goss* or *gorse* in the midland counties. STEEVENS. By the latter, Shakspeare means the low sort of *gorse* that only grows upon wet ground, and which is well described by the name of *whins* in Markham's *Farewell to Husbandry*. It has prickles like those of a rose-tree or a gooseberry. TOLLET. = 28:) *For stale to catch these thieves*,] *Stale* is a word in fowling, and is used to mean a bait or decoy to catch birds. STEEVENS. = 29:) *Nurture can never stick*:] *Nurture* is education. = 30:)—*all, all lost*,] The first of these words was probably introduced by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor. We might safely read—*are all lost*. MALONE. = 31:) *And as, with age, his body uglier grows*,] *So his mind cankers*:] Shakspeare, when he wrote this description, perhaps recollected what his patron's most intimate friend, the great lord Essex, in an hour of discontent, said of queen Elizabeth:—“*that she grew old, and cankered, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcase*.”—a speech, which, according to sir Walter Raleigh, cost him his head, and which, we may therefore suppose, was at that time much talked of. This play being written in the time of king James, these obnoxious words might be safely repeated. MALONE. = 32:)—*the blind mole may not* || *Hear a foot fall*:] This quality of hearing, which the mole is supposed to possess in so high a degree, is mentioned in *Euphues*, 4to. 1581. p. 64: “Doth not the lion for strength, the turtle for love, the ant for labour, excel man? Doth not the eagle see clearer, the vulture smell better, the mole hear lightlier?” = 33:)—*has done little better than played the Jack*

with us.] i. e. he has played *Jack with a lantern*; has led us about like an *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire. = 34:) *Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!* An allusion to an old celebrated ballad, which begins thus: "*King Stephan was a worthy peer*" —; and celebrates that king's parsimony with regard to his wardrobe. = 35:) — *we know what belongs to a frippery:*] A *frippery* was a shop where old clothes were sold. *Fripperie*, Fr. The person who kept one of these shops was called a *fripper*. Strype, in his life of Stowe, says, that these *frippers* lived in Birchin-lane and Cornhill. = 36:) "Let it alone," — MALONE. = 37:) — *under the line:*] An allusion to what often happens to people who pass the line. The violent fevers which they contract in that hot climate, make them lose their hair. = 38:) — *put some lime, &c.*] That is, *bird-lime*. = 39:) — *to barnacles, or to apes* —] Skinner says, *barnacle* is *Anser Scoticus*. The *barnacle* is a kind of shell-fish growing on the bottoms of ships, and which was anciently supposed, when broken off, to become one of these geese. = 40:) *With foreheads villainous low.*] *Low foreheads* were anciently reckoned among deformities. = 41:) *A noise of hunters heard.*] Shakspeare might have had in view *Arthur's Chace*, which many believe to be in France, and think that it is a kennel of black dogs followed by unknown huntsmen with an exceeding great sound of horns, as if it was a very hunting of some wild beast. =

ACT V. = 1:) — *and time* || *Goes upright with his carriage.*] Alluding to one carrying a burthen. This critical period of my life proceeds as I could wish. Time brings forward all the expected events, without faltering under his burthen. STEEVENS. = 2:) "his followers." — MALONE. = 3:) — *till your release.*] i. e. till you release them. = 4:) — *a touch, a feeling* —] A *touch*, is a sensation. = 5:) — *that relish all as sharply, || Passion as they,*] I feel every thing with the same quick sensibility, and am moved by the same passions as they are. = 6:) *Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;*] This speech Dr. Warburton rightly observes to be borrowed from Medea's in Ovid. = 7:) (*Weak masters though ye be,*) The meaning of this passage may be, *Though you are but inferior masters of these supernatural powers — though you possess them but in a low degree;* or, "ye are powerful auxiliaries, but weak if left to yourselves; — your employment is then to make green ringlets, and midnight mushrooms, and to play the idle pranks mentioned by Ariel in his next song; yet by your aid I have been enabled to invert the course of nature." = 8:) — *But this rough magic, &c.*] This speech of Prospero sets out with a long and distinct invocation to the various ministers of his art: yet to what purpose they were invoked does not very distinctly appear. Had our author written — "*All this,*" &c. instead of — "*But this,*" &c. the conclusion of the address would have been more pertinent to its beginning. STEEVENS. = 9:) *A solemn air, and the best comforter || To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains, &c.*] Prospero does not desire them to cure their brains. His expression is optative, not imperative; and means — *May music cure thy brains!* i. e. settle them. = 10:) — *boil'd within thy skull!*] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, "*seething brains,*" &c. occur: and in *The Winter's Tale*, we have "*boil'd brains.*" = 11:) — *fellowly drops.*] I would read, *fellow drops*. The additional syllable only injures the metre, without enforcing the sense. *Fellowly* however, is an adjective used by Tusser. STEEVENS. = 12:) — *the ignorant fumes* —] i. e. the fumes of ignorance. = 13:) *Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. — Flesh and blood,*] Thus the old copy: Theobald points the passage in a different manner, and perhaps rightly: "*Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood.*" = 14:) — *remorse and nature;*] *Remorse* is by our author and the contemporary writers generally used for *pity*, or *tenderness of heart*. *Nature* is natural affection. MALONE. = 15:) *In a cowslip's bell I lie:*] So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*: "*At midnight, the appointed hour;* || And for the queen a fitting bower, || Quoth he, is that fair cowslip flower || On Hipeut hill that bloweth." The date of this poem not being ascertained, we know not whether our author was indebted to it, or was himself copied by Drayton. I believe, the latter was the imitator. *Nymphidia* was not written, I imagine, till after the English Don Quixote had appeared in 1612. MALONE. = 16:) Mr. Malone reads, "*There I couch. When owls do cry,*" = 17:) — *when owls do cry.*] i. e. at night. = 18:) *After summer, merrily.*] This is the reading of all the editions. Yet Mr. Theobald has substituted *sun-set*, because Ariel talks of riding on the bat in this expedition. = 19:) — *shall I live now, || Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*] This thought is not thrown out at random. It composed a part of the magical system of these days. The idea was probably first suggested by the description of the venerable elm which Virgil planted at the entrance of the infernal shades. = 20:) *I drink the air* —] *To drink the air* — is an expression of swiftness of the same kind as *to devour the way* in *K. Henry IV.* = 21:) *Wh'er thou beest he, or no,*] *Wh'er* for *whether*. = 22:) *Thy dukedom I resign;*] The duchy of Milan being through the treachery of Antonio made feudatory to the crown of Naples, Alonso promises to resign his claim of sovereignty for the future. = 23:) — *You do yet taste || Some subtilties o'the isle,*] This is a phrase adopted from ancient cookery and confectionary. When a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a *subtilty*. Dragons,

castles, trees, &c. made out of sugar, had the like denomination. = 24:) — *who three hours since* —] The unity of time is most rigidly observed in this piece. The fable scarcely takes up a greater number of hours than are employed in the representation; and from the very particular care which our author takes to point out this circumstance in so many other passages, as well as here, it should seem as if it were not accidental, but purposely designed to shew the cavillers of the time, that he could write a play within all the strictest laws of regularity, when he chose to load himself with the critic's fetters. = 25:) *I am woe for't, sir.*] i. e. *I am sorry for it.* *To be woe*, is often used by old writers to signify, *to be sorry*. = 26:) *As great to me, as late;*] My loss is as great as yours, and has as lately happened to me. JOHNSON. = 27:) — *their words || Are natural breath:*] An anonymous correspondent thinks that *their* is a corruption, and that we should read — *these words*. His conjecture appears not improbable. The lords had no doubt concerning themselves. Their doubts related only to *Prospero*. = 28:) *Yes, for a score of kingdoms, &c.*] I take the sense to be only this: Ferdinand would not, he says, play her false for the world: Yea, answers she, I would allow you to do it for something less than the world, for *twenty kingdoms*, and I wish you well enough to allow you, after a little wrangle, that your play was fair. So, likewise, Dr. Grey. JOHNSON. = 29:) *My tricky spirit!*] is, my clever, adroit spirit. Shakspeare uses the same word in *The Merchant of Venice*. = 30:) — *dead of sleep,*] Thus the old copy. Modern editors — *asleep*. Mr. Malone has substituted "*on sleep*" as the ancient English phraseology. = 31:) — *conduct of:*] *Conduct* for *conductor*. *Conduct* is yet used in the same sense: the person at Cambridge who reads prayers in King's and in Trinity college chapels, is still so styled. HENLEY. = 32:) — *with beating on || The strangeness, &c.*] *Beating* may mean *hammering*, working in the mind, dwelling long upon. = 33:) (*Which to you shall seem probable,*) I will inform you how all these wonderful accidents have happened; which, though they now appear to you strange, will then seem probable. MALONE. = 34:) — *Coragio!*] An exclamation of encouragement. = 35:) *Is a plain fish,*] That is, plainly, evidently a fish; but it is not easy to determine the shape which our author designed to bestow on his monster. That he has hands, legs, &c. we gather from circumstances in the play. Perhaps Shakspeare himself had no settled ideas concerning the form of *Caliban*. = 36:) — *true:*] that is, *honest*. *A true man* is, in the language of that time, opposed to a *thief*. = 37:) *His mother was a witch; and one so strong || That could control the moon, &c.*] This was the phraseology of the times. After the statute against *witches*, revenge or ignorance frequently induced people to charge those against whom they harboured resentment, or entertained prejudices, with the crime of witchcraft, which had just then been declared a capital offence. = 38:) *And deal in her command, without her power:*] I suppose Prospero means, that Sycorax, with less general power than the moon, could produce the same effects on the sea. STEEVENS. = 39:) *And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they || Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?*] Warburton thinks that Shakspeare, to be sure, wrote — *grand-luxin*, alluding to the *grand elixir* of the alchemists, which they pretend would restore youth and confer immortality. But Mr. Steevens says that, as the alchemist's *elixir* was supposed to be a liquor, the old reading may stand. = 40:) — *fly-blowing.*] This pickle alludes to their plunge into the stinking pool: and *pickling* preserves meat from *fly-blowing*. = 41:) — *but a cramp.*] i. e. I am all over a *cramp*. Prospero had ordered Ariel to *shorten up their sinews with aged cramps*. *Touch me not* alludes to the soreness occasioned by them. = 42:) *I should have been a sore one then.*] The same quibble occurs afterwards in the *Second Part of King Henry VI.*: "*Mass, 'twill be sore law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.*" Stephano also alludes to the sores about him. STEEVENS. = 43:) *With the help of your good hands.*] By your applause, by clapping hands. JOHNSON. = 44:) *And my ending is despair, || Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;*] This alludes to the old stories told of the despair of necromancers in their last moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them. WARBURTON. = 45:) It is observed of *The Tempest*, that its plan is regular; this the author of *The Revisal* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But, whatever might be Shakspeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin. The operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested. JOHNSON. =

II. TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I. = 1:) — *shapeless idleness.*] The expression is fine, as implying that *idleness* prevents the giving any form

or character to the manners. WARBURTON. = 2:) — some shallow story of deep love, [*How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.*] The poem of *Musæus*, entitled *HERO AND LEANDER*, is meant. Marlow's translation of this piece was extremely popular, and deservedly so, many of Marlow's lines being as smooth as those of Dryden. = 3:) — nay, give me not the boots.] A proverbial expression, though now disused, signifying, don't make a laughing stock of me; don't play with me. = 4:) However, but a folly, &c.] This love will end in a foolish action, to produce which you are long to spend your wit, or it will end in the loss of your wit, which will be overpowered by the folly of love. JOHNSON. = 5:) At Milan.] Mr. Malone reads "*To Milan*" — which may here be intended as an imperfect sentence. I am now bound for Milan; or let me hear from thee by letters addressed to me at Milan. = 6:) Mr. Pope's opinion that this scene was interpolated by the players seems advanced without any proof, only to give a greater licence to criticism. JOHNSON. = 7:) — a laced mutton;] A laced mutton was in our author's time so established a term for a courtesan, that a street in Clerkenwell, which was much frequented by women of the town, was then called *Mutton-lane*. = 8:) — why, that's noddy.] Mr. Steevens says noddy was a game at cards; but this play upon syllables is hardly worth explaining. The speakers intend to fix the name of noddy, that is, fool, on each other. 9:) — in telling her mind.] The old copy has "— in telling your mind," — which Mr. Malone adopts. The meaning is — *She being so hard to me who was the bearer of your mind, I fear she will prove no less so to you, when you address her in person.* = 10:) — you have testern'd me;] You have gratified me with a tester, testern, or testen, that is, with a sixpence. JOHNSON. = 11:) What think'st thou of the fair sir Eglamour?] This *sir Eglamour* must not be confounded with the *persona dramatis* of the same name. The latter lived at Milan, and had vowed "pure chastity" upon the death of his "true love." Perhaps *sir Eglamour* was once the common cant term for an insignificant inamorato. = 12:) Should censure thus, &c.] To censure, in our author's time, generally signified to give one's judgment. = 13:) "that's" — MALONE. = 14:) — a goodly broker!] A broker was used for match-maker, sometimes for a procuress. JOHNSON. = 15:) — say No, to that, &c.] A paraphrase on the old proverb, "Maids say nay, and take it." = 16:) — stomach on your meat,] Stomach was used for passion or obstinacy. JOHNSON. = 17:) "that you" — MALONE. = 18:) — too harsh a descant:] Descant is a term in music, signifying in general that kind of harmony in which one part is broken, and formed into a kind of paraphrase on the other. = 19:) — but a mean, &c.] The mean is the tenor in music. = 20:) To "bid the base" means here, I believe, to challenge to a contest. MALONE. = 21:) Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.] i. e. lest they should catch cold. This mode of expression is not frequent in Shakspeare, but occurs in every play of Beaumont and Fletcher. = 22:) I see, you have a month's mind to them.] A month's mind was an anniversary in times of popery. There was also a year's mind, and week's mind. But a month's mind, in the ritual sense, signifies not desire or inclination, but remembrance. = 23:) — what sad talk —] Sad is the same as grave or serious. = 24:) — of slender reputation,] i. e. who are thought slightly of. = 25:) Some, to discover islands far away;] In Shakspeare's time, voyages for the discovery of the islands of America were much in vogue. And the sons of the best families in England, went very frequently on these adventures. WARBURTON. = 26:) — great impeachment to his age,] Impeachment, i. e. reproach or imputation. = 27:) Attends the emperor in his royal court.] Shakspeare has been guilty of no mistake in placing the emperor's court at Milan in this play. Several of the first German emperors held their courts there occasionally, it being, at that time, their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions. Some of them were crowned kings of Italy at Milan, before they received the imperial crown at Rome. Nor has the poet fallen into any contradiction by giving a duke to Milan at the same time that the emperor held his court there. The first dukes of that, and all the other great cities in Italy, were not sovereign princes, as they afterwards became; but were merely governors, or viceroys, under the emperors, and removable at their pleasure. Such was the Duke of Milan mentioned in this play. Mr. M. Mason adds, that "during the wars in Italy between Francis I. and Charles V. the latter frequently resided at Milan." STEEVENS. = 28:) — in good time,] In good time was the old expression when something happened that suited the thing in hand. = 29:) — now will we break with him.] That is, break the matter to him. = 30:) Like exhibition —] i. e. allowance. = 31:) — resembleth —] is here used as a quadrisyllable, as if it was written *resembeleth*. Shakspeare takes the same liberty with many other words, in which *l*, or *r*, is subjoined to another consonant. =

ACT II. = 1:) "A room" — MALONE. = 2:) Val. Not mine; my gloves are on. [*Speed. Why, then this may be yours, for this is but one.*] It should seem from this passage, that the word *one* was anciently pronounced as if it were written *on*. = 3:) — takes diet;] is under a regimen. = 4:) *Hallowmas.*] This is about the feast of All-Saints, when the poor people in *Staffordshire*, and perhaps in other country places, go from parish to parish *a souling*, as they call it; i. e. begging and *puling* (or singing small, as Bailey's *Dict.* explains *puling*), for *soulcakes*, or any good thing to make them merry.

= 5:) — none else would:] None else would be so simple. = 6:) — for going ungartered!] This is enumerated by Rosalind in *As You Like It*, Act. iii. sc. ii. as one of the undoubted marks of love: "Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded," &c. MALONE. = 7:) I would you were set;] set for seated, in opposition to stand. = 8:) O excellent motion! &c.] Motion, in Shakspeare's time, signified puppet, or rather perhaps a puppet-show; the master whereof may properly be said to be an interpreter, as being the explainer of the inarticulate language of the actors. = 9:) *Sir Valentine* and servant,] Here Silvia calls her lover servant, and again below, her gentle servant. This was the language of ladies to their lovers at the time when Shakspeare wrote. = 10:) — 'tis very clerly done.] i. e. like a scholar. = 11:) — and there an end.] i. e. there's the conclusion of the matter. = 12:) All this I speak in print;] In print means with exactness. = 13:) — I am the dog, &c.] Sir T. Hamner reads: *I am the dog, no the dog is himself, and I am me, the dog is the dog, and I am myself.* This certainly is more reasonable, but I know not how much reason the author intended to bestow on Launce's soliloquy. JOHNSON. = 14:) — like a wood woman; —] i. e. crazy, frantic with grief; or distracted, from any other cause. = 15:) "And the tide!" — MALONE. = 16:) — how quote you my folly?] To quote is to observe. Valentine in his answer plays upon the word, which was pronounced as if written *coat*. = 17:) Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?] The word *Don* should be omitted; the characters are *Italians*, not *Spaniards*. Yet Don Alphonso occurs in a preceding scene. = 18:) — not without desert —] And not dignified with so much reputation without proportionate merit. JOHNSON. = 19:) — I need not cite him to it:] i. e. incite him to it. = 20:) No; that you are worthless.] I have inserted the particle *no*, to fill up the measure. JOHNSON. = 21:) Ser. Madam, my lord your father —] This speech in all the editions is assigned improperly to *Thurio*; but he has been all along upon the stage, and could not know that the duke wanted his daughter. Besides, the first line and half of Sylvia's answer is evidently addressed to two persons. A servant, therefore, must come in and deliver the message; and then Silvia goes out with *Thurio*. THEOBALD. = 22:) Whose high imperious —] Imperious is an epithet very frequently applied to love by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. = 23:) — no woe to his correction,] No misery that can be compared to the punishment inflicted by love. = 24:) — a principality,] The first or principal of women. So the old writers use *state*. "She is a lady, a great state." = 25:) — summer-swelling flower,] i. e. the flower which swells in summer, till it expands itself into bloom. = 26:) She is alone.] She stands by herself; is incomparable. = 27:) — the road,] The haven, where ships ride at anchor. = 28:) "her mien," — MALONE. = 29:) — a waxen image 'gainst a fire,] Alluding to the figures made by witches, as representatives of those whom they designed to torment or destroy. = 30:) — with more advice,] With more advice, is on further knowledge, on better consideration. The word, as Mr. Malone observes, is still current among mercantile people, whose constant language is, "we are advised by letters from abroad," meaning informed. So, in bills of exchange, the conclusion always is — "without further advice." = 31:) 'Tis but her picture —] Proteus means, that, as yet, he had seen only her outward form, without having known her long enough to have any acquaintance with her mind. = 32:) And that hath dazzled —] dazzled is here a trisyllable. = 33:) — to Milan.] It is *Padua* in the former editions. = 34:) — how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?] i. e. What say'st thou to this circumstance, — namely, that my master is become a notable lover? = 35:) — the ale —] Ales were merry meetings instituted in country places. = 36:) It is to be observed, that, in the folio edition, there are no directions concerning the scenes; they have been added by the later editors, and may therefore be changed by any reader that can give more consistency or regularity to the drama by such alterations. I make this remark in this place, because I know not whether the following soliloquy of Proteus is so proper in the street. JOHNSON. The reader will perceive that the scenery has been changed, though Dr. Johnson's observation is continued. STEEVENS. = 37:) O sweet-suggesting love,] To suggest is to tempt, in our author's language. = 38:) "most" — MALONE. = 39:) — in counsel, his competitor:] Competitor is confederate, assistant, partner. = 40:) — pretended flight;] Pretended flight is proposed or intended flight: the verb *pretendre* in French, has the same signification. = 41:) Out, out, Lucetta! &c.] Dr. Percy observes, that this interjection is still used in the North. It seems to have the same meaning as *apage*, Lat. = 42:) "And instances of the infinite of love," — MALONE. = 43:) — my longing journey.] Dr. Grey observes, that *longing* is a participle active, with a passive signification; for *longed*, wished, or desired. But Julia may mean a journey which she shall pass in *longing*. =

ACT III. = 1:) — jealous aim —] Aim is guess, in this instance. = 2:) — be not aimed at;] Be not guessed. = 3:) — of this pretence.] Pretence is design. = 4:) And, where —] Where, the same here as *whereas*. = 5:) — sir, in Milan, here,] It ought to be thus, instead of — in Verona, here — for the scene apparently is in Milan, as is clear from several passages in the first act, and in the beginning of the first scene of the fourth act. = 6:) — the fashion of the time —] The modes of courtship, the acts by which men recommended themselves to ladies. = 7:) What lets,] i. e. what hinders. =

8:) i. e. the thoughts contained in my letter. = 9:) — for they are sent by me.] *For*, is the same as *for that, since*. = 10:) *Merops' son*.] Thou art Phaëton in thy rashness, but without his pretensions; thou art not the son of a divinity, but a *terre filius*, a low-born wretch; Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaëton was falsely reproached. JOHNSON. = 11:) *I fly not death*, to fly his deadly doom:] *To fly his doom*, used for *by flying*, or *in flying*, is a Gallicism. The sense is, by avoiding the execution of his sentence I shall not escape death. If I stay here, I suffer myself to be destroyed; if I go away, I destroy myself. JOHNSON. = 12:) *Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love*.] Trifling as the remark may appear, before the meaning of this address of letters to the bosom of a mistress can be understood, it should be known that women anciently had a pocket in the fore part of their stays, in which they not only carried love-letters and love-tokens, but even their money and materials for needle-work. In many parts of England the rustic damsels still observe the same practice; and a very old lady informs me that she remembers, when it was the fashion to wear prominent stays, it was no less the custom for stratagem and gallantry to drop its literary favours within the front of them. STEEVENS. = 13:) *Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of knave; but that's all one, if he be but one KNAVE*.] In Shakspeare's language, one knave may signify a knave on only one occasion, a single knave. We still use a double villain, for a villain beyond the common rate of guilt. JOHNSON. = 14:) — for she hath had gossips:] *Gossips* not only signify those who answer for a child in baptism, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in. = 15:) — a bare christian.] *Launce* is quibbling on. *Bare* has two senses; mere and naked. This is used here in both. = 16:) — her conditions.] i. e. qualities. = 17:) — the son of thy grandmother:] It is undoubtedly true that the mother only knows the legitimacy of the child. I suppose *Launce* infers, that if he could read, he must have read this well-known observation. STEEVENS. = 18:) — saint Nicholas be thy speed!] St. Nicholas presided over scholars, who were therefore called *St. Nicholas' clerks*. That this saint presided over young scholars, may be gathered from Knight's *Life of Dean Colet*, p. 362, for by the statutes of Paul's school there inserted, the children are required to attend divine service at the cathedral on his anniversary. The legend of this saint makes him to have been a bishop, while he was a boy. = 19:) — knit him a stock.] i. e. stocking. = 20:) "villainy," — MALONE. = 21:) — praise her liquor.] i. e. often show how well she likes it. = 22:) — She is too liberal.] *Liberal* is licentious and gross in language. = 23:) — She hath more hair than wit.] An old English proverb. = 24:) — makes the faults gracious:] *Gracious*, in old language, means graceful. = 25:) *Frenched in ice*] Cut, carved in ice. From *trancher*, to cut. = 26:) — with circumstance.] With the addition of such incidental particulars as may induce belief. JOHNSON. = 27:) — his very friend.] *Fery* is immediate. = 28:) — as you unwind her love —] As you wind off her love from him, make me the bottom on which you wind it. The housewife's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body, is a *bottom of thread*. = 29:) — you may temper her.] Mould her like wax, to whatever shape you please. = 30:) — lime,] That is, *birdlime*. = 31:) "much is the" — MALONE. = 32:) — such integrity:] *Such integrity* may mean such ardour and sincerity as would be manifested by practising the directions given in the four preceding lines. STEEVENS. But Mr. Malone thinks that *such integrity* refers only to some feeling line. = 33:) *Tune a deploring dump*] A *dump* was the ancient term for a mournful elegy. = 34:) — will inherit her.] To inherit, is, by our author, sometimes used, as in this instance, for to obtain possession of, without any idea of acquiring by inheritance. = 35:) To sort —] i. e. to choose out. = 36:) *I will pardon you*.] I will excuse you from waiting. =

ACT IV. = 1:) — a proper man.] i. e. a well-looking man; he has the appearance of a gentleman. = 2:) — Robin Hood's fat friar,] *Robin Hood* was a captain of a band of robbers, and was much inclined to rob churchmen. But by *Robin Hood's fat friar*, Shakspeare means *Friar Tuck*, who was confessor and companion to this noted out-law. = 3:) — awful men:] Reverend, worshipful, such as magistrates, and other principal members of civil communities. JOHNSON. Dr. Farmer would read — *lawful men* — i. e. *legales homines*. = 4:) *Whom, in my mood*.] *Mood* is anger or resentment. = 5:) — in our quality —] Our *quality* means our profession, calling, or condition of life. = 6:) Our company. = 7:) — sudden quips,] That is, hasty passionate reproaches and scoffs. = 8:) — you know, that love || Will creep in service where it cannot go.] Kindness will creep where it cannot gang, is a Scottish proverb. = 9:) "Who?" MALONE. = 10:) — out of all nick.] Beyond all reckoning or count. Reckonings are kept upon nicked or notched sticks or tallies. = 11:) But, since your falshood shall become you well —] Mr. Malone thinks that our author means, however licentious the expression, — But, since your falshood well becomes, or is well suited to, the worshipping of shadows, and the adoring of false shapes, send to me in the morning for my picture, &c. Or, in other words, But, since, the worshipping of shadows and the adoring of false shapes shall well become you, false as you are, send, &c. = 12:) — most heaviest.] This use of the double superlative is frequent in our author. = 13:) — your ladyship's impose,] *Impose* is injunction, command. A task set at college, in consequence of a fault, is still called an *imposition*.

A tax likewise is said to be imposed. = 14:) — remorseful,] *Remorseful* is pitiful. = 15:) — Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.] It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. In Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, p. 1013, there is the form of a commission by the bishop of the diocese for taking a vow of chastity made by a widow. It seems, that besides observing the vow, the widow was, for life, to wear a veil and a mourning habit. Some such distinction we may suppose to have been made in respect of male votarists; and, therefore, this circumstance might inform the players how *sir Eglamour* should be dressed; and will account for *Silvia's* having chosen him as a person in whom she could confide without injury to her own character. STEEVENS. = 16:) — grievances:] Sorrows, sorrowful affections. = 17:) *Recking as little* —] To *reck*, is to care for. Chaucer and Spenser use this word with the same signification. = 18:) — keep himself —] i. e. restrain himself. = 19:) — a pissing while:] A proverbial expression. = 20:) — the fellow that whips the dogs:] This appears to have been part of the office of an usher of the table. = 21:) "his servant?" — MALONE. = 22:) — the other squirrel, &c.] *Launce* speaks of his master's present as a diminutive animal, more resembling a squirrel in size than a dog. = 23:) — an end,] *Still an end*, and *most an end*, are vulgar expressions, and mean commonly, generally. = 24:) "know thee," — MALONE. = 25:) *She loved me well, deliver'd it to me*.] i. e. She who delivered it to me, loved me well. MALONE. = 26:) *It seems, you loved her not, to leave her token*.] Johnson, not recollecting the force of the word *leave*, proposes an amendment of this passage, which is unnecessary; for, in the language of the time, to *leave*, means to part with, or give away. = 27:) *To carry that, which I would have refus'd*.] The sense is, to go and present that which I wish not to be accepted, to praise him whom I wish to be dispraised. JOHNSON. = 28:) "have" — MALONE. = 29:) *How tall was she?*] We should read — "How tall is she?" = 30:) — weep a-good,] i. e. in good earnest. *Tout de bon*, Fr. = 31:) — 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning —] To *passion* is used as a verb, by writers contemporary with Shakspeare. — 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning —] On her being deserted by Theseus in the night, and left on the island of Naxos. = 32:) — my mistress' love so much.] She had in her preceding speech called *Julia* her mistress: but it is odd enough that she should thus describe herself, when she is alone. Sir T. Hanmer reads — "his mistress;" but without necessity. Our author knew that his audience considered the disguised *Julia* in the present scene as a page to Proteus, and this, I believe, and the love of antithesis, produced the expression. MALONE. = 33:) *I'll get me such a colour'd periwig*.] It should be remembered, that false hair was worn by the ladies, long before wigs were in fashion. These false coverings, however, were called *periwigs*. = 34:) *Her eyes are grey as glass*.] So Chaucer, in the character of his Prioress: "Ful semely hire wimple y-pinched was; || Hire nose tretis; hire eyen grey as glas." THEOBALD. = 35:) — her forehead's low,] A high forehead was in our author's time accounted a feature eminently beautiful. = 36:) — respective —] i. e. respectable. = 37:) *My substance should be statue in thy stead*.] It appears from hence, and a passage in Massinger, that the word *statue* was formerly used to express a portrait. =

ACT V. = 1:) "friar Patrick's" — MALONE. = 2:) — sure enough.] *Sure*, is safe, out of danger. = 3:) *Black men are pearls, &c.*] "A black man is a jewel in a fair woman's eye," is one of Ray's proverbial sentences. = 4:) *That they are out by lease*.] Because *Thurio's* folly has let them on disadvantageous terms; or, because they are let to others, and are not in his own dear hands; or, by *Thurio's possessions*, he himself understands his lands and estate. But Proteus chooses to take the word likewise in a figurative sense, as signifying his mental endowments: and when he says they are out by lease, he means they are no longer enjoyed by their master, (who is a fool,) but are leased out to another. = 5:) — a peevish girl,] i. e. in ancient language, foolish. = 6:) — reckless *Silvia*.] i. e. careless, heedless. = 7:) — record my woes.] To *record* anciently signified to sing. To *record* is a term still used by bird-fanciers, to express the first essays of a bird in singing. = 8:) *O thou that dost, &c.*] It is hardly possible to point out four lines in any of the plays of Shakspeare, more remarkable for ease and elegance. STEEVENS. = 9:) — my meed] i. e. reward. = 10:) — and still approv'd,] *Approv'd*, is felt, experienced. = 11:) "Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand" — MALONE. = 12:) *The private wound, &c.*] *Deepest, highest*, and other similar words, were sometimes used by the poets of Shakspeare's age as monosyllables. Mr. Malone reads *most accurst*. = 13:) *All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee*.] This passage either hath been much sophisticated, or is one great proof that the main parts of this play did not proceed from Shakspeare; for it is impossible he could make *Valentine* act and speak so much out of character, or give to *Silvia* so unnatural a behaviour, as to take no notice of this strange concession, if it had been made. HANMER. *Valentine*, from seeing *Silvia* in the company of Proteus, might conceive she had escaped with him from her father's court, for purposes of love, though she could not foresee the violence which his villainy might offer, after he had seduced her under the pretence of an honest passion. If *Valentine*, however, be supposed to hear all that passed between them in this scene, I am afraid I have only to subscribe to the opinions of my

predecessors. STEEVENS. — *I give thee.*] Transfer these two lines to the end of Thurio's speech in page 36; and all is right. Why then should Julia faint? It is only an artifice, seeing Silvia given up to Valentine, to discover herself to Proteus, by a pretended mistake of the rings. One great fault of this play is the hastening too abruptly, and without due preparation to the denouement, which shews that, if it be Shakspeare's, (which I cannot doubt,) it was one of his very early performances. BLACKSTONE. = 14:) *To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;*] Surely our author wrote—*"Deliver a ring,"* &c. A verse so rugged as that in the text must be corrupted by the players, or transcriber. Mr. Malone arranges the speech as prose. = 15:) *Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,*] Gave encouragement, a phrase in archery. = 16:) *How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?*] i. e. of her heart. An allusion to *cleaving the pin* in archery. = 17:) *if shame live—*] that is, *if it be any shame to wear a disguise for the purposes of love.* = 18:) *"And I mine."* — MALONE. = 19:) *— the measure —*] The reach of my anger. = 20:) *Milan shall not behold thee.*] Mr. Malone and other editors read—*Verona shall not hold thee.* But from every circumstance, the poet must have intended, — *Milan, thy country, shall never see thee again: thou shalt never live to go back thither.* = 21:) *To make such means for her as thou hast done,*] i. e. to make such interest for, to take such disingenuous pains about her. = 22:) *— all former griefs,*] Griefs in old language frequently signified grievances, wrongs. MALONE. = 23:) *— include all jars —*] i. e. shut up, or conclude. = 24:) *With triumphs,*] *Triumphs*, in this and many other passages of Shakspeare, signify masques and revels, &c. =

III. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I. = 1:) *Sir Hugh,*] This is the first, of sundry instances in our poet, where a *parson* is called *sir*. Anciently it was the common designation both of one in holy orders and a knight. *Sir* is the designation of a bachelor of arts in the universities of Cambridge and Dublin; but is there always annexed to the surname: — *Sir Evans*, &c. In consequence, however, of this, all the inferior clergy in England were distinguished by this title affixed to their christian names for many centuries. Hence our author's *Sir Hugh* in the present play, — *Sir Topas* in *Twelfth Night*, *Sir Oliver* in *As You Like It*, &c. = 2:) *— who writes himself armigero;*] *Slender* had seen the justice's attestations, signed "*— jurat*" coram me, *Roberto Shallow, armigero.*" = 3:) *The luce* is the fresh fish; *the salt fish* is an old coat.] Our author here alludes to the arms of *sir Thomas Lucy*, who is said to have prosecuted him in the younger part of his life for a misdemeanour, and who is supposed to be pointed at under the character of *justice Shallow*. The text, however, has been so corrupted, that the passage, as it stands at present, seems inexplicable. = 4:) *The council shall hear it; it is a riot.*] By the council is only meant the court of star-chamber, composed chiefly of the king's council sitting in *camerd stellata*, which took cognizance of atrocious riots. = 5:) *— your vizaments in that.*] *Advisement*, an obsolete word. = 6:) *"thank you"* — MALONE. = 7:) *How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsale.*] *Cotswold*, in *Gloucestershire*, where there was an annual celebration of games, consisting of rural sports and exercises. = 8:) *Good worts! good cabbage.*] *Worts* was the ancient name of all the cabbage kind. = 9:) *— coney-catching rascals,*] A *coney-catcher* was, in the time of Elizabeth, a common name for a cheat or a sharper. = 10:) *You Banbury cheese!*] You are like a Banbury cheese, — nothing but paring. = 11:) *How now, Mephostophilus?*] This is the name of a spirit or familiar, in the old story book of *Sir John Faustus*. = 12:) *— Edward shovel-board,*] were the shillings of *Edward VI.*; the game of shovel-board, or shuffle-board, was played with them in *Shadwell's* time. = 13:) *I combat challenge of this latten bilbo;*] A *latten bilbo* means, I believe, no more than a blade as thin as a lath — a *vice's dagger*. STEEVENS. = 14:) *— labras —*] i. e. lips. = 15:) *— marry, trap,*] When a man was caught in his own stratagem, I suppose the exclamation of insult was — *marry, trap!* JOHNSON. = 16:) *— nuthook's humour —*] i. e. if you say *I am a thief.* = 17:) *— Scarlet and John?*] The names of two of *Robin Hood's* companions; but the humour consists in the allusion to *Bardolph's red face.* = 18:) *And being fap,*] i. e. drunk. = 19:) *— careires.*] i. e. "and so in the end he reel'd about with a circuitous motion, like a horse, passing a carier." = 20:) *— my book of Songs and Sonnets here:*] "*Songes and Sonnettes*, written by the Right Honourable Lord Henry Howard, late Earl of Surrey, and others." *Slender* laments that he has not this fashionable book about him, supposing it might have assisted him in paying his addresses to *Anne Page*. MALONE. = 21:) *— The Book of Riddles —*] This appears to have been a popular book, and is enumerated with others in *The English Courtier, and Country Gentleman.* = 22:) *— upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?*] An intended blunder of Shakspeare's. = 23:) *— a master of fence,*] *Master of defence*, on this occasion, does not simply mean a professor of the art of fencing, but a person who had taken his master's degree in it; in this art there were three degrees, viz. a *master's*, a *provost's*, and a *scholar's.* = 24:) *— three venecs for a dish, &c.*] i. e. three *venecs*, French. Three different set-to's, bouts, (or hits, as Mr. Malone, perhaps more properly, explains the word,) a technical term. *Slender* means to say, that the wa-

ger for which he played was a dish of stewed prunes, which was to be paid by him who received three hits. = 25:) — *Sackerson —*] *Sackerson*, or *Sacarson*, was the name of a bear that was exhibited, in our author's time, at *Paris-Garden* in *Southwark.* = 26:) *— that it pass'd:*] i. e. all expression. = 27:) *By cock and pye,*] This was a very popular adjuration, and occurs in many of our old dramatic pieces. = 28:) *— my bully-rook?*] The spelling of this word is corrupted, and thereby its primitive meaning is lost. The latter part of this compound title is taken from the *rooks* at the game of chess. STEEVENS. = 29:) *— Keisar,*] *Keysar* for *Cæsar.* = 30:) *— Let me see thee froth, and lime:*] *Frothing beer* and *liming sack*, were tricks practised in the time of Shakspeare. The first was done by putting soap into the bottom of the tankard when they drew the beer; the other by mixing lime with the sack (i. e. sherry) to make it sparkle in the glass. = 31:) *O base Gongarian wight! &c.*] A cant term in old bombast plays. = 32:) *— a fico for the phrase!*] i. e. a fig for it. = 33:) *— she carves,*] It should be remembered, that anciently the young of both sexes were instructed in *carving*, as a necessary accomplishment. = 34:) *The anchor is deep:*] Perhaps we may read—*the author is deep.* = 35:) *As many devils entertain;*] i. e. do you retain in your service as many devils as she has angels. = 36:) *— cyliads:*] Perhaps we should write *axillades*, French. = 37:) *— intention,*] i. e. eagerness of desire. = 38:) *I will be cheater to them both, &c.*] By this is meant *escheatour*, an officer in the exchequer. = 39:) *— bear you these letters tightly;*] i. e. cleverly, adroitly. = 40:) *— my pinnace —*] A pinnace seems anciently to have signified a small vessel, or sloop attending on a larger. A pinnace now, is a small vessel with a square stern, having sails and oars, and carrying three masts; chiefly used as a scout for intelligence, and for landing of men. = 41:) *— for gourd, and fullam holds,*] *And high and low beguile the rich and poor;*] *Gourds* were probably dice in which a secret cavity had been made; *fullams*, those which had been loaded with a small bit of lead, which, being chiefly made at *Fulham*, were thence called "*high and low Fulhams.*" The high *Fulhams* were the numbers, 4, 5, and 6. = 42:) *I will incense Page, &c.*] i. e. instigate. = 43:) *— yellowness,*] *Yellowness* is jealousy. = 44:) *— the revolt of mien —*] i. e. change of countenance. = 45:) *— at the latter end, &c.*] When my master is in bed. = 46:) *— no breed-bate:*] *Bate* is an obsolete word signifying strife, contention. = 47:) *— a little wee face,*] *Wee*, in the North signifies very little. = 48:) *— a Cain-coloured beard.*] *Cain* and *Judas*, in the tapestries and pictures of old, were represented with yellow beards. = 49:) *We shall all be shent;*] i. e. scolded, roughly treated. = 50:) *Enter Doctor Caius.*] It has been thought strange that our author should take the name of *Caius* [an eminent physician who flourished in the reign of Elizabeth, and founder of *Caius College* in our university] for his Frenchman in this comedy; but Shakspeare was little acquainted with literary history; and, without doubt, from his unusual name, supposed him to have been a foreign quack. Add to this, that the doctor was handed down as a kind of Rosicrucian: Mr. Ames had in MS. one of the "*Secret Writings of Dr. Caius.*" FARMER. = 51:) *— de Jack Priest;*] *Jack*, in our author's time, was a term of contempt. So, saucy *Jack*, &c. = 52:) *What, the good-ger!*] *Good-ger* and *good-year*, were in our author's time common corruptions of *gou-jere*; i. e. *morbus gallicus.* = 53:) *— but, I detest,*] She means — *I protest.* = 54:) *— to allcholly, —*] i. e. melancholy. =

ACT II. = 1:) *— though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor:*] By *precisian*, is meant one who pretends to a more than ordinary degree of virtue and sanctity. Dr. Johnson wishes to read *physician*; and if that be right, the meaning may be, — a lover, uncertain as yet of success, never takes reason for his counsellor, but, when desperate, applies to him as his physician. = 2:) *"of fat men."* MALONE. = 3:) *What? — thou liest! — Sir Alice Ford! — These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.*] These knights will *hack*, (that is, become cheap or vulgar,) and therefore she advises her friend not to sully her gentry by becoming one. Between the time of king James's arrival at *Berwick* in April 1603, and the 2d of May, he made two hundred and thirty seven knights; and in the July following between three and four hundred. It is probable that the play before us was enlarged in that or the subsequent year, when this stroke of satire must have been highly relished by the audience. MALONE. = 4:) *We burn day-light:*] i. e. we have more proof than we want: or, we are wasting time in idle talk. = 5:) *— men's liking:*] i. e. men's condition of body. = 6:) *— the chariness —*] i. e. the caution. = 7:) *— curtail dog —*] that is, a dog that misses his game; or is, a dog of small value; a *cur.* = 8:) *— gally-mawfry;*] i. e. a medley. = 9:) *I will not believe such a Cataian.*] By a *Cataian*, some kind of sharper is meant. The Chinese were anciently called *Cataians*. Their tricks are hinted at in some old histories of *Cataia.* = 10:) *'Twas a good sensible fellow:*] This, and the two preceding speeches of *Ford*, are spoken to himself. = 11:) *— cavalero-justice,*] A cant term. = 12:) *"An-heires?"* — MALONE. = 13:) *— tall fellows —*] A tall fellow, in the time of our author, meant a stout, bold, or courageous person. = 14:) *— and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty,*] i. e. has such perfect confidence in his unchaste wife. = 15:) *— and, what they made there,*] An obsolete phrase signifying — what they did there. MALONE. = 16:) *I will retort the sum in equipage.*] means, I will pay

you again in stolen goods. *WARBURTON*. = 17:) — *your coach-fellow, Nym*:] i. e. he, who *draws* along with you; who is joined with you in all your knavery. = 18:) — *lost the handle of her fan*.] It should be remembered, that *fans*, in our author's time, were more costly than they are at present, as well as of a different construction. They consisted of ostrich feathers (or others of equal length and flexibility,) which were stuck into handles. The richer sort of these were composed of gold, silver, or ivory of curious workmanship. = 19:) — *Pickt-hatch*.] A cant name for some part of the town noted for brothels. = 20:) — *ensconce your rags, &c.*] A *sconce* is a petty fortification. To *ensconce*, therefore, is to protect as with a fort. = 21:) — *red-lattice phrases*.] Your ale-house conversation. *Red lattice* at the doors and windows, were formerly the external denotements of an alehouse. = 22:) — *canaries*.] Probably for *quandaries*. = 23:) — *earls, nay, which is more, pensioners*;] *Pensioners* were gentlemen of the band of pensioners, whose dress was remarkably splendid, and therefore likely to attract the notice of Mrs. Quickly. = 24:) — *you wot of*:] To *wot*, is to know. Obsolete. = 25:) — *frampold*.] Peevish, fretful, or cross. = 26:) — *to send her your little page, of all loves*;] *Of all loves*, is an adjuration only, and signifies *by all means*. = 27:) — *a nay-word*.] i. e. a watch-word. = 28:) — *up with your fights*;] *Fights*, I find, are *clothes* hung round the ship to conceal the men from the enemy; and *close-fights* are *bulk-heads*, or any other shelter that the fabric of a ship affords. *JOHNSON*. = 29:) — *go to; via*:] This cant phrase of exultation or defiance is common in the old plays. = 30:) — *not to charge you*;] that is, not with a purpose of putting you to expence, or being burthensome. *JOHNSON*. = 31:) — *sith*.] i. e. since. = 32:) — *meed*.] i. e. reward. = 33:) — *of great admittance*.] Admitted to all companies. = 34:) — *generally allowed*.] *Allowed* is *approved*. = 35:) — *to lay an amiable siege*.] i. e. a siege of love. = 36:) — *instance and argument*.] *Instance* is *example*. *JOHNSON*. = 37:) — *the ward of her purity*.] i. e. the defence of it. = 38:) — *and I will aggravate his stile*;] *Add more titles* to those he already enjoys. = 39:) — *Amaimon — Barbason*.] The reader who is curious to know any particulars concerning these dæmons, may find them in Reginald Scott's *Inventarie of the Names, Shapes, Powers, Governments, and Effects of Devils and Spirits, of their several Segnories and Degrees*. = 40:) — *wittol-cuckold*:] One who knows his wife's falsehood, and is contented with it: — from *wittan*, Sax., to know. = 41:) — *to see thee foin*.] To *foin* was the ancient term for making a thrust in fencing, or tilting. = 42:) — *thy stock*.] *Stock* is a corruption of *stoccata*, Ital., from which language the technical terms that follow are likewise adopted. = 43:) — *my Francisco*:] He means, my Frenchman. = 44:) — *my heart of elder*:] It should be remembered, to make this joke relish, that the *elder* tree has *no heart*. = 45:) — *Castilian*.] An opprobrious term, and perhaps a popular slur upon the Spaniards, who were held in great contempt after the business of the armada. = 46:) — *against the hair, &c.*] We now say, against the *grain*. = 47:) — *Muck-water*.] i. e. drain of a dung-hill. = 48:) — *Cry'd game, said I well*:] An exclamation of encouragement. =

ACT III. = 1:) — *the city ward*.] i. e. towards London. = 2:) — *To shallow rivers, &c.*] This is part of a beautiful little poem, by Marlowe, but some have attributed it to Shakspeare. = 3:) — *make-a de sot of us*:] *Sot*, in French, signifies a fool. = 4:) — *scall, scurvy*.] *Scall* was an old word of reproach. = 5:) — *so seeming mistress Page*.] *Seeming* is *specious*. = 6:) — *shall cry aim*.] i. e. shall encourage. = 7:) — *he writes verses, he speaks holyday*.] i. e. his language is curious and affectedly chosen. = 8:) — *'tis in his buttons*.] Alluding to an ancient custom among the country fellows, of trying whether they should succeed with their mistresses, by carrying the *bachelor's buttons* in their pockets. = 9:) — *of no having*:] *Having*; i. e. estate or fortune. = 10:) — *the whitsters*.] i. e. the blanchers of linen. = 11:) — *How now, my eyas-musket*:] *Eyas* is a young unfledg'd hawk. *Eyas-musket* is the same as *infant lilliputian*. = 12:) — *Jack-a-lent*.] A *Jack o' lent* was a puppet thrown at in Lent, like shrove-cocks. = 13:) — *Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel*:] This is the first line of the second song in Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*. = 14:) — *that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance*.] Head-dresses then in fashion, received or admitted from Venice. = 15:) — *like Buckler's-bury, &c.*] *Buckler's-bury*, in the time of Shakspeare, was chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of herbs, green as well as dry. = 16:) — *whiting-time*.] Bleaching time; spring. = 17:) — *the cowl-staff*:] Is a staff used for carrying a large tub or basket with two handles. In Essex the word *cowl* is yet used for a tub. = 18:) — *how you drumble*:] To *drumble*, in Devonshire, signifies to mutter in a sullen and inarticulate voice; but Mrs. Page may mean — how lazy and stupid you are! be more alert. = 19:) — *it shall appear*.] Ford seems to allude to the cuckold's horns. *Of the season* is a phrase of the forest. *MALONE*. = 20:) — *so, now uncape*.] A term in fox-hunting, which signifies to dig out the fox when earthed. = 21:) — *I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't*:] To *make a bolt or a shaft of a thing* is enumerated by Ray, amongst others, in his collection of proverbial phrases. The *bolt* in this proverb means the fool's bolt. = 22:) — *come cut and long-tail*.] i. e. come poor or rich, to offer himself as my rival. The origin of the phrase is not decided. = 23:) — *happy man be his dole*:] i. e. his lot, a proverbial expression. = 24:) — *— be set quick i' the earth, || And bow'd*

to death with turnips.] This is a common proverb in the southern counties. = 25:) — *once to-night*.] i. e. *sometime to-night*. = 26:) — *speciously*.] She means to say *specially*. = 27:) — *to slack it*:] i. e. neglect. = 28:) — *detected with*.] *With* was sometimes used for *of*, or *by*. = 29:) — *bilbo*.] A *bilbo* is a Spanish blade, of which the excellence is flexibility and elasticity, from *Bilboa*, a city of Biscay, where the best blades are made. = 30:) — *address me*.] i. e. make myself ready. =

ACT IV. = 1:) — *to hick and to hack*.] Perhaps, *to do mischief*. = 2:) — *you must be preeches*.] must be *breeched*, i. e. flogged. = 3:) — *sprag*.] Or *spackt*, apt to learn, ingenious. *REED*. = 4:) — *your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love*.] The epithet *obsequious* refers to the seriousness with which obsequies, or funeral ceremonies, are performed. = 5:) — *tunes*.] i. e. lunacy, frenzy. = 6:) — *he so takes on*.] To *take on*, which is now used for to *grieve*, seems to be used by our author for to *rage*. = 7:) — *peer out*:] That is, *appear horns*. = 8:) — *watch the door with pistols*.] This is one of Shakspeare's anachronisms. = 9:) — *her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too*:] The *muffler* was a thin piece of linen, which covered the lips and chin. A *thrum'd hat* was made of very coarse woollen cloth. = 10:) — *of knight*.] — *MALONE*. = 11:) — *a ging*.] *Ging* was anciently used for *gang*. = 12:) — *this passes*:] This is beyond all bounds. = 13:) — *this wrongs you*.] This is below your character. = 14:) — *his wife's leman*.] *Leman*, i. e. lover, is derived from *leef*, Dutch, *beloved*, and *man*. = 15:) — *such daubery*.] Such gross falsehood, and imposition. = 16:) — *you rag*.] This opprobrious term is again used in *Timon*. = 17:) — *ronyon*:] *Ronyon*, applied to a woman, means, as far as can be traced, much the same with *scal* or *scab* spoken of a man. From *rogneux*, Fr. = 18:) — *cry out thus upon no trail*.] The expression is taken from the hunters. *Trail* is the scent left by the passage of the game. To *cry out*, is to open or bark. = 19:) — *if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery*.] *Fee-simple* is the largest estate, and *fine and recovery* the strongest assurance, known to English law. = 20:) — *in the way of waste, attempt us again*.] Make further attempts to ruin us, by corrupting our virtue. = 21:) — *no period*.] i. e. perhaps, no proper catastrophe. = 22:) — *they must come off*:] To *come off*, is, to pay. = 23:) — *and takes the cattle*:] To *take*, in Shakspeare, signifies to seize or strike with a disease, to blast. = 24:) — *idle-headed eld*.] *Eld* seems to be used here for — the *olden time*; or perhaps for *old persons*. = 25:) — *urchins, ouphes*.] The primitive signification of *urchin* is a hedge-hog. Hence it comes to signify any thing little and dwarfish. *Ouph* is the Teutonic word for a *fairy* or *goblin*. = 26:) — *With some diffused song*:] i. e. wild, irregular, discordant. = 27:) — *And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight*:] This use of *to* in composition with verbs, very common in Gower and Chaucer, was not quite antiquated in the time of Shakspeare. = 28:) — *pinch him sound*.] i. e. *soundly*. = 29:) — *properties*.] *Properties* are little incidental necessities to a theatre, exclusive of scenes and dresses. = 30:) — *tricking for our fairies*.] To *trick*, is to dress out. = 31:) — *anthropophaginian*.] i. e. a cannibal. = 32:) — *thine Ephesian*.] This was a cant term of the time, the meaning of which is not known. = 33:) — *clerkly*.] i. e. scholar-like. = 34:) — *I paid nothing for it, neither, but was paid for my learning*.] He alludes to the beating which he had just received. To *pay*, in our author's time, often signified to *beat*. = 35:) — *primero*.] A game at cards. = 36:) — *Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, &c.*] The great fault of this play is the frequency of expressions so profane, that no necessity of preserving character can justify them. There are laws of higher authority than those of criticism. *JOHNSON*. It is more to be regretted, that many of these expressions, omitted in the folio edition, on account of the stat. 3 Jac. I. ch. 21. have been restored by the illaudable industry of subsequent editors. C. = 37:) — *While other jests are something rank on foot*.] i. e. while they are hotly pursuing other merriment of their own. = 38:) — *quaint in green*.] — may mean fantastically drest in green. *Quaintness*, however, was anciently used to signify gracefulness. =

ACT V. = 1:) — *I'll hold*:] I'll keep the appointment. = 2:) — *hold up your head, and mince*.] To *mince* is to walk with affected delicacy. = 3:) — *Since I plucked geese*.] To strip a living goose of his feathers, was formerly an act of puerile barbarity. = 4:) — *a nay-word*.] i. e. a watch-word. = 5:) — *mum; she cries, budget*:] These words appear to have been in common use before the time of our author. "And now if a man call them to accomptes, and aske the cause of all these their tragical and cruel doings, he shall have a short answer with *mum budget*, except they will peradventure allege this," &c. *Oration against the unlawful insurrections of the Protestants*, bl. l. 8vo. 1615, sign. C. 8. *REED*. = 6:) — *in a pit hard by Herne's oak*.] An *oak*, which may be that alluded to by Shakspeare, is still standing close to a *pit* in Windsor forest. It is yet shown as the *oak of Herne*. *STEEVENS*. = 7:) — *my shoulders for the fellow of this walk*.] A *walk* is that district in a forest, to which the jurisdiction of a particular keeper extends. To the keeper the *shoulders* and *humbles* belong as a perquisite. = 8:) — *a woodman*:] A *woodman* was an attendant on the officer, called *forester*. It is here, however, used in a wanton sense, for one who

chooses female game as the objects of his pursuit. = 9:) *You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny.*] Dr. Warburton corrects *orphan* to *ouphen*; and not without plausibility, as the word *ouphen* occurs both before and afterwards. But, I fancy, in acquiescence to the vulgar doctrine, the address in this line is to a part of the troop, as mortals by birth, but adopted by the fairies: *orphans* in respect of their real parents, and now only dependent on *destiny* herself. FARMER. = 10:) — *as bilberry.*] The *bilberry* is the *whortleberry*. = 11:) — *Go you, and where you find a maid, || That, ere she sleeps, has thrice her prayers said, || Raise up the organs of her fantasy.*] Mr. Malone supposes the sense of the passage, collectively taken, to be as follows: — “Go you, and wherever you find a maid asleep, that hath thrice prayed to the Deity, though, in consequence of her innocence, she sleeps as soundly as an infant, elevate her fancy, and amuse her tranquil mind with some delightful vision; but those whom you find asleep, without having previously thought on their sins, and prayed to heaven for forgiveness, pinch, &c.” = 12:) — *character.*] For the matter with which they make letters. = 13:) — *of middle earth.*] *Earth or world*, from its imaginary situation in the *midst*, or *middle* of the Ptolemaic system. = 14:) — *o'erlook'd even in thy birth.*] i. e. *sighted* as soon as born. = 15:) *See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes || Become the forest better than the town?*] Mrs. Page's meaning is this: Seeing the horus (the types of cuckoldom) in Falstaff's hands, she asks her husband, whether those yokes are not more proper in the *forest* than in the *town*; i. e. than in his own family. THEOBALD. = 16:) — *a coxcomb of frize?*] i. e. a fool's-cap made out of Welch materials. Wales was famous for this cloth. = 17:) — *ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me;*] i. e. serves to point out my obliquities. This is said in consequence of Evans's last speech. The allusion is to the examination of a carpenter's work by the *plummet* held over it; of which line sir Hugh is here represented as the lead. HENLEY. = 18:) — *amaze her:*] i. e. confound her by your questions. =

IV. TWELFTH NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. = 1:) *Of what validity and pitch soever.*] *Validity* is here used for *value*. MALONE, who reads *soe'er*. = 2:) *That it alone is high-fantastical.*] High-fantastical, means fantastical to the height. = 3:) *The element itself, till seven years heat.*] *Heat* for *heated*. The air, till it shall have been warmed by seven revolutions of the sun, shall not, &c. = 4:) (*Her sweet perfections.*) *Liver, brain, and heart*, are admitted in poetry as the residence of *passions, judgment, and sentiments*. These are what Shakspeare calls, *her sweet perfections*, though he has not very clearly expressed what he might design to have said. STEEVENS. = 5:) “This is Illyria, lady.” MALONE. = 6:) *That will allow me—*] *To allow* is to *approve*. = 7:) — *as tall as a man—*] *Tall* means *stout, courageous*. = 8:) “*Viol-de-gamboys.*” MALONE. = 9:) — *a coustril,*] i. e. a coward cock. = 10:) — *like a parish-top.*] A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work. = 11:) — *Castiliano vulgo;*] a cant term, perhaps expressive of contempt. = 12:) — *mistress Mall's picture?*] The real name of the woman whom I suppose to have been meant by *Sir Toby*, was *Mary Frith*. The appellation by which she was generally known, was *Mall Cutpurse*. She was at once a prostitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of stolen goods, &c. &c. On the books of the Stationers' Company, August 1610, is entered — “A Booke called the Madde Pranks of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her Walks in Man's Apparell, and to what Purpose. Written by John Day.” STEEVENS. = 13:) — *asink-a-pace.*] i. e. a *cinque-pace*; the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five. = 14:) — *flame-coloured stock.*] i. e. *stocking*. = 15:) *Taurus? that's sides and heart.*] Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in almanacs, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body to the predominance of particular constellations. JOHNSON. = 16:) — *a barful strife!*] i. e. a contest full of impediments. = 17:) — *lenten answer:*] a *short* and *spare* one. = 18:) — *if one (point) break,*] *Points* were metal hooks, fastened to the hose or breeches, (which had then no opening or buttons,) and going into straps or eyes fixed to the doublet, and thereby keeping the hose from falling down. BLACKSTONE. = 19:) — *no better than the fools' zanies.*] i. e. *fools' daubles*, which had upon the top of them the head of a fool. DOUCE. = 20:) *Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!*] i. e. *May Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou liest in favour of fools!* = 21:) — *a most weak pia mater.*] The *pia mater* is the membrane that immediately covers the substance of the brain. = 22:) — *above heat—*] i. e. above proper heat. = 23:) — *stand at your door like a sheriff's post,*] It was the custom for that officer to have large posts set up at his door, as an indication of his office: the original of which was, that the king's proclamation, and other public acts might be affixed thereon, by way of publication. = 24:) — *or a codling when 'tis almost an apple.*] A *codling* anciently meant an immature apple. = 25:) — *I am very comptible,*] *Comptible* for *submissive*. = 26:) — *I am to hull here—*] *To hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder. =

27:) *Some mollification for your giant,*] Ladies, in romance, are guarded by giants, who repel all improper or troublesome advances. Viola may likewise allude to the diminutive size of *Maria*, who is called, on subsequent occasions, *little villain, youngest wren of nine*, &c. = 28:) — *Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present: Is't not well done?*] The line should perhaps run thus: “Look you, sir, such as once I was, this presents.” = 29:) *'Tis beauty truly blent,*] i. e. blended, mixed together. = 30:) “*Though your beauty were unparalleled, it would not be more than a just recompense for such love as my master's.*” MALONE. = 31:) *In voices well divulg'd,*] Well spoken by the world. = 32:) *Write loyal cantons*] for *cantos*. = 33:) *The county's man:*] *County* for *count*. = 34:) *Mine eye, &c.*] I think the meaning is, I fear that my eyes will seduce my understanding; that I am indulging a passion for this beautiful youth, which my reason cannot approve. MALONE. = 35:) — *Ourselves we do not owe;*] i. e. we are not our own masters. We cannot govern ourselves. =

ACT II. = 1:) — *to express myself.*] That is, *to reveal myself*. = 2:) — *the breach of the sea,*] i. e. what we now call the *breaking of the sea*. = 3:) — *with such estimable wonder,*] *wonder* and *esteem*. = 4:) “*She took the ring of me!*” MALONE. = 5:) — *the pregnant enemy—*] i. e. enemy of mankind. = 6:) *How easy is it for the proper false || In women's waxen hearts to set their forms.*] How easy is it, for those who are at once *proper* (i. e. fair in their appearance) and *false*, (i. e. deceitful) to make an impression on the easy hearts of women? = 7:) *How will this fadge?*] *To fadge*, is *to suit, to fit*. = 8:) — *diluculo surgere,*] *saluberrimum est:* an adage. = 9:) — *a stoop—*] A *stoop* seems to have been something more than half a gallon. = 10:) — *the fool has an excellent breast.*] i. e. voice. = 11:) *I sent thee sixpence for thy leman:*] i. e. mistress. = 12:) *I did impeticoes thy gratilily;* for *Malvolio's nose is no whipstock:*] i. e. I did *impeticoat* or *impocket* thy *gratuity*, for *Malvolio* may smell out our connection. = 13:) — *of good life?*] i. e. of a moral, or, perhaps, a jovial turn. = 14:) — *make the welkin dance—*] That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round. = 15:) — *draw three souls out of one weaver?*] i. e. hale the soul out of a weaver (the warmest lover of a song) *thrice over*; or, in other words, give him thrice more delight than it would give another man. MALONE. = 16:) *Tilly-valley, lady!*] *Tilly-valley* was an interjection of contempt; or as Mr. Douce thinks, is a hunting phrase borrowed from the French. = 17:) — *coziers' catches—*] A *cozier* is a tailor, or botcher. = 18:) *Sneck up!*] Mr. Malone and others observe, that from the manner in which this cant phrase is employed in our ancient comedies, it seems to have been synonymous to the modern expression — *Go hang yourself*. STEEVENS. = 19:) — *rub your chain with crumbs:*] *Stewards* anciently wore a chain as a mark of superiority over other servants. And the best method of cleaning any gilt plate, is by *rubbing it with crumbs*. = 20:) — *rule;*] *Rule* is method of life. = 21:) — *a nayword,*] a *byword*. = 22:) *Possess us,*] That is, *inform us, tell us*. = 23:) — *an affection'd ass,*] *Affection'd* means *affected*. = 24:) — *great swarths:*] A *swarth* is as much grass or corn as a mower cuts down at one stroke of his scythe. = 25:) — *Penthesilea.*] i. e. Amazon. = 26:) — *call me Cut.*] i. e. call me horse. = 27:) — *recollected—*] Studied, or perhaps oft repeated. = 28:) — *favour—*] i. e. countenance. = 29:) — *free—*] is, perhaps, artless, free from art. = 30:) — *silly sooth,*] It is plain, simple truth. = 31:) *And dallies with the—*] Plays or trifles. = 32:) — *the old age.*] The *ages past*, times of simplicity. = 33:) The cypress wood, of which coffins were made. = 34:) — *a very opal!*] A precious stone of almost all colours. = 35:) — *That nature pranks her in,*] i. e. adorns. = 36:) — *bide no deny.*] *Denay*, is *denial*. = 37:) — *nettle of India?*] The *nettle of India* is the plant that produces what is called *cow-itch*, a substance only used for the purpose of tormenting, by its itching quality. = 38:) — *how he jets—*] *To jet* is to strut. = 39:) — *the lady of the strachy—*] No probable meaning has been discovered for this word by the commentators. = 40:) — *my state,*—] A *state*, in ancient language, signifies a chair with a canopy over it. = 41:) — *come from a day-bed,*] i. e. a couch. = 42:) — *Though our silence be drawn from us with cars,*] i. e. though it is the greatest pain to us to keep silence. = 43:) — *brock!*] i. e. badger; a term of contempt. = 44:) — *stannyl—*] The *stannyl* is the common stone-hawk, which inhabits old buildings and rocks. = 45:) — *formal capacity.*] i. e. any one whose capacity is not out of form. = 46:) *Sowter—*] *Sowter* is here perhaps the name of a hound. = 47:) — *Be opposite—*] That is, be *adverse, hostile*. = 48:) *Day-light and champion—*] i. e. broad day and an open country. = 49:) — *I will be point-de-vice,*] i. e. with the utmost possible exactness. = 50:) — *a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.*] Alluding, as Dr. Farmer observes, to *Sir Robert Shirley*, who was just returned in the character of *ambassador from the Sophy*. He boasted of the great rewards he had received, and lived in London with the utmost splendor. = 51:) — *tray-trip?*] some kind of game. = 52:) — *aqua-vitæ—*] is the old name of *strong waters*. =

ACT III. = 1:) *a cheveril glove—*] i. e. a glove made of kid leather. = 2:) — *the haggard,*] The hawk called the *haggard*, if not well trained and watched, will fly after every bird without distinction. = 3:) — *the list—*] is the *bound, limit, farthest point*. JOHNSON. = 4:) — *most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.*] *Pregnant* for *ready*; *vouchsafed* for *vouchsafing*.

= 5:) — "all three all ready." MALONE. = 6:) — "beseech you." MALONE. = 7:) *To one of your receiving* — i. e. to one of your ready apprehension. = 8:) — *a cyprus*,] is a transparent stuff. = 9:) — *a grise*;] is a step, sometimes written greese, from *dégrès*, French. = 10:) — *'tis a vulgar proof*,] That is, it is a common proof. = 11:) *And that no woman has*;] And that heart and bosom I have never yielded to any woman. = 12:) — *as lief be a Brownist*,] The Brownists were so called from Mr. Robert Browne, a noted separatist in Queen Elizabeth's reign. = 13:) — *in a martial hand; be curst* — *Martial hand*, seems to be a careless scrawl, such as showed the writer to neglect ceremony. *Curst* is petulant, crabbed. = 14:) *And his opposite*,] Opposite or adversary. = 15:) *He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map*, with the augmentation of the Indies:] A clear allusion to a Map engraved for Linschoten's *Voyages*, an English translation of which was published in 1598. This map is *multilineal* in the extreme, and is the first in which the *Eastern Islands* are included. STEEVENS. = 16:) *But, were my worth*,] *Worth*, i. e. *wealth or fortune*. = 17:) *He says, he'll come*;] i. e. I suppose he says, &c. = 18:) "But in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, madam." MALONE. = 19:) "Some guard"] Malone prints this speech as prose. = 20:) — "I am as mad as he." MALONE. = 21:) — *midsummer madness*,] 'Tis *midsummer moon with you*, is a proverb in Ray's *Collection*; signifying, you are mad. STEEVENS. = 22:) — *I have lined her*;] I have entangled or caught her. = 23:) — *Fellow*!] This word, which originally signified *companion*, was not yet totally degraded to its present meaning; and Malvolio takes it in the favourable sense. JOHNSON. = 24:) — *cherry-pit* — *Cherry-pit* is pitching cherry-stones into a little hole. = 25:) — *Hang him, foul collier*!] *Collier* was, in our author's time, a term of the highest reproach. = 26:) — *a finder of madmen*,] *Finders of madmen* must have been those who acted under the writ *De lunatico inquirendo*. = 27:) *He is knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier, and on carpet consideration*;] That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a knight banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but, on *carpet consideration*, at a festivity, or on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling, not on the ground, as in war, but on a *carpet*. Mr. Malone reads *unhatch'd*. = 28:) — *hob, nob*,] This adverb is corrupted from *hap ne hap*; as *would ne would, will ne will*; that is, *let it happen or not*; and signifies at random, at the mercy of chance; and is, perhaps, the origin of our *hob nob*, or challenge to drink a glass of wine at dinner. = 29:) "Firago." — MALONE.] A corruption of *virago*. = 30:) — *the stuck* —] The *stuck* is a corrupted abbreviation of the *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing. = 31:) — *he pays you* —] i. e. hits you, does for you. = 32:) — *by the duello* —] i. e. by the laws of the *duello*. = 33:) *Nay, if you be an undertaker*,] A man who takes upon himself the quarrel of another. =

ACT IV. = 1:) *I pr'ythee, foolish Greek*,] *Greek*, was as much as to say bawd or pander. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office. = 2:) *In this uncivil and unjust extent* —] *Extent* in law, is taken here for *violence* in general. JOHNSON. = 3:) *The competitors enter*,] That is, the confederates or associates. = 4:) — *it hath bay-windows*, —] A *bay-window* is the same as a *bow-window*; a window in a recess or bay. = 5:) *Clear story*, a term in architecture, denoting the row of windows running along the upper part of a lofty hall or church. = 6:) — *constant question*,] i. e. *regular conversation*. = 7:) *Nay, I am for all waters*,] Shakspeare is supposed to allude to the sense of the word *water* as used by jewellers, which makes a play of words with *Topas*. = 8:) — *propertied me*;] They have taken possession of me, as of a man unable to look to himself. = 9:) *I am shent, &c.*] i. e. *scolded, reprov'd*. = 10:) *Like to the old vice*,] The *vice* was the fool of the old moralities. = 11:) *Yet there he was; and there I found this credit*,] i. e. account, information. = 12:) — *all instance, all discourse*,] *Discourse*, for reason. *Instance* is *example*. = 13:) — *deceivable*,] For *deceptious*. = 14:) *Whiles* —] is until, and still so used in the northern counties. =

ACT V. = 1:) — *scathful* —] i. e. mischievous, destructive. = 2:) — *as fat and fulsome* —] *Fat* means dull. = 3:) *Like to the Egyptian thief, &c.*] This *Egyptian thief* was *Thyamis*, recorded in *Heliodorus' Ethiopics*. = 4:) — *strangle thy propriety*;] *Suppress*, or disown thy property. = 5:) — *interchangement of your rings*;] In our ancient marriage ceremony, the man received as well as gave a ring. = 6:) — *case?*] *Case* is a word used contemptuously for *skin*. = 7:) *Then he's a rogue*. After a passy-measure, or a *pavin*, I hate a drunken rogue.] i. e. next to a passy-measure or a *pavin*, &c. It is in character, that sir Toby should express a strong dislike of *serious dances*, such as the *passamezzo* and the *pavan* are described to be. TYRWHITT. Mr. Malone reads, "and a passy measures pavin." = 8:) "Will you help? An ass-head, &c." MALONE. = 9:) *A natural perspective*,] A glass used for optical deception. = 10:) *Of charity*,] i. e. out of charity, tell me, &c. = 11:) *A most extracting frenzy* —] i. e. a frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its own object. = 12:) — *you must allow vox*,] i. e. my tone or voice. = 13:) — *geck*,] A fool. = 14:) — *at sir Toby's great importance*;] *importunacy*. = 15:) — *convents*,] i. e. shall serve, agree, be convenient. =

V. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I. = 1:) *Since I am put to know*,] may mean, *I am compelled to acknowledge*. = 2:) — *lists*] Bounds, limits. = 3:) — *Then no more remains* || But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able, || And let them work.] Something is wanting in this passage, which the commentators have not been able to supply. The meaning may be, *your skill in government is in ability to serve me, equal to the integrity of your heart, and let them co-operate in your future ministry*. = 4:) — *with special soul* || *Elected him* —] By these words the poet perhaps means that he was the immediate choice of his heart. = 5:) — *thy belongings* —] i. e. endowments. = 6:) *Are not thine own so proper*,] i. e. are not so much thy own property. STEEVENS. = 7:) — *to fine issues*:] To great consequences. = 8:) — *I do bend my speech* || *To one that can my part in him advertise*;] This is obscure. I believe the meaning is — I am talking to one who is himself already sufficiently conversant with the nature and duties of my office. MALONE. = 9:) i. e. "I delegate to thy tongue the power of pronouncing sentence of death, and to thy heart the privilege of exercising mercy." = 10:) — *first in question*,] that is, first called for; first appointed. = 11:) — *there went but a pair of sheers between us*,] We are both of the same piece. = 12:) (*Like rats that ravine* —] To ravine was formerly used for eagerly or voraciously devouring any thing. = 13:) — *this we came not to*, || *Only for propagation of a dower* || *Remaining in the coffer of her friends*;] I suppose the speaker means — for the sake of getting such a dower as her friends might hereafter bestow on her, when time had reconciled them to her clandestine marriage. STEEVENS. = 14:) — *the fault and glimpse of newness*;] The *fault* and *glimpse* is the same as the *faulty glimpse*. And the meaning seems to be — *Whether it be the fault of newness, a fault arising from the mind being dazzled by a novel authority, of which the new governor has yet had only a glimpse, — has yet taken only a hasty survey; or whether, &c.* Shakspeare has many similar expressions. MALONE. = 15:) — *so tickle* —] i. e. ticklish. = 16:) — *her approbation*;] i. e. enter on her probation. = 17:) — *prone and speechless dialect*,] *Prone*, perhaps, may stand for *humble*; as a *prone posture* is a posture of supplication. = 18:) *Believe not that the dribbling dart*] A *dribber*, in archery, was a term of contempt. = 19:) — *the life remov'd*;] i. e. a life of retirement. = 20:) — *witless bravery* —] *Bravery*, or *showy dress*. = 21:) — *keeps*,] i. e. dwells, resides. = 22:) *Sith* —] i. e. since. = 23:) *Stands at a guard* —] Stands on his defence. = 24:) — *make me not your story*,] Perhaps, *Do not divert yourself with me, as you would with a story*; but Mr. Malone thinks we ought to read — "Sir, mock me not: — your story. *Luc. 'Tis true, &c.*" = 25:) — *'tis my familiar sin* || *With maids to seem the lapwing*,] The modern editors have not taken in the whole similitude here: they have taken notice of the lightness of a spark's behaviour to his mistress, and compared it to the *lapwing's* hovering and fluttering as it flies. But the chief, of which no notice is taken, is, — "and to jest." [See Ray's *Proverbs*.] "The *lapwing* cries, tongue far from heart;" i. e. most farthest from the nest. = 26:) *To teeming foison*;] *Foison* is plenty. = 27:) — *tillth* —] *Tillth* is tillage. = 28:) *Bore many gentlemen*, — || *In hand, and hope of action*:] *To bear in hand* is a common phrase for *to keep in expectation and dependance*; but we should read: — *with hope of action*. JOHNSON. = 29:) — *to give fear to use* —] To intimidate use, that is, practices long countenanced by custom. = 30:) *Has censured him* —] i. e. sentenced him. = 31:) — *would owe* —] To owe, in this place, is to have. =

ACT II. = 1:) *Provost*,] The *Provost* here is not a military officer, but a kind of sheriff or gaoler. = 2:) *That thieves do pass on thieves?*] *Pass* or *decide*. = 3:) *'Tis very pregnant*,] 'Tis plain that we must act with bad as with good; we punish the faults as we take the advantages that lie in our way, and what we do not see we cannot note. = 4:) — *brakes of vice*, —] The commentators have not decided the meaning of this word. By *brakes of vice* may be meant a collection, a thicket of vices. *Brake* was also the name of an engine of torture. = 5:) — *whom I detest* —] He designed to say *protest*. = 6:) "All-hallow'd eve." MALONE. = 7:) *I'll be supposed* —] He means *deposed*. = 8:) — *Justice, or Iniquity?*] i. e. The Constable or the Fool. Escalus calls the latter, *Iniquity*, in allusion to the old *Vice*, a familiar character in the ancient moralities and dumb-shows. = 9:) — *Hannibal!*] Mistaken by the Constable for *Cannibal*. = 10:) "An't." MALONE. = 11:) — *take order* —] i. e. take measures. = 12:) — *I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three-pence a bay*:] A *bay* of building is, in many parts of England, a common term, which perhaps means, the space between the main beams of the roof; so that a barn crossed twice with beams is a barn of three bays. = 13:) — *let it be his fault, || And not my brother*,] i. e. let his fault be condemned, or extirpated, but let not my brother himself suffer. = 14:) — *touch'd with that remorse* —] *Remorse*, for *pity*. = 15:) *And mercy then will breathe within your lips*, || *Like man new made*,] *As amiable as a man come fresh out of the hands of his Creator*; or, as tender-hearted and merciful as the first man was in his days of innocence, immediately after his creation. = 16:) — *like a prophet*, || *Looks in a glass*,] This alludes to the fopperies of the *beril*, a kind of crystal

which hath a weak tincture of red in it. Among other tricks of astrologers, the discovery of past or future events was supposed to be the consequence of looking into it. = 17:) *But, where they live, to end.*] i. e. they should end where they began, i. e. with the criminal. = 18:) — *petting.*] i. e. paltry. = 19:) — *gnarled oak.*] *Gnarre* is the old English word for a knot in wood. = 20:) — “But man, proud man!” = 21:) — *who, with our spleens.*] *Would all themselves laugh mortal.*] By *spleens*, Shakspeare means that peculiar turn of the human mind, that always inclines it to a spiteful, unseasonable mirth. Had the angels that, says Shakspeare, they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion which does not deserve that prerogative. = 22:) — *fond shekels.*] *Fond* means very frequently in our author, *foolish*. It signifies in this place *valued or prized by folly.* = 23:) — *tested gold.*] i. e. brought to the test, or cupelled. = 24:) — *preserved souls.*] i. e. preserved from the corruption of the world. = 25:) — *I Am that way going to temptation.*] Where prayers cross.] This appointment of his for the morrow’s meeting, being a premeditated exposure of himself to temptation, which it was the general object of prayer to thwart. = 26:) — *But lest you do repent.*] i. e. “Take care lest you repent [not so much of your fault, as it is an evil] as that the sin hath brought you to this shame.” = 27:) *Showing, we’d not spare heaven.*] i. e. spare to offend heaven. = 28:) *There rest.*] Keep yourself in this temper. = 29:) — *O, injurious love.*] probably should be *law.* = 30:) *Whilst my invention.*] i. e. imagination. = 31:) — *with boot.*] *Boot* is profit, advantage, gain. = 32:) *Which the air beats for vain.*] or *vanity.* = 33:) — *case.*] For outside garb. = 34:) *Let’s write good angel on the devil’s horn.*] *’Tis not the devil’s crest.*] This whole passage, as it stands, appears to me to mean: “O place! O form! though you wrench awe from fools, and tie even wiser souls to your false seeming, yet you make no alteration in the minds or constitutions of those who possess, or assume you. Though we should write good angel on the devil’s horn, it will not change his nature, so as to give him a right to wear that crest.” M. MASON. = 35:) *The general.*] i. e. generality = 36:) — *that hath from nature stolen.* &c.] i. e. that hath killed a man. = 37:) *I had rather give my body than my soul.*] She means I think, *I had rather die, than forfeit my eternal happiness by the prostitution of my person.* MALONE. = 38:) *Pleas’d you to do’t, at peril.* &c.] The reasoning is thus: Angelo asks, whether there might not be a charity in sin to save this brother? Isabella answers, that if Angelo will save him, she will stake her soul that it were charity, not sin. Angelo replies, that if Isabella would save him at the hazard of her soul, it would be not indeed no sin, but a sin to which the charity would be equivalent. JOHNSON. = 39:) *Proclaim an ensheild beauty.*] i. e. shielded beauty. = 40:) *Accountant to the law upon that pain.*] *Pain* or *penalty.* = 41:) *(As I subscribe not that.)*] To *subscribe* means, to agree to. Milton uses the word in the same sense. = 42:) *But in the loss of question.*] i. e. conversation. = 43:) “to let him suffer.” MALONE. = 44:) *Ignomy in ransom.*] So *ignomy* was formerly written. = 45:) *If not a feodary, but only he, &c.*] The meaning should seem to be this: — We are all frail, says Angelo. Yes, replies Isabella; if he has not one associate in his crime, if no other person own and follow the same criminal courses which you are now pursuing, let my brother suffer death. MALONE. = 46:) *In profiting by them.*] In taking advantage of them. = 47:) — *false prints.*] i. e. take any impression. = 48:) — *hath a licence in’t.*] an appearance of licentiousness. = 49:) — *seeming! seeming!*] Hypocrisy, hypocrisy. = 50:) — *prompture.*] Suggestion, temptation, instigation. =

ACT III. = 1:) *That none but fools would keep:*] i. e. care for. = 2:) — *Thy best of rest is sleep.*] *And that thou oft provok’st; yet grossly fear’st*] *Thy death, which is no more.*] I cannot without indignation find Shakspeare saying that death is only sleep, lengthening out his exhortation by a sentence which in the Friar is impious, in the reasoner is foolish, and in the poet trite and vulgar. JOHNSON. This was an oversight in Shakspeare; for in the second scene of the fourth Act, the Provost speaks of the desperate Barnardine, as one who regards death only as a drunken sleep. STEEVENS. I apprehend Shakspeare means to say no more, than that the passage from this life to another is as easy as sleep; a position in which there is surely neither folly nor impiety. MALONE. = 3:) — *strange effects.*] read *affects* or *affections.* = 4:) — *serpigo.*] *The serpigo* is a kind of tetter. = 5:) — *palsied eld;*] *Eld* is here put for *old people*. Shakspeare declares that man has neither youth nor age; for in youth, which is the happiest time, or which might be the happiest, he commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy; he is dependent on *palsied eld*; must beg alms from the coffers of hoary avarice; and being very niggardly supplied, becomes as aged, looks, like an old man, on happiness which is beyond his reach. And, when he is old and rich, when he has wealth enough for the purchase of all that formerly excited his desires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment. — *has neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty.*] *To make his riches pleasant.* = 6:) “Bring me to hear them speak.” MALONE. = 7:) — *most good in deed:*] i. e. truly. = 8:) — *an everlasting lieger:*] *Therefore your best appointment.*] *Lieger* is the same with *resident*. *Appointment*; preparation; act of fitting, or state of being fitted for any thing. = 9:) — *a restraint.* — *To a determin’d scope.*] A confinement

of your mind to one painful idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be suppressed nor escaped. JOHNSON. = 10:) — *follies doth enmew.*] Forces follies to lie in cover, without daring to show themselves. = 11:) *As falcon doth the fowl.*] as the fowl is afraid to flutter while the falcon hovers over it. = 12:) *His filth within being cast.*] To cast a pond is to empty it of mud. = 13:) — *princely guards!*] i. e. badges of royalty, or outward appearances. Some would read *priestly guards*, or *sanctity.* = 14:) — *from this rank offence.*] *from the time* of my committing this offence, you might persist in sinning with safety. = 15:) *Be perdurably fin’d?*] *Perdurably* is lastingly. = 16:) — *delighted spirit.*] i. e. the spirit accustomed here to ease and delights. = 17:) — *viewless winds.*] i. e. unseen, invisible. = 18:) — *a warped slip of wilderness*] i. e. wildness. = 19:) — *Take my defiance:*] *Defiance* is refusal. = 20:) — *but a trade:*] A custom; an established habit. = 21:) — *Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible:*] i. e. Do not rest with satisfaction on hopes that are fallible. = 22:) *In good time.*] i. e. à la bonne heure, so be it, very well. = 23:) — *and limit of the solemnity.*] i. e. appointed time. = 24:) — *her combinate husband.*] *Combinat* is betrothed. = 25:) — *bestowed her on her own lamentation.*] i. e. left her to her sorrows, or gave her up to them. = 26:) — *only refer yourself to this advantage.*] i. e. reserve to yourself. = 27:) — *the corrupt deputy scaled.*] i. e. over-reached. = 28:) — *the moated grange.*] A grange, in its original signification, meant a farmhouse of a monastery, from which it was always at some little distance. = 29:) — *bastard.*] Bastard was raisin wine. = 30:) *That we were all, as some would seem to be.*] *Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free!*] i. e. as faults are destitute of all comeliness or seeming. The first of these lines refers to the deputy’s sanctified hypocrisy; the second to the Clown’s beastly occupation. But the latter part is thus ill expressed for the sake of rhyme. WARBURTON. Mr. Malone omits *Free* at the beginning of the line. = 31:) *His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.*] His neck will be tied, like your waist, with a rope. The friars of the Franciscan order, perhaps of all others, wear a hempen cord for a girdle. = 32:) — *it is not the wear.*] i. e. it is not the fashion. = 33:) — *much detected for women;*] *charged* or *guilty.* = 34:) — *clack-dish:*] The beggars, two or three centuries ago, used to proclaim their want by a wooden dish, with a moveable cover, which they clacked, to show that their vessel was empty. = 35:) — *an inward of his:*] *Inward* is intimate. = 36:) — *The greater file.*] The greater number. = 37:) — *the business he hath helmed.*] *The difficulties he hath steer’d through.* A metaphor from navigation. = 38:) — *opposite.*] i. e. opponent, adversary. = 39:) — *There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure: but security enough, to make fellowships accurs’d.*] The sense is, “There scarcely exists sufficient honesty in the world to make social life secure; but there are occasions enough where a man may be drawn in to become surety, which will make him pay dearly for his friendships.” = 40:) — *resolved.*] i. e. satisfied. = 41:) — *he is indeed — justice.*] *Summum jus, summa injuria.* = 42:) *Pattern in himself to know.*] “Pattern in himself to know,” is to feel in his own breast that virtue which he makes others practise. = 43:) *How may likeness, made in crimes.*] *Making practice on the times.*] *Draw with idle spiders’ strings*] *Most pond’rous and substantial things!*] *Likeness* is here used for *specious* or *seeming* virtue. So, before: “O, seeming! seeming!” The sense then of the passage is, — How many persons, assuming the likeness or semblance of virtue, while they are in fact guilty of the grossest crimes, impose with this counterfeit sanctity upon the world, in order to draw to themselves by the flimsiest pretensions the most solid advantages; i. e. pleasure, honour, reputation, &c. MALONE. The same critic reads “Mocking practice,” and “To draw.” =

ACT IV. = 1:) — *constantly.*] Certainly; without fluctuation of mind. = 2:) — *a planched gate.*] i. e. a gate made of boards. = 3:) *In action all of precept.*] i. e. in direction given not by words, but by mute signs. = 4:) — *I have possess’d him.*] I have inform’d him. = 5:) — *contrarious quests.*] Different reports, running counter to each other. = 6:) — *scapes of wit.*] i. e. sallies, irregularities. = 7:) *Doth flourish the deceit.*] i. e. ornament. = 8:) — *a good favour.*] Favour is countenance. = 9:) — *yare:*] i. e. handy, nimble. = 10:) — *starkly.*] Stiffly. These two lines afford a very pleasing image. JOHNSON. = 11:) *To qualify.*] as we say wine is qualified with water. = 12:) — *meal’d.*] Were he sprinkled; or perhaps mingled. = 13:) — *the unsisting postern.*] i. e. never at rest, always opening. = 14:) — *siege of justice.*] i. e. seat of justice. *Siege*, French. = 15:) — *putting on:*] i. e. spur, incitement. = 16:) — *one that is a prisoner nine years old.*] i. e. that has been confined these nine years. = 17:) — *in the boldness of my cunning.*] i. e. in confidence of my sagacity. = 18:) — *the favour.*] i. e. the countenance. = 19:) — *for the Lord’s sake.*] i. e. to beg for the rest of their lives. = 20:) — *journal.*] i. e. daily. = 21:) *The under generation.*] i. e. the antipodes. = 22:) — *weal-balanced form*] probably *well-balanced.* = 23:) — *your bosom.*] your wish; your heart’s desire. JOHNSON. = 24:) *I am combined.*] i. e. bound by agreement. = 25:) — *Wend you.*] To *wend* is to go. — An obsolete word. = 26:) — *duke of dark corners.*] this duke who meets his mistresses in by-places. = 27:) — *he lives not in them.*] i. e. his character depends not on them. = 28:) — *woodman.*] A woodman was an attendant or serv-

ant to the officer called *Forester*, but is here used in a wanton sense. = 29:) — *sort and suit*,] Figure and rank, or, perhaps, his vassals bound to hold *suit* and *service* to their over-lord. = 30:) — *Yet reason dares her?* — no:] yet does not reason *challenge* or *incite* her to accuse me? — no, (answers the speaker) for my authority, &c. To *dare* in this sense, is yet a school-phrase. MALONE. = 31:) — *my authority bears a credent bulk*,] *That* no particular scandal, &c.] *Credent* is *creditable*, *inforcing credit*, not *questionable*. Mr. Malone reads “bears off.” = 32:) — *you do blench* —] *To blench* is to start off. = 33:) *The generous*, &c.] i. e. the most noble, &c. = 34:) *Have hent the gates*,] Have seized or taken possession of. =

ACT V. = 1:) — *Vail your regard* —] i. e. condescend to look, from higher things, upon, &c. = 2:) — *as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute*,] *As shy*; as reserved as abstracted; as just; as nice, as exact: as *absolute*; as complete in all the round of duty. JOHNSON. = 3:) — *do not banish reason*] *For* inequality:] *Do not* suppose I am mad, because I speak passionately and *unequally*. MALONE. = 4:) And *hide the false, seems true*,] i. e. which seems true. = 5:) *How he refell’d me*,] *To refell* is to refute. = 6:) *My sisterly remorse* —] i. e. *pity*. = 7:) — *fond wretch*,] *Fond wretch* is *foolish wretch*. = 8:) *In hateful practice*:] *Practice* was used by the old writers for any unlawful or insidious stratagem. = 9:) *In countenance*!] i. e. *false appearance, hypocrisy*. = 10:) — *his mere request*,] i. e. his *absolute request*. = 11:) *Whensoever he’s convented*,] i. e. *cited, summoned*. = 12:) *So vulgarly* —] i. e. *publicly*. = 13:) *In this I’ll be impartial*;] *Impartial* was sometimes used in the sense of *partial*. = 14:) — *her promised proportions*] *Came short of composition*;] Her fortune, which was promised *proportionate* to mine, fell short of the *composition*, that is, contract or bargain. JOHNSON. = 15:) *These poor informal women* —] i. e. *out of their senses*. = 16:) — *to retort your manifest appeal*,] *To refer back* to Angelo the cause in which you *appealed* from Angelo to the Duke. = 17:) *Nor here provincial*:] *Nor here accountable*, as out of his province. = 18:) *Stand like the forfeits in a barber’s shop*,] These forfeits, which were customary formerly, were as much in *mock* as *mark*, both because the barber had no authority of himself to enforce them, and also as they were of a ludicrous nature. I perfectly remember to have seen them in Devonshire, (printed like King Charles’s Rules,) though I cannot recollect the contents. HENLEY. = 19:) — *those giglots too*,] A *giglot* is a wanton wench. = 20:) — *can do thee office?*] i. e. *do thee service*. STEEVENS. = 21:) — *my passes*;] i. e. *what has past in my administration*. = 22:) *Advertising, and holy* —] *Attentive and faithful*. = 23:) — *be you as free to us*,] *Be as generous to us*. = 24:) *Make rash remonstrance* —] i. e. *a premature discovery*. = 25:) — *denies thee vantage*:] *The denial of which will avail thee nothing*. = 26:) — *after more advice*:] *after more consideration*. = 27:) — *according to the trick*:] *To the trick of the times*. = 28:) — *that is more gratulate*,] *Some other reward in store for him more acceptable than thanks*. =

VI. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I. = 1:) — *is signior Montanto returned* —] *Montanto* was one of the ancient terms of the fencing-school. = 2:) *He set up his bills, &c.*] published a general challenge like a prize-fighter. STEEVENS. = 3:) — *challenged Cupid at the flight*:] *Flight* means a sort of shooting called *roving*, or shooting at long lengths. The arrows used at this sport are called *flight-arrows*. = 4:) — *at the bird-bolt*,] The *bird-bolt* is a short thick arrow without a point, and spreading at the extremity so much, as to leave a flat surface, about the breadth of a shilling. = 5:) — *he’ll be meet with you*,] i. e. *he’ll be your match*. = 6:) — *young squarer* —] A *squarer* I take to be a choleric, quarrelsome fellow, for in this sense Shakspeare uses the word to *square*. So, in *A Midsummer-Night’s Dream*, it is said of Oberon and Titania, that they *never meet but they square*. So the sense may be, *Is there no hot-blooded youth that will keep him company through all his mad pranks?* JOHNSON. = 7:) — *fathers herself*:] This phrase is common in Dorsetshire: “*Jack fathers himself*,” i. e. is like his father. = 8:) — *the flouting Jack*;] *Jack*, in our author’s time, was a term of contempt. = 9:) — *wear his cap with suspicion?*] that is, *subject his head to the disquiet of jealousy*. = 10:) *Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered*,] i. e. *If I had really confided such a secret to him, he would have blabbed it in this manner*. = 11:) These were the words used in a tragic nursery tale, common in Shakspeare’s days and since. = 12:) — *but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead*,] that is, *I will wear a horn on my forehead which the huntsman may blow*. A *recheat* is the sound by which dogs are called back. Shakspeare had no mercy upon the poor cuckold, his *horn* is an inexhaustible subject of merriment. JOHNSON. = 13:) — *the fine* —] i. e. the conclusion. = 14:) — *in a bottle like a cat*,] In some counties in England, a cat was formerly closed up with a quantity of soot in a wooden bottle, (such as that in which shepherds carry their liquor,) and was suspended on a line. He who beat out the bottom as he ran under it, and was nimble enough to escape its contents, was regarded as the hero of this inhuman diversion. STEEVENS. = 15:) — *and he that hits*

me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam,] Perhaps Adam Bell, a famous archer. = 16:) *In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke*,] A line from *The Spanish Tragedy*, or *Hieronymo*, &c. = 17:) — *guarded with fragments*,] *Guards* were ornamental laces or borders. = 18:) — *ere you flout old ends, &c.*] *Before you endeavour to distinguish yourself any more by antiquated allusions*. = 19:) — *’tis once, thou lov’st*;] *Once* may mean “*once for all*,” — “*’tis enough to say at once*.” STEEVENS. = 20:) — *a thick-pleached alley* —] i. e. *thickly interwoven*. = 21:) “*Cousin*.” MALONE. = 22:) “*good year*.” MALONE. = 23:) — *claw no man in his humour*,] *To claw* is to flatter. = 24:) — *smoking a musty room*,] The neglect of cleanliness among our ancestors, rendered such precautions too often necessary. = 25:) — *in sad conference*:] *Sad* in this, signifies *serious*. =

ACT II. = 1:) — *in the woollen*,] I suppose she means — between blankets, without sheets. STEEVENS. = 2:) — *be too important*,] i. e. *important*. = 3:) — *your friend?*] *Friend*, in our author’s time, was the common term for a *lover*, and applicable to both sexes. = 4:) — *his dry hand* —] A *dry hand* was anciently regarded as the sign of a cold constitution. = 5:) — *Hundred merry Tales*;] Perhaps Boccaccio’s *Decamerion*. = 6:) — *his bearing*,] i. e. his carriage, his demeanor. = 7:) — *usurer’s chain?*] *Chains of gold*, of considerable value, were, in our author’s time, usually worn by wealthy citizens, and others; and it appears that the merchants were the chief usurers of the age. = 8:) — *such impossible conveyance*,] *Impossible* seems to be used in the sense of *incredible*, or *inconceivable*. = 9:) — *the infernal Até* —] *The Goddess of Revenge, or Discord*. = 10:) — *I gave him use for it*,] *Use, or interest*. = 11:) — *a noble strain*,] i. e. *descent, lineage*. = 12:) — *queasy stomach*,] i. e. *squeamish*. = 13:) — *intend a kind of zeal* —] i. e. *pretend*. = 14:) “*Claudio*.” MALONE. = 15:) *We’ll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth*,] i. e. *we will be even with the fox now discovered*. = 16:) — *Stalk on, stalk on: the fowl sits*,] An allusion to the *stalking-horse*; a horse either real or factitious, by which the fowler anciently sheltered himself from the sight of the game. = 17:) — *but that she loves him with an enraged affection, — it is past the infinite of thought*,] The meaning, I think, is, — *but with what an enraged affection she loves him, it is beyond the power of thought to conceive*. MALONE. = 18:) — *have daff’d* —] *To daff* is the same as to *doff*, to *do off*, to put aside. = 19:) — *contemptible spirit*,] i. e. *contemptuous*. = 20:) — *a very proper man*,] i. e. *a very handsome man*. = 21:) “*unworthy to have so good, &c.*” MALONE. = 22:) — *was sadly borne*,] i. e. *was seriously carried on*. = 23:) “*You take pleasure then in the message*.” MALONE. =

ACT III. = 1:) *Proposing with the prince and Claudio*:] *Proposing* is conversing, from the French word — *propos*, discourse, talk. = 2:) *Misprising* —] *Despising, contemning, or undervaluing*. = 3:) — *so swift and excellent a wit*,] *Swift* means *ready*. = 4:) — *argument*,] or *conversation*. = 5:) *She’s lim’d* —] *Entangled with birdlime*. = 6:) *Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand*;] This image is taken from falconry. She had been charged with being as wild as *haggards of the rock*; she therefore says, that *wild* as her heart is, she will *tame* it to the hand. JOHNSON. = 7:) — *all slops*;] *Slops* are large loose breeches or trousers, worn only by sailors at present. = 8:) — *Dogberry and Verges*,] The first of these worthies had his name from the *Dog-berry*, i. e. the female cornel, a shrub that grows in the hedges in every county of England. *Verges* is only the provincial pronunciation of *Verjuice*. = 9:) — *bills be not stolen*:] A *bill* is still carried by the watchmen at Lichfield. It was the old weapon of English infantry, which, says Temple, *gave the most ghastly and deplorable wounds*. It may be called *securis falcata*. JOHNSON. = 10:) — “*it bleats*.” MALONE. = 11:) — *thou art unconfirmed*:] i. e. *unpractised in the ways of the world*. = 12:) — *reechy painting*;] Is painting discoloured by smoke. = 13:) — *sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched, &c.*] *Hercules when shaved to make him look like a woman*, while he remained in the service of Omphale, his Lydian mistress. *Smirched* is soiled, obscured. = 14:) — *ra-bato* —] An ornament for the neck, a collar-band or kind of ruff. = 15:) — *side-sleeves*,] *Side-sleeves* mean *long ones*. = 16:) — *Light o’ love*;] This is the name of an old dance tune, which occurs also in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. = 17:) — *no barns*,] A quibble between *barns*, repositories of corn, and *bairns*, the old word for children. = 18:) — *turned Turk*,] i. e. *taken captive by love, and turned a renegade to his religion*. = 19:) — *some moral* —] That is, *some secret meaning, like the moral of a fable*. JOHNSON. = 20:) — *palabras*,] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, the tinker says, *pocas palabras*, i. e. *few words*. A scrap of Spanish, which might once have been current among the vulgar. = 21:) — *it is a world to see!*] i. e. *it is wonderful to see*. = 22:) — *to a non com*:] i. e. *to a non compos mentis*; or, perhaps, *to a non-plus*. =

ACT IV. = 1:) — *some be of laughing*,] This is a quotation from the *Accidence*. JOHNSON. = 2:) “*Not to knit*.” MALONE. = 3:) — *word too large*;] i. e. *licentious*. = 4:) — *that he doth speak so wide?*] i. e. *so remotely from the present business*. = 5:) — *kindly power* —] That is, *kindred power*. = 6:) — *liberal villain*,] *Liberal* here, as in many places of these plays, means *frank beyond honesty, or decency*. *Free*

of tongue. = 7:) — conjecture —] Conjecture is here used for suspicion. = 8:) *And never shall it more be gracious.*] i. e. lovely, attractive. = 9:) *The story that is printed in her blood.*] That is, the story which her blushes discover to be true. = 10:) *Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?*] Grieved I at nature's being so frugal as to have framed for me only one child? = 11:) *Who smirched —*] To smirch is to daub, to sully. = 12:) — of my book;] i. e. of what I have read. = 13:) — bent of honour;] *Bent* is used by our author for the utmost degree of any passion, or mental quality. In this play before, Benedick says of Beatrice, *her affection has its full bent.* = 14:) — we rack the value;] i. e. we exaggerate the value. The allusion is to rack-rents. = 15:) — my inwardness —] i. e. intimacy. = 16:) — bear her in hand —] i. e. delude her by fair promises. = 17:) — and counties!] *County* was the ancient general term for a nobleman. = 18:) — a goodly count-confect;] i. e. a specious nobleman made out of sugar. = 19:) — the effest way:] for *deftest*, i. e. readiest. = 20:) “Let them be in the hands.” MALONE. =

ACT V. = 1:) — make misfortune drunk || *With candle-wasters;*] Perhaps, those who sit up all night to drink. = 2:) — than advertisement.] That is, than admonition. = 3:) *Despise his nice fence,*] i. e. defence or skill in the science of fencing, or defence. = 4:) *Canst thou so daff me?*] or *doff*, i. e. put me off. = 5:) — foining fence;] *Foining* is a term in fencing, and means thrusting. = 6:) *Scambling,*] i. e. scrambling. = 7:) “Come, brother, away.” — MALONE. = 8:) *Nay, then give him another staff; &c.*] An allusion to tilting. = 9:) — to turn his girdle.] A proverbial speech. = 10:) — *Shall I not find a woodcock too?*] A woodcock, means one caught in a sprig; alluding to the plot against Benedick. = 11:) *What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!*] Perhaps the meaning is: — What an inconsistent fool is man, when he covers his body with clothes, and at the same time divests himself of his understanding! = 12:) *But, soft you, let be;*] i. e. desist. = 13:) — *pluck up, my heart, and be sad!*] i. e. rouse thyself, my heart, and be prepared for serious consequences! = 14:) Mr. Malone thinks that Dogberry, Verges, &c. should enter here, and not before Claudio's speech. = 15:) — incensed me to slander, &c.] That is, incited me. = 16:) — *was pack'd —*] i. e. combined; an accomplice. = 17:) — *lewd —*] *Lewd*, in this instance, means ignorant. = 18:) — *I give thee the Bucklers.*] To give the bucklers is, perhaps, to yield, or to lay by all thoughts of defence, so *clypeum abjicere*. = 19:) — *in festival terms.*] i. e. in splendid phraseology. = 20:) — *undergoes my challenge;*] i. e. is subject to it. = 21:) — *old coil —*] *Coil* is bustle, stir. = 22:) — *in guerdon —*] *Guerdon* is reward, remuneration. = 23:) *Those that slew thy virgin knight;*] i. e. virgin Hero. = 24:) “Why no.” MALONE. = 25:) “Troth no, no more than reason.” MALONE. =

VII. MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I. = 1:) — *gawds,*] i. e. baubles, toys, trifles. = 2:) To leave the figure, or disfigure it.] i. e. you owe to your father a being which he may at pleasure continue or destroy. = 3:) *Know of your youth,*] Consider your youth. = 4:) *But earthlier happy —*] perhaps, earlier; or, earthly happy. = 5:) — *spotted —*] As *spotless* is innocent, so *spotted* is wicked. = 6:) *Beteem them —*] Give them, pour out upon them. = 7:) — *momentary as a sound,*] i. e. momentary. = 8:) — *the collied night,*] *Collied*, i. e. black, smutted with coal. = 9:) — *fancy's followers.*] *Fancy* is love. = 10:) — *by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,*] Shakspeare had forgot that Theseus performed his exploits before the Trojan war, and consequently long before the death of Dido. = 11:) *Demetrius loves your fair;*] *Fair* is used as a substantive. = 12:) *Your eyes are lode-stars;*] This was a compliment not unfrequent among the old poets. The lode-star is the leading or guiding star, that is, the pole-star. = 13:) — *O, were favour so!*] *Favour* is feature, countenance. = 14:) — *to be to you translated.*] To translate, says Mr. Steevens, in our author, sometimes signifies to change, to transform; but here it obviously means transferred. C. = 15:) *Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;* || *Lysander and myself will fly this place. —* || *Before the time I did Lysander see,*] Perhaps every reader may not discover the propriety of these lines. *Hermia* is willing to comfort *Helena*, and to avoid all appearance of triumph over her. She therefore bids her not to consider the power of pleasing, as an advantage to be much envied or much desired, since *Hermia*, whom she considers as possessing it in the supreme degree, has found no other effect of it than the loss of happiness. JOHNSON. = 16:) “Like a paradise.” MALONE. = 17:) — *when Phæbe doth behold, &c.* || — *deep midnight.*] Shakspeare has a little forgotten himself. It appears from p. 126, that to-morrow night would be within three nights of the new moon, when there is no moon-shine at all, much less at deep midnight. The same oversight occurs in Act III. sc. i. BLACKSTONE. = 18:) — *in game —*] *Game* here signifies sport, jest. = 19:) — *Hermia's eyne,*] This plural is common both in Chaucer and Spenser. = 20:) — *it is a dear expence;*] i. e. it will cost him much, (be a severe constraint on his feelings,) to make even so slight a return for my communication. STEEVENS. = 21:) In this scene Shakspeare takes advantage

of his knowledge of the theatre, to ridicule the prejudices and competitions of the players. Bottom, who is generally acknowledged the principal actor, declares his inclination to be for a tyrant, for a part of fury, tumult, and noise, such as every young man pants to perform when he first steps upon the stage. The same Bottom, who seems bred in a tiring room, has another histrionical passion. He is for engrossing every part, and would exclude his inferiors from all possibility of distinction. He is therefore desirous to play *Pyramus*, *Thisbe*, and the *Lion*, at the same time. JOHNSON. = 22:) — *the scrip.*] A scrip, Fr. *escrip*, now written *écrit*. = 23:) — *spread yourselves.*] i. e. stand separately, not in a group. = 24:) “And shivering shocks.” MALONE. = 25:) — *slow of study.*] *Study*, Mr. Steevens says, is still the cant term used in a theatre for getting any nonsense by rote; but Mr. Malone says it is not more a cant term than any other word of art, nor is it applied necessarily to nonsense. Malone asserts, that Steevens made the above remark to vex Garrick, with whom he had quarrelled. = 26:) — *an 'twere —*] *An* means *as if*. = 27:) — *properties,*] *Properties* are whatever little articles are wanted in a play for the actors, according to their respective parts, dresses and scenes excepted. The person who delivers them out is to this day called the *property-man*. = 28:) *At the duke's oak we meet. —* || *Hold, or cut bow-strings.*] To meet, whether bow-strings hold or are cut, is to meet in all events. To cut the bow-string, when bows were in use, was probably a common practice of those who bore enmity to the archer. =

ACT II. = 1:) *To dew her orbs upon the green:*] These orbs are circles supposed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the fairies' care to water them. = 2:) *The cowslips tall her pensioners be —*] This was said in consequence of Queen Elizabeth's fashionable establishment of a band of military courtiers, by the name of *pensioners*. They were some of the handsomest and tallest young men, of the best families and fortune, that could be found. = 3:) — *lob of spirits,*] *Lob*, *lubber*, *looby*, *lobcock*, all denote both inactivity of body and dulness of mind, and were used as terms of contempt. = 4:) — *sheen,*] Shining, bright, gay. JOHNSON. = 5:) *But they do square:*] To square here is to quarrel. = 6:) — *in the quern,*] *Quern* is a hand-mill: *kuerna*, *mola*. = 7:) — *no barm?*] *Barm* is a name for yeast, in some parts of England, and universally in Ireland and Scotland. = 8:) — *sweet Puck,*] The epithet is by no means superfluous; as *Puck* alone was far from being an endearing appellation. It signified nothing better than *fiend*, or *devil*. It seems that in the fairy mythology, *Puck*, or *Hobgoblin*, was the trusty servant of *Oberon*, and always employed to watch or detect the intrigues of Queen *Mab*, called by Shakspeare, *Titania*. = 9:) — *a roasted crab;*] i. e. a wild apple of that name. = 10:) *And tailor cries,*] The custom of crying tailor at a sudden fall backwards, I think I remember to have observed. He that slips besides his chair, falls as a tailor squats upon his board. JOHNSON. = 11:) — *hold their hips, and loffe;*] i. e. laugh. = 12:) *And waxen —*] And increase, as the moon waxes. = 13:) — *the glimmering night —*] the night faintly illuminated by stars. = 14:) *And never, since the middle summer's spring, &c.*] The middle summer's spring, is, I apprehend, the season when trees put forth their second, or, as they are frequently called, their midsummer shoots. HENLEY. = 15:) — *pelting —*] This word is always used as a word of contempt. = 16:) — *overborne their continents;*] Borne down the banks that contain them. = 17:) — *murrain flock;*] The murrain is the plague in cattle. = 18:) *The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;*] *Nine men's morris* is a game still played by the shepherds, cow-keepers, &c. in the midland counties, as follows: — A figure is made on the ground by cutting out the turf; and two persons take each nine stones, which they place by turns in the angles, and afterwards move alternately, as at chess or draughts. He who can place three in a straight line, may then take off any one of his adversary's where he pleases, till one, having lost all his men, loses the game. = 19:) — *the quaint mazes in the wanton green,*] This alludes to a sport still followed by boys: i. e. what is now called running the figure of eight. STEEVENS. = 20:) *The human mortals —*] Shakspeare might have employed this epithet, which, at first sight, appears redundant, to mark the difference between men and fairies. Fairies were not human, but they were yet subject to mortality. = 21:) *That rheumatic diseases do abound;*] *Rheumatic diseases* signified in Shakspeare's time, not what we now call *rheumatism*, but distillations from the head, catarrhs, &c. = 22:) — *this distemperature,*] is either this perturbation of the elements, or the perturbed state in which the king and queen had lived for some time past. = 23:) *The childing autumn,*] is the pregnant autumn, which unseasonably produces flowers on those of summer. = 24:) *By their increase,*] that is, by their produce. = 25:) — *henchman.*] Page of honour. This office was abolished at court by Queen Elizabeth, but probably remained in the city. *Henchmen* were a certain number of youths, the sons of gentlemen, who stood or walked near the person of the monarch on all public occasions. = 26:) “Not for thy fairy kingdom.” MALONE. = 27:) *At a fair vestal, throned by the west:*] A compliment to Queen Elizabeth. = 28:) — *fancy-free;*] i. e. exempt from the power of love. = 29:) — *and wood within this wood,*] Wood, or mad, wild. = 30:) — “do use” — MALONE. = 31:) — *impeach your modesty —*] i. e. bringing it into question. = 32:) — *for that.*] i. e. for leaving

the city, &c. TYRWHITT. = 33:) "and field," — MALONE. = 34:) To die upon the hand, &c.] To die upon, &c. in our author's language, perhaps means — "to die by the hand." = 35:) "where the, &c." MALONE. = 36:) Where ox-lips — The ox-lip is the greater cowslip. = 37:) Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine.] All the old editions read — luscious woodbine; which Mr. Malone prefers, but both lush and luscious (says Mr. Henley) are words of the same origin. = 38:) — a roundel.] Rounds, or roundels, were like the present country dances. = 39:) — with rear-mice —] A rere-mouse is a bat, a mouse that rears itself from the ground by the aid of wings. = 40:) — with double tongue.] our author means — forked. = 41:) Newts, and blind-worms.] The newt is the eft, the blind-worm is the *Cæcilia* or slow-worm. = 42:) Be it ounce.] The ounce is a small tiger, or tiger-cat. = 43:) O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence.] Understand the meaning of my innocence, or my innocent meaning. = 44:) Now much beshrew, &c.] This word, of which the etymology is not exactly known, implies a sinister wish, and means the same as if she had said "now ill befall my manners," &c. = 45:) "this kill-courtesy." MALONE. = 46:) All the power this charm doth owe:] i. e. all the power it possesses. = 47:) — wilt thou darkling —] i. e. in the dark. = 48:) — my grace.] My acceptableness, the favour that I can gain. = 49:) "Nature shows her art." MALONE. = 50:) "now I love." MALONE. = 51:) — till now ripe not to reason:] i. e. do not ripen to it. Ripe, in the present instance, is a verb. = 52:) — touching now the point of human skill.] i. e. my senses being now at the utmost height of perfection. = 53:) Reason becomes the marshal to my will.] that is, my will now follows reason. = 54:) Speak, of all loves:] Of all loves is an adjuration more than once used by our author. =

ACT III. = 1:) In the time of Shakspeare there were many companies of players, sometimes five at the same time, contending for the favour of the public. Of these some were undoubtedly very unskilful and very poor, and it is probable that the design of this scene was to ridicule their ignorance, and the odd expedients to which they might be driven by the want of proper decorations. Bottom was perhaps the head of a rival house, and is therefore honoured with an ass's head. JOHNSON. = 2:) By'r'lakin, a parlous fear.] By our ladykin, or little lady. Parlous is a word corrupted from perilous, i. e. dangerous. = 3:) — in eight and six.] i. e. in alternate verses of eight and six syllables. = 4:) No, I am no such thing; &c.] Shakspeare probably meant to allude to a fact which happened in his time, at an entertainment exhibited before Queen Elizabeth. It is recorded in a manuscript collection of anecdotes, stories, &c. entitled, *Merry Passages and Jeasts*, MS. Harl. 6395: "There was a spectacle presented to Queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others Harry Goldingham was to represent Arion upon the dolphin's back; but finding his voice to be verie hoarse and unpleasant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his disguise, and swears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honest Harry Goldingham; which blunt discoverie pleased the queene better than if it had gone through in the right way: — yet he could order his voice to an instrument exceeding well." = 5:) — that brake:] Brake signifies here a thicket, or furze-bush. = 6:) "So hath," — MALONE. = 7:) — juvenal,] i. e. young man. = 8:) — cues and all.] A cue, in stage cant, is the last words of the preceding speech, and serves as a hint to him who is to speak next. = 9:) The ouzel-cock.] The ouzel-cock is generally understood to be the cock black-bird; but the ouzel differs from the black-bird by having a white crescent upon the breast, and is, besides, rather larger. = 10:) — plain-song cuckoo, &c.] That is, the cuckoo, who, having no variety of strains, sings in plain song, or in *plano cantu*; by which expression the uniform modulation or simplicity of the chant was anciently distinguished, in opposition to *prick-song*, or variegated music sung by note. = 11:) — gleek —] Joke or scoff, deceive, or beguile. = 12:) — mistress Squash.] A squash is an immature peascod. = 13:) "Tie up my lover's tongue." MALONE. = 14:) What night-rule —] Night-rule in this place should seem to mean, what frolic of the night, what revelry is going forward? = 15:) — patches.] Patch was in old language used as a term of opprobry; perhaps with much the same import as we use *raggamuffin*, or *tatterdemalion*. = 16:) An ass's nowl —] a head. = 17:) — choughs.] The chough is a bird of the daw kind. = 18:) — sort,] company. = 19:) — latch'd —] Or latch'd, lick'd over, lécher, to lick, Fr. In the North, it signifies to infect. = 20:) Hurst thou have lock'd upon him, being awake, [And hast thou kill'd him sleeping?] Hast thou kill'd him sleeping, whom, when awake, thou didst not dare to look upon? = 21:) — O brave touch!] Touch in Shakspeare's time was the same with our exploit, or rather stroke: but a touch anciently signified a trick. = 22:) — on a mispris'd mood:] is put for "in a mispris'd mood;" i. e. "in a mistaken manner." = 23:) — pale of cheer —] Cheer, from the Italian *cara*, is frequently used by the old English writers for countenance. = 24:) Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?] In allusion to the badges (i. e. family crests) anciently worn on the sleeves of servants and retainers. = 25:) Taurus' snow,] Taurus is the name of a range of mountains in Asia. = 26:) — join, in souls,] i. e. join heartily. = 27:) — all yon fiery oes —] Shakspeare uses O for a circle. = 28:) "O, now, is all forgot?" MALONE. = 29:) — artificial gods.] Artificial is ingenious, artful. = 30:) Have with our needls, &c.] or needles. = 31:) Two of the first, like coats in heraldry, ||

Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.] Helena means to say, that she and her friend were as closely united, as much one person, as if they were both of the first house; as if they both had the privilege due but to one person, (viz. to him of the first house,) the right of bearing the family coat without any distinguishing mark. MALONE. = 32:) — such an argument.] Such a subject of light merriment. = 33:) No, no, sir: — he will, &c.] The only difficulty in this passage arises from the words — he will, sir, which are omitted in the second folio. In that edition it runs thus: "No, no, sir, seeme to breake loose; || "Take on as you would follow, || "But yet come not: you are a tame man, go." This appears to me the true reading. M. MASON. Mr. Malone reads, — "No, no, he'll — sir." = 34:) — curst:] i. e. shrewish or mischievous. = 35:) — how fond I am.] Fond, i. e. foolish. = 36:) She was a vixen,] Vixen or fixen, primitively signifies a female fox. = 37:) — of hind'ring knot-grass made:] It appears that knot-grass was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child. = 38:) — intend —] i. e. pretend. = 39:) Thou shalt aby it.] To aby is to pay dear for, to suffer. = 40:) — so did sort,] So happen in the issue. = 41:) virtuous property,] Salutiferous. = 42:) — wend,] i. e. go. = 43:) — — damned spirits all, || That in cross-ways and floods have burial,] The ghosts of self-murderers, who are buried in cross-roads; and of those who being drowned, were condemned (according to the opinion of the ancients) to wander for a hundred years, as the rites of sepulture had never been regularly bestowed on their bodies. = 44:) I with the morning's love have oft made sport:] By the morning's love I apprehend Cephalus, the mighty hunter and paramour of Aurora, is intended. The context, "And, like a forester," &c. seems to show that the chase was the sport which Oberon boasts he partook with the morning's love. HOLT WHITE. =

ACT IV. = 1:) — do coy,] To coy, is to sooth, to stroke. 2:) — nief,] i. e. fist. = 3:) — the tongs —] The old rustic music of the tongs and key. = 4:) — and be all ways away.] i. e. disperse yourselves and scout out severally, in your watch, that danger approach us from no quarter. = 5:) So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle, &c.] What Shakspeare seems to mean, is this — So the woodbine, i. e. the sweet honeysuckle, doth gently entwist the baky fingers of the elm, and so does the female ivy enring the same fingers. This passage has given rise to various conjectures. = 6:) — the female ivy —] Though the ivy here represents the female, there is an evident reference in the words enrings and fingers, to the ring of the marriage rite. HENLEY. = 7:) — flourets' eyes.] The eye of the flower is the technical term for its center. = 8:) Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower —] Dian's bud, is the bud of *Agnus Castus*, or Chaste Tree. Cupid's flower is the *Viola Tricolor*, or Love in Idleness. = 9:) "prosperity." — MALONE. = 10:) — our observation is perform'd:] The honours due to the morning of May. I know not why Shakspeare calls this play *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, when he so carefully informs us that it happened on the night preceding May day. JOHNSON. The title of this play seems no more intended to denote the precise time of the action, than that of *The Winter's Tale*; which we find, was at the season of sheep-shearing. FARMER. I imagine that the title of this play was suggested by the time it was first introduced on the stage, which was probably at Midsummer. "A Dream for the entertainment of a Midsummer-night." *Twelfth-Night* and *The Winter's Tale* had probably their titles from a similar circumstance. MALONE. = 11:) — the vaward of the day,] Vaward is compounded of *van* and *ward*, the forepart. = 12:) — such gallant chiding:] Chiding in this instance means only sound. = 13:) So flew'd,] Sir T. Hanmer justly remarks, that flew's are the large chaps of a deep-mouth'd hound. = 14:) — so sanded:] Of a sandy colour, which is one of the true denotements of a blood-hound. = 15:) The rite of May:] The rite of this month was once so universally observed, that even authors thought their works would obtain a more favourable reception, if published on May-Day. = 16:) — Saint Valentine is past:] Alluding to the old saying, that birds begin to couple on St. Valentine's day. = 17:) Fair Helena in fancy —] Fancy is for love or affection. = 18:) — an idle gawd,] i. e. bauble, toy, or trifle. = 19:) And I have found Demetrius like a jewel, || Mine own, and not mine own.] Helena means to say, that having found Demetrius unexpectedly, she considered her property in him as insecure as that which a person has in a jewel that he has found by accident; which he knows not whether he shall retain, and which therefore may properly enough be called *his own and not his own*. MALONE. = 20:) Mr. Malone begins Demetrius's speech thus, Dem. "Are you sure || "That we are awake? It seems to me," &c. = 21:) — patched fool,] That is, a fool in a particolour'd coat. = 22:) — at her death.] He may mean the death of Thisbe, or, being killed, as Pyramus, on the stage, he may mean after his death. = 23:) — good strings to your beards, —] i. e. to prevent the false beards, which they were to wear, from falling off; or, perhaps, ornamental strings, employed to give an air of novelty to the countenances of the performers. =

ACT V. = 1:) Are of imagination all compact:] i. e. are made of mere imagination. = 2:) — in a brow of Egypt:] the brow of a gipsy. = 3:) — constancy:] Consistency, stability, certainty. = 4:) "Wait in" — MALONE. = 5:) Say, what abridg-

ment, &c.] By *abridgment* our author may mean a dramatic performance, which crowds the events of years into a few hours. It may be worth while, however, to observe, that in the North the word *abatement* had the same meaning as *diversion* or *amusement*. = 6:) — a brief,] i. e. a short account or enumeration. = 7:) — *unbreath'd* —] Unexercised, unpractised. = 8:) — *addrest*.] That is, ready. = 9:) *Flourish of trumpets*.] It appears that the prologue was anciently ushered in by trumpets. = 10:) — *on a recorder*.] It should seem that the flute and the recorder were different instruments, and that the latter in propriety of speech was no other than the flageolet. = 11:) — *but not in government*.] That is, not tunelessly. = 12:) — *by name lion hight*.] Hight, in old English, signifies — *is called*. = 13:) *And like Limander, &c.*] For Leander and Hero. Shafalus and Procrus, for Cephalus and Procris. = 14:) — *Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion*.] The old copies read — a man, &c. which Mr. Malone adopts. = 15:) — *in snuff*.] An equivocation. *Snuff* signifies both the cinder of a candle, and hasty anger. JOHNSON. = 16:) *Well moused, lion*.] To mouse signified to mammoek, to tear in pieces, as a cat tears a mouse. = 17:) *Cut thread and thrum*.] *Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp; it is popularly used for very coarse yarn. The maids now call a mop of yarn a *thrum mop*. = 18:) — *and quell!*] To quell is to murder, to destroy. = 19:) — *cheer*.] i. e. countenance. = 20:) — "lips," — MALONE. = 21:) — *a Bergomask dance*.] A dance after the manner of the peasants of Bergomasco, a country in Italy, belonging to the Venetians. = 22:) — heavy gait —] i. e. slow passage, progress. = 23:) — *fordone*.] i. e. overcome. = 24:) *I am sent, with broom, before, || To sweep the dust behind the door*.] Cleanliness is always necessary to invite the residence and the favour of the fairies. = 25:) *Nor mark prodigious*.] *Prodigious* for portentous. = 26:) — *take his gait*.] i. e. take his way, or direct his steps. = 27:) — "Ever shall in safety rest," —] MALONE. = 28:) — *unearned luck*.] i. e. if we have better fortune than we have deserved. = 29:) *Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue*.] that is, if we be dismissed without hisses. = 30:) *Give me your hands*.] That is, clap your hands. Give us your applause. JOHNSON. =

VIII. LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT I. = 1:) *With all these* —] i. e. the King, Biron, &c. = 2:) — — *while truth the while || Doth falsely blind* —] *Falsely* is here, and in many other places, the same as *dishonestly* or *treacherously*. = 3:) *Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed, || And give him light that was it blinded by*.] This passage is unnecessarily obscure; the meaning is, that when he dazzles, that is, has his eye made weak, by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that fairer eye shall be his heed, his direction or lode-star, and give him light that was blinded by it. JOHNSON. Mr. Malone reads "it was." = 4:) — *sneaping frost*.] To sneap is to check, or rebuke. = 5:) — *May's new-fangled shows*.] By these shows the poet means *Maygames* at which a snow would be very unwelcome and unexpected. It is only a periphrasis for *May*. = 6:) — *sit you out*.] To sit out: is a term from the card-table. = 7:) Mr. Malone omits *And*. = 8:) — "This penalty?" — MALONE. = 9:) *A dangerous law against gentility*.] or *urbanity*. = 10:) — *lie here* —] Means *reside* here, in the same sense as an ambassador is said to *lie* lieger. = 11:) *Not by might master'd, but by special grace*.] Biron, amidst his extravagancies, speaks with great justness against the folly of vows. They are made without sufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by some unforeseen necessity. They proceed commonly from a presumptuous confidence, and a false estimate of human power. JOHNSON. = 12:) *Suggestions* —] *Temptations*. = 13:) — *quick recreation* —] Lively sport, spritely diversion. = 14:) *A man of complements*.] *Compliment*, in Shakspeare's time, did not signify, at least did not only signify verbal civility, or phrases of courtesy, but, according to its original meaning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages of a character, in the same manner, and on the same principles of speech with *accomplishment*. = 15:) *This child of fancy*.] This *fantastic*. = 16:) — *That Armado hight*.] Who is called *Armado*. = 17:) *And I will use him for my minstrelsy*.] i. e. I will make a minstrel of him, whose occupation was to relate fabulous stories. = 18:) — *fire-new words*.] i. e. words newly coined, new from the forge. *Fire-new*, *new off the irons*, and the Scottish expression *bren-new*, have all the same origin. = 19:) — *tharborough*.] i. e. *thirdborough*, a peace officer, alike in authority with a headborough or a constable. = 20:) *A high hope for a low having*.] Though you hope for high words, and should have them, it will be but a low acquisition at best. = 21:) — *taken with the manner*.] i. e. in the fact. = 22:) — *curious knotted-garden*.] Ancient gardens abounded with figures of which the lines intersected each other in many directions. = 23:) — *base minnow of thy mirth*.] The base minnow of thy mirth, is the contemptible little object that contributes to thy entertainment. = 24:) — *my tender juvenal*.] *Juvenal* is youth. = 25:) — *crosses love not him*.] By *crosses* he means money. = 26:) — *the dancing horse will tell you*.] *Bankes's horse*, which play'd many remarkable pranks, and is alluded to by many writers contemporary with Shakspeare. = 27:) *Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers*.] An allusion to jealousy, or perhaps to the green willow. = 28:) *Which native she doth owe*.] i. e. of which she is naturally possessed. = 29:) — *my*

digression —] *Digression* on this occasion signifies the act of going out of the right way, *transgression*. = 30:) — *for the day-woman*.] i. e. for the dairy-maid. = 31:) *That's hereby*.] i. e. as it may happen. = 32:) *With that face?*] This cant phrase has oddly lasted till the present time. = 33:) — *affect* —] i. e. love. = 34:) — *butt-shaft* —] i. e. an arrow to shoot at butts with. =

ACT II. = 1:) — *your dearest spirits*.] *Dear*, in our author's language, has many shades of meaning. In the present instance and the next, it appears to signify — *best*, *most powerful*. STEEVENS. = 2:) *Bold of your worthiness*.] i. e. confident of it. = 3:) *And much too little, &c.*] i. e. And my report of the good I saw, is much too little compared to his great worthiness. = 4:) — *competitors in oath*.] i. e. confederates. = 5:) *Were all address'd* —] To address is to prepare. = 6:) *Where* —] *Where* is here used for *whereas*. = 7:) — *depart withal*.] To depart and to part were anciently synonymous. = 8:) *No poynt*.] A negation borrowed from the French. = 9:) *My lips are no common, though several they be*.] A play on the word *several*, which, besides its ordinary signification of *separate*, *distinct*, likewise signifies in unclosed lands, a certain portion of ground appropriated to either corn or meadow, adjoining the common field. = 10:) *His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see*.] Although the expression in the text is extremely odd, I take the sense of it to be that his tongue envied the quickness of his eyes, and strove to be as rapid in its utterance, as they in their perception. STEEVENS. =

ACT III. = 1:) *Concolinel* —] Here is apparently a song lost: in the old comedies, the songs are frequently omitted. = 2:) — *festinately hither*.] i. e. hastily. = 3:) — *a French brawl*.] A *brawl* is a kind of dance, perhaps what we now call a *catillon*. = 4:) — *canary to it with your feet*.] *Canary* was the name of a spritely nimble dance. = 5:) *By my penny of observation*.] The allusion is to the famous old piece, called a *Penniworth of Wit*. = 6:) — *here's a Costard broken* —] i. e. a head. = 7:) — *l'envoy*.] The *l'envoy* is a term borrowed from the old French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few concluding verses to each piece, which either served to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some particular person. It was frequently adopted by the ancient English writers. = 8:) — *no salve in the mail, sir*.] What this can mean, is not easily discovered: if *mail* for a *packet* or *bag* was a word then in use, *no salve in the mail* may mean, no salve in the mountebank's budget. Or, perhaps we should read — *no salve in them all, sir*. = 9:) *Like the sequel, I*.] Alluding to the *sequel* of any story. = 10:) — *my incony Jew*.] *Incony* or *kony* in the North, signifies, fine, delicate — as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. = 11:) — *guerdon*.] i. e. reward. = 12:) — *in print*.] i. e. exactly, with the utmost nicety. = 13:) — *so magnificent*.] i. e. *glorying, boasting*. = 14:) *This wimpled*.] The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. = 15:) *Dread prince of plackets*.] A *placket* is a petticoat. = 16:) *Of trotting paritors*.] An *apparitor*, or *paritor*, is an officer of the Bishop's court, who carries out citations; as citations are most frequently issued for fornication, the *paritor* is put under Cupid's government. = 17:) *And I to be a corporal of his field*.] A *corporal of the field* was employed as an aide de-camp is now, in taking and carrying to and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field. = 18:) *And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop*.] Tumbler's hoops are to this day bound round with ribbands of various colours. =

ACT IV. = 1:) *God dig-you-den* —] A corruption of — *God give you good even*. = 2:) *Break up this capon*.] i. e. open this letter. Our poet uses this metaphor, as the French do their *poulet*; which signifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. = 3:) — *erewhile*.] Just now; a little while ago. = 4:) — *a Monarcho*.] The allusion is to a fantastical character of the time. = 5:) — *queen Guinever* —] This was king Arthur's queen, not over famous for fidelity to her husband. = 6:) *Wide o'the bow hand*.] i. e. a good deal to the left of the mark; a term still retained in modern archery. = 7:) — *the clout*.] The *clout* was the white mark at which archers took aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail that upheld it. = 8:) — *you talk greasily*.] i. e. grossly. = 9:) *Enter Holofernes*.] By *Holofernes* is designed a pedant and schoolmaster of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a small dictionary of that language under the title of *A World of Words*. = 10:) — *ripe as a pomewater*.] A species of apple formerly much esteemed. *Malus Carbonaria*. = 11:) — *a patch*.] *Patch*, or low fellow. = 12:) *And raught not* —] i. e. reach'd not. = 13:) *The allusion holds in the exchange*.] i. e. The riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam, as when I use the name of Cain. = 14:) — *affect the letter*.] That is, I will practise alliteration. = 15:) — *claws him with a talent*.] i. e. flatters him. = 16:) — *the tired horse*.] The tired horse was the horse adorned with ribbands. — The famous *Bankes's horse* so often alluded to. = 17:) *Ay, sir, from one monsieur Biron*.] Shakspeare forgot himself in this passage. Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had said, just before, that the letter had been "sent to her from Don Armado, and given to her by Costard." = 18:) — *colourable colours*.] i. e. specious appearances. = 19:) — *certes* —] i. e. certainly, in truth. = 20:) —

I am toiling in a pitch;] Alluding to lady Rosaline's complexion, who is through the whole play represented as a black beauty. = 21:) — *he comes in like a perjure,*] The punishment of perjury is to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime. = 22:) *Disfigure not his slop,*] This alludes to the usual tawdry dress of Cupid, when he appeared on the stage. = 23:) — *the liver vein,*] The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love. = 24:) *All hid, all hid,*] The children's cry at *hide and seek*. = 25:) — *amber coted,*] The word here intended, though misspelled, is *quoted*, which signifies *observed or regarded*, both here and in every place where it occurs in these plays; and the meaning is, that *amber itself is regarded as foul, when compared with her hair*. = 26:) — *why, then incision*] *Would let her out in saucers;*] It was the fashion among the young gallants of that age, to stab themselves in the arms, or elsewhere, in order to drink their mistress's health, or write her name in their blood, as a proof of their passion. = 27:) "such zeal" — MALONE. = 28:) *Your eyes do make no coaches;*] Alluding to a passage in the king's sonnet: "No drop but as a coach doth carry thee." = 29:) — *teen!*] i. e. grief. = 30:) *To see a king transformed to a gnat!*] Biron is abusing the king for his sonneting like a minstrel, and compares him to a *gnat*, which always sings as it flies. = 31:) — *critic Timon* —] *Critic* and *critical* are used by our author in the same sense as *cynic* and *cynical*. = 32:) *In pruning me?*] A bird is said to *prune* himself when he picks and sleeks his feathers. = 33:) — *a gait, a state,*] *State*, I believe, in the present instance, is opposed to *gait* (i. e. the motion), and signifies the act of *standing*. = 34:) "doth not" — MALONE. = 35:) *And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well,*] i. e. the very top, the height of beauty, or the utmost degree of fairness, becomes the heavens. = 36:) — *and usurping hair,*] i. e. false hair. = 37:) — *some quillets,*] *Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane. = 38:) — *affection's men at arms;*] i. e. *Ye soldiers of affection*. = 39:) *The nimble spirits in the arteries;*] In the old system of physic they gave the same office to the *arteries* as is now given to the *nerves*. = 40:) Mr. Malone has followed this line by a hemistich "with ourselves" — for which it would be difficult to find a meaning. = 41:) *Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;*] As we say, *keep the house, or keep their bed*. M. MASON. = 42:) — *the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;*] i. e. a lover in pursuit of his mistress has his sense of hearing quicker than a thief (who suspects every sound he hears) in pursuit of his prey. Or, *the suspicious head of theft* may mean the *head suspicious* of theft. = 43:) — *cockled* —] i. e. *inshelled*, like the fish called a *cockle*. = 44:) *Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?*] Our author seems to have thought that the latter word was the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept: and some of his contemporaries are chargeable with the same inaccuracy. = 45:) — *a word that loves all men;*] i. e. that is pleasing to all men. =

ACT V. = 1:) — *your reasons at dinner have been, &c.*] I know not well what degree of respect Shakspeare intends to obtain for his vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finished representation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to his character of the school-master's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Castiglione will scarcely be found to comprehend a rule for conversation so justly delineated, so widely dilated, and so nicely limited. It may be proper just to note, that *reason* here, and in many other places, signifies *discourse*; and that *audacious* is used in a good sense for *spirited, animated, confident*. *Opinion* is the same with *obstinacy* or *opini'dreté*. JOHNSON. = 2:) — *without affection,*] i. e. without affectation. = 3:) — *thrasonical,*] Boastful, bragging, from *Terence*. = 4:) — *He is too picked,*] nicely drest. = 5:) — *point-devise* —] A French expression for the utmost, or finical exactness. = 6:) — *a flap-dragon,*] A *flap-dragon* is a small inflammable substance, which toppers swallow in a glass of wine. = 7:) — *a quick venew of wit;*] A *venew* is the technical term for a *bout* at the fencing-school. = 8:) — *the charge-house* —] perhaps, is the *free-school*. = 9:) — *inward* —] i. e. confidential. = 10:) — *I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;* *I beseech thee, apparel thy head;*] By "remember thy courtesy," I suppose Armado means — *remember that all this time thou art standing with thy hat off*. STEEVENS. = 11:) — *dally with my excrement,*] The author calls the beard *valour's excrement* in *The Merchant of Venice*. = 12:) — *chuck,*] i. e. *chicken*; an ancient term of endearment. = 13:) — *if this fadge not,*] i. e. *suit not*, pass not into action. = 14:) *Via,*] An Italian exclamation, signifying *courage! come on!* = 15:) — *to make his god-head wax;*] *To wax* anciently signified to *grow*. It is yet said of the moon, that she *waxes* and *wanes*. = 16:) — *mouse,*] This was a term of endearment formerly. = 17:) — *taking it in snuff;*] *Snuff* is here used equivocally for *anger*, and the *snuff* of a candle. = 18:) — *a set of wit* —] A term from tennis. = 19:) *A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows!*] "*Pox* of that jest!" Mr. Theobald is scandalized at this language from a princess. But there needs no alarm — the *small-pox* only is alluded to; with which, it seems, Katharine was pitted; or, as it is quaintly expressed, "her face was full of O's." Mr. Malone reads, "I beshrew." = 20:) "But, Katherine," &c. MALONE. = 21:) — *in by the week!*] An expression taken from hiring servants or artificers; meaning I wish I was as sure of his service for any time limited, as if I had hired him. = 22:) *And*

make him proud to make me proud that jests!] The meaning of this obscure line seems to be, *I would make him proud to flatter me who make a mock of his flattery*. = 23:) — *spleen ridiculous* —] Is, a ridiculous fit of laughter. = 24:) "you" — MALONE. = 25:) *Beauties no richer than rich taffata,*] i. e. the taffata masks they wore to conceal themselves. = 26:) *To tread a measure* —] The *measures* were dances solemn and slow. = 27:) Mr. Malone omits *do*. = 28:) *Since you can cog,*] *To cog*, signifies *to falsify the dice*, and *to falsify a narrative*, or *to lye*. JOHNSON. = 29:) *Well-liking wits* —] *Well-liking* is the same as *embonpoint*. = 30:) *No point, quoth I;*] *Point* in French is an adverb of negation; but if properly spoken, is not sounded like the point of a sword. A quibble, however, is intended. = 31:) — *better wits have worn plain statute-caps,*] Dr. Johnson thinks this is an allusion to the statute-cap of the universities. Mr. Steevens, that it means *better wits may be found among the citizens*, who wore a kind of woollen-cap by statute. = 32:) *Are angels vailing clouds,*] i. e. letting those clouds which obscured their brightness, sink from before them. JOHNSON. = 33:) — *wassels,*] *Wassels*, were meetings of rustic mirth and intemperance. = 34:) *A mean* —] The *mean* in music, is the tenor. = 35:) *My lady (to the manner of the days),*] *In courtesy, gives undeserving praise,*] *To the manner of the days*, means according to the manner of the times. *Gives undeserving praise*, means praise to what does not deserve it. = 36:) Mr. Malone reads, "My gentle sweet." = 37:) — *my friend;*] i. e. *mistress*. = 38:) *Three pil'd hyperboles,*] A metaphor from the pile of velvet. = 39:) "Spruce affection?" — MALONE. = 40:) *Write, Lord have mercy on us,*] This was the inscription put upon the doors of the houses infected with the plague, to which Biron compares the love of himself and his companions; and pursuing the metaphor finds the *tokens* likewise on the ladies. The *tokens* of the plague are the first spots or discolorations, by which the infection is known to be received. JOHNSON. = 41:) — *you force not to forswear,*] *You force not* is the same with *you make no difficulty*. This is a very just observation. The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with less reluctance. JOHNSON. = 42:) — *a consent,*] i. e. *a conspiracy*. = 43:) — *zany,*] A *zany* is a buffoon, a merry Andrew. = 44:) — *his cheek in years;*] *In years*, signifies, into wrinkles; but Mr. Malone reads "*jeers*," or *gibes*. = 45:) — *by the squire,*] From *esquierre*, French, a *rule*, or *square*. = 46:) — *Go, you are allow'd;*] i. e. you may say what you will. = 47:) *You cannot beg us,*] That is, we are not fools, or lunatics; our next relations cannot beg the wardship of our persons and fortunes. = 48:) *Abate a throw at novum;*] *Novum* (or *novem*) appears to have been some game at dice. = 49:) *With libbard's head* —] i. e. *leopard's*. = 50:) — *it stands too right*] It should be remembered, to relish this joke, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his shoulders. STEEVENS. = 51:) — *Ajax;*] There is a conceit of *Ajax* and a *jakes*, which, paltry as it is, was used by Ben Jonson, and Camden the antiquary. = 52:) — *a little o'er-parted;*] That is, the *part* or character allotted to him in this piece is too considerable. MALONE. = 53:) — *on a flask,*] i. e. a soldier's powder-horn. = 54:) *St. George's half-check in a brooch,*] A *brooch* is an ornamental buckle, for fastening hat-bands, girdles, mantles, &c. = 55:) *Hector was but a Trojan* —] A *Trojan* was, in the time of Shakspeare, a cant term for a *thief*. = 56:) — *of lances* —] i. e. of *lance-men*. = 57:) — *More Ates,*] That is, more instigation. *Ate* was the mischievous goddess that incited bloodshed. = 58:) — *like a northern man;*] *Vir borealis*, a clown. = 59:) — *woolward* —] *To go woolward* was a phrase appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries. = 60:) — *liberal* —] *Free to excess*. = 61:) *In the converse of breath,*] Perhaps *converse* may, in this line, mean *interchange*. = 62:) *And often, at his very loose, decides, &c.*] *At his very loose*, may mean *at the moment of his parting*, i. e. of his *getting loose*, or away from us. = 63:) — *which fain it would convince;*] The words *which fain it would convince*, mean what it would wish to succeed in obtaining. = 64:) *Suggested us* —] That is, *tempted us*. = 65:) — *and thin weeds,*] i. e. *clothing*. = 66:) — *and last love;*] Means, *if it continue to be love*. = 67:) — *cuckoo-buds* —] *Cuckoo-buds* must be wrong. I believe *cowslip-buds*, the true reading. FARMER. = 68:) — *doth keel the pot,*] i. e. *cool the pot*. = 69:) — *the parson's saw,*] *Saw* seems anciently to have meant, not as at present, a proverb, a sentence, but the whole tenor of any instructive discourse. = 70:) *When roasted crabs, &c.*] i. e. the wild apples so called. The bowl must be supposed to be filled with ale; a toast and some spice and sugar being added, what is called *lamb's wool* is produced. =

IX. MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I. = 1:) It is not easy to determine the orthography of this name. In the old editions the owner of it is called — *Salanio, Salino, and Solanio*. STEEVENS. = 2:) This character I have restored to the *Personæ Dramatis*. The name appears in the first folio: the description is taken from the quarto. STEEVENS. = 3:) — *argosies* —] A name given in our author's time to ships of great burthen, probably galleons, such as the Spaniards now use in their West India trade. JOHNSON. In Ricaut's *Maxims of Turkish Policy*, ch. xiv. it is said, "Those vast carracks called *argosies*,

which are so much famed for the vastness of their burthen and bulk, were corruptly so denominated from *Ragosies*, i. e. ships of *Ragusa*, a city and territory on the gulf of Venice, tributary to the Porte; but the word may have derived its origin from the famous ship *Argo*. = 4:) i. e. 'The Venetians, who may well be said to live on the sea. Douce. Mr. Malone reads "on the flood." = 5:) *Plucking the grass*, &c.] By holding up the grass, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blast, the direction of the wind is found. = 6:) — *Andrew* —] The name of the ship. = 7:) *Vailing her high-top* —] i. e. lowering. = 8:) "The same." MALONE. = 9:) — *a more swelling port*, &c.] *Port*, in the present instance, comprehends the idea of expensive equipage, and external pomp of appearance. = 10:) — *prest unto it*:] *Prest* may not here signify *impress'd*, as into military service, but *ready*. *Prêt*, Fr. = 11:) — *is there the county Palatine*:] *County* and *count* in old language were synonymous. = 12:) — *a proper man's picture*:] *Proper* is *handsome*. = 13:) — *I think, the Frenchman became his surety*:] Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather constant promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English. The alliance is here humorously satirized. WARBURTON. = 14:) "I wish them," &c. MALONE. = 15:) — *the condition* —] i. e. the temper, qualities. = 16:) — *the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into*:] Perhaps there is no character through all Shakspeare, drawn with more spirit, and just discrimination, than Shylock's. His language, allusions, and ideas, are every where so appropriate to a Jew, that Shylock might be exhibited for an exemplar of that peculiar people. HENLEY. = 17:) — *the ripe wants of my friend*:] *Ripe wants* are wants come to the height, wants that can have no longer delay. = 18:) — *possess'd*:] i. e. acquainted, informed. = 19:) — *the caulings* —] Lambs just dropt: from *ean*, *eniti*. = 20:) — *of kind*:] i. e. of nature. = 21:) "This thrift." MALONE. = 22:) — *my usances*:] *Use* and *usance* are both words anciently employed for *usury*, both in its favourable and unfavourable sense. But Mr. Ritson says, that *use* and *usance* mean nothing more than *interest*; and the former word is still used by country people in the same sense. = 23:) *Shylock*:] Our author, as Dr. Farmer informs me, took the name of his Jew from an old pamphlet entitled: *Caleb Shillocke, his Prophesie: or the Jewes Prediction*. London, printed for T. P. (Thomas Pavyer.) No date. STEEVENS. = 24:) *A breed for barren metal of his friend*:] *A breed*, that is interest money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the author would instruct us in the argument on which the advocates against usury went, which is this; that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itself. And to set off the absurdity of this kind of usury, he put *breed* and *barren* in opposition. WARBURTON. = 25:) — *left in the fearful guard*, &c.] *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel* terrors. JOHNSON. =

ACT II. = 1:) *To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine*:] To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is very well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that *red* blood is a traditional sign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frightened soldiers, a *lily-liver'd* boy; again, in this play, cowards are said to *have livers as white as milk*; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milk-sop*. JOHNSON. = 2:) *Hath fear'd the valiant*:] i. e. *terrify'd*. To *fear* is often used, by our old writers, in this sense. = 3:) — *therefore be advised*:] Therefore be not precipitant; consider well what you are to do. *Advised* is the word opposite to *rash*. = 4:) "Blest." MALONE. = 5:) — *try conclusions* —] To *try conclusions* is to try experiments. = 6:) — *my thill-horse* —] *Thill* or *fill*, means the shafts of a cart or waggon. Malone reads *phill-horse*. = 7:) — *more guarded* —] i. e. more ornamented. = 8:) — *Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table*:] *Table* is the palm of the hand extended. Launcelot congratulates himself upon his dexterity and good fortune, and in the height of his rapture inspects his hand, and congratulates himself upon the felicities in his table. = 9:) — *in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed*:] A cant phrase to signify the danger of marrying. = 10:) — *Something too liberal*:] i. e. gross, coarse, licentious. = 11:) — *sad ostent* —] *Ostent* is a word very commonly used for *show* among the old dramatic writers. = 12:) — *your bearing*:] *Bearing* is carriage, deportment. = 13:) — *to feed upon*:] *The prodigal Christian*:] Shylock forgets his resolution. In a former scene he declares he will neither *eat*, *drink*, nor *pray* with Christians. Of this circumstance the poet was aware, and meant only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him depart from his most settled resolve, for the prosecution of his revenge. STEEVENS. = 14:) — *then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last*:] "Black-Monday is Easter-Monday, and was so called on this occasion: in the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris: which day was full of dark mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day it hath been called the *Black-Monday*." Stowe, p. 264-6. GREY. = 15:) *The patch* —] A term for a fool. = 16:) — *scarfed bark* —] i. e. the vessel decorated with flags. = 17:) *To rib* —] i. e. inclose, as the ribs inclose the viscera. = 18:) — *insculp'd upon*:] To *insculp* is to en-

grave. The meaning is that the figure of the angel is raised or embossed on the coin, not engraved on it. = 19:) *I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday*:] i. e. I conversed. = 20:) *Slubber not* —] To *slubber* is to do any thing carelessly, imperfectly. = 21:) *And even there, his eye being big with tears*, || *Turning his face, he put his hand behind him*, &c.] So curious an observer of nature was our author, and so minutely had he traced the operation of the passions, that many passages of his works might furnish hints to painters. It is indeed surprizing that they do not study his plays with this view. In the passage before us, we have the outline of a beautiful picture. MALONE. = 22:) — *embraced heaviness* —] The heaviness which he indulges, and is fond of. = 23:) *And so have I address'd me*:] To *address* is to *prepare*. = 24:) — *in the force* —] i. e. the power. = 25:) — *jump* —] i. e. agree with. = 26:) *How much low peasantry would then be glean'd From the true seed of honour?*] The meaning is, *How much meanness would be found among the great, and how much greatness among the mean*. = 27:) — *I wis*:] I know. *Wissen*, German. = 28:) or, *misfortune*. = 29:) — *regreets*:] i. e. salutations. =

ACT III. = 1:) — *it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor*:] A *turquoise* is a precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east, subject to the Tartars. As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter grown up, it is plain he did not value this turquoise on account of the money for which he might hope to sell it, but merely in respect of the imaginary virtues formerly ascribed to the stone. It was said of the Turkey-stone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer increased or grew less; and other superstitious qualities are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory or preservative to the wearer. = 2:) — *to peize the time*:] To *peize*, is to *weigh*, or *balance*; and figuratively, to *keep in suspense*, to *delay*. = 3:) *With no less presence*:] With the same dignity of mien. = 4:) — *fancy* —] i. e. *love*. = 5:) "Reply, reply," as part of the song. MALONE. = 6:) — *gracious voice*:] Pleading, winning favour. = 7:) — *approve it* —] i. e. *justify it*. = 8:) — *valour's excrement*:] i. e. what a little higher is called the *beard* of Hercules. = 9:) — *the guiled shore* —] i. e. the *treacherous* shore. Shakspeare in this instance, as in many others, confounds the participles. *Guiled* stands for *guiling*. = 10:) "Paleness." MALONE. = 11:) *Fair Portia's counterfeit*:] *Counterfeit*, which is at present used only in a bad sense, anciently signified a *likeness*, a *resemblance*, without comprehending any idea of fraud. = 12:) "And happier." Malone omits *and*. = 13:) — *being blent together*:] i. e. *blended*. = 14:) — *you can wish none from me*:] that is, none away from me; none that I shall lose, if you gain it. = 15:) — *for intermission* —] *Intermission* is *pause*, *intervening time*, *delay*. = 16:) *The paper as the body* —] The expression is somewhat elliptical: "The paper as the body," means — the paper resembles the body, is as the body. = 17:) "Should lose." MALONE. = 18:) — *cheer*:] i. e. *countenance*. = 19:) "Nor rest" — MALONE. = 20:) — *so fond* —] i. e. so *foolish*. = 21:) *Unto the tranect*:] The old copies concur in this reading, which appears to be derived from *tranare*, and was probably a word current in the time of our author, though I can produce no example of it. STEEVENS. = 22:) "Withal." MALONE. = 23:) — *I promise you, I fear you*:] I fear for you. =

ACT IV. = 1:) — *his envy's reach*:] *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice*. = 2:) — *remorse*:] i. e. *pity*. = 3:) — *apparent* —] that is, *seeming*; not real. = 4:) — *where* —] For *whereas*. = 5:) "Cannot contain," &c. — Malone reads thus: "Cannot contain their urine for affection: || Masters of passion, sway it to the mood," &c. = 6:) Malone reads "a woollen bag-pipe." = 7:) — *you question* —] To *question* is to converse. = 8:) — *many a purchas'd slave*:] This argument, considered as used to the particular persons, seems conclusive. I see not how Venetians or Englishmen, while they practise the purchase and sale of slaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to others as we would that they should do to us*. JOHNSON. = 9:) "'tis mine." MALONE. = 10:) *Cannot impugn you*:] To *impugn*, is to oppose, to controvert. = 11:) *You stand within his danger*:] i. e. within his reach or control. = 12:) — *in the course of justice, none of us* || *Should see salvation*:] Portia referring the Jew to the Christian doctrine of salvation, and the Lord's prayer, is a little out of character. BLACKSTONE. = 13:) *Ay, for the state*; &c.] that is, the state's moiety may be commuted for a fine, but not Antonio's. MALONE. = 14:) — *thou should'st have had ten more*:] i. e. a jury of twelve men, to condemn thee to be hanged. = 15:) — *upon more advice*:] i. e. more reflection. =

ACT V. = 1:) "In such a night," — MALONE. = 2:) — *with patines of bright gold*:] A *patine*, from *patina*, Lat. A *patine* is the small flat dish or plate used with the chalice, in the administration of the Eucharist. In the time of popery, and probably in the following age, it was commonly made of gold. MALONE. = 3:) *Such harmony is in immortal souls*; &c.] This passage having been much misunderstood, it may be proper to add a short explanation of it. — *Such*

harmony, &c. is not an explanation arising from the foregoing line — "So great is the harmony!" — but an illustration: — "Of the same kind is the harmony." — The whole runs thus: — *There is not one of the heavenly orbs but sings as it moves, still quiring to the cherubin. Similar to the harmony they make, is that of immortal souls; or, (in other words,) each of us have as perfect harmony in our souls as the harmony of the spheres, inasmuch as we have the quality of being moved by sweet sounds (as he expresses it afterwards;) but our gross terrestrial part, which environs us, deadens the sound, and prevents our hearing. — It, [Doth grossly close it in,] I apprehend, refers to harmony.* MALONE. = 4:) — *wake Diana with a hymn;* Diana is the moon, who is in the next scene represented as sleeping. = 5:) — *without respect;* Not absolutely good, but relatively good as it is modified by circumstances. = 6:) *A tucket—* Toccata, Ital. a flourish on a trumpet. = 7:) *Let me give light, &c.* There is scarcely any word with which Shakspeare so much delights to trifle as with *light*, in its various significations. JOHNSON. = 8:) — *this breathing courtesy.* This verbal complimentary form, made up only of *breath*, i. e. words. = 9:) — *like cutler's poetry—* Knives, as Sir J. Hawkins observes, were formerly inscribed, by means of *aqua fortis*, with short sentences in distich. For *posy*, Mr. Malone reads *poesy*, in his last edition, but not in his first. = 10:) — *swear by your double self,* Double is here used in a bad sense for — *full of duplicity.* = 11:) — *for his wealth;* For his advantage; to obtain his happiness. *Wealth* was, at that time, the term opposite to *adversity*, or *calamity.* =

X. AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. = 1:) Mr. Malone reads, "As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion. He bequeathed me by will but a poor thousand crowns," &c. = 2:) — *stays me here at home unkept;* We should read *stys*, i. e. keeps me like a brute. The following words — *for call you that keeping — that differs not from the stalling of an ox?* confirms this emendation. So Caliban says — "And here you *sty* me." In this hard rock." WARBURTON. *Sties* is better than *stays*, and more likely to be Shakspeare's. JOHNSON. = 3:) — *what make you here?* i. e. what do you here? = 4:) — *be better employed, and be naught awhile.* i. e. *It is better to do mischief, than to do nothing.* JOHNSON. I believe that the words *be naught awhile*, mean no more than this: "Be content to be a cypher, till I shall think fit to elevate you into consequence." STEEVENS. *Naught* and *nought* are frequently confounded in old English books. I once thought that the latter was here intended, in the sense affixed to it by Mr. Steevens: "Be content to be a cypher, &c." But the following passage in *Sweetnam*, a comedy, 1620, induces me to think that the reading of the old copy (*naught*) and Dr. Johnson's explanation are right: — "get you both in, and be *naught awhile*." The speaker is a chamber-maid, and she addresses herself to her mistress and her lover. MALONE. = 5:) — "him I am." MALONE. = 6:) — *albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.* This, probably, refers to the courtesy of distinguishing the eldest son of a knight, by the title of esquire. = 7:) *I am no villain;* The word *villain* is used by the elder brother in its present meaning, for a *worthless, wicked, or bloody man*; by Orlando, in its original signification, for a *fellow of base extraction.* JOHNSON. = 8:) — *good leave—* As often as this phrase occurs, it means a *ready assent.* = 9:) — *for the duke's daughter,* i. e. the *usurping duke's daughter.* Sir F. Hanmer reads — the *new duke's*; and in the preceding speech — the *old duke's daughter*; but in my opinion unnecessarily. The ambiguous use of the word *duke* in these passages is much in our author's manner. MALONE. = 10:) — *in the forest of Arden,* *Ardenne* is a forest of considerable extent in French Flanders, lying near the Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy. = 11:) — *this gamester;* *Gamester*, in the present instance, and some others, does not signify a man viciously addicted to games of chance, but a frolicsome person. = 12:) — *of all sorts—* *Sorts*, in this place, means ranks and degrees of men. RITSON. = 13:) — *mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel,* The wheel of Fortune is not the wheel of a housewife. Shakspeare has confounded Fortune, whose wheel only figures uncertainty and vicissitude, with the destiny that spins the thread of life, though not indeed with a wheel. JOHNSON. = 14:) Malone reads, "who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, and hath sent, &c." = 15:) — *you'll be whipp'd for taxation,* *Taxation* is censure, or satire. = 16:) — *since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced,* Shakspeare probably alludes to the use of *fools* or *jesters*, who for some ages had been allowed in all courts an unbridled liberty of censure and mockery, and about this time began to be less tolerated. JOHNSON. = 17:) — *laid on with a trowel,* To lay on with a trowel, is, to do any thing strongly, and without delicacy. If a man flatters grossly, it is a common expression to say, that he *lays it on with a trowel.* M. MASON. = 18:) *You amaze me,* To amaze, here, is not to astonish or strike with wonder, but to perplex; to confuse, so as to put out of the intended narrative. JOHNSON. = 19:) — *With bills on their necks, — Be it known unto all men by these presents,* I don't think that by *bill* is meant either an instrument of war, or one of law, but merely a label or adver-

tisement — as we say a *play-bill*, a *hand-bill*; unless these words were part of Le Beau's speech; in which case the word *bill* would be used by him to denote a weapon, and by Rosalind perverted to mean a *label.* M. MASON. = 20:) — *is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides?* This probably alludes to the pipe of Pan, which consisting of reeds of unequal length, and gradually lessening, bore some resemblance to the ribs of a man. M. MASON. *Broken music* either means the noise which the breaking of ribs would occasion, or the hollow sound which proceeds from a person's receiving a violent fall. DOUCE. I can offer no legitimate explanation of this passage, but may observe that another, somewhat parallel, occurs in *K. Henry V.*: "Come, your answer in *broken music*; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken." STEEVENS. = 21:) — *if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment,* i. e. *if you should use your own eyes to see, or your own judgment to know yourself, the fear of your adventure would counsel you.* JOHNSON. = 22:) — *that calling,* i. e. *appellation*; a very unusual, if not unprecedented sense of the word. STEEVENS. = 23:) — "all promise." MALONE. = 24:) — *one out of suits with fortune;* *Out of suits with fortune*, I believe, means, turned out of her service, and stripped of her livery. STEEVENS. = 25:) *Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.* A *quintain* was a post or butt set up for several kinds of martial exercises, against which they threw their darts and exercised their arms. But all the commentators are at variance about this word, and have illustrated their opinions with cuts, for which we must refer the reader to the new edition, 21 vols. 8vo. = 26:) — *the duke's condition,* The word *condition* means character, temper, disposition. = 27:) — "Smaller." MALONE. = 28:) — *by this kind of chase,* That is, by this way of following the argument. *Dear* is used by Shakspeare in a double sense for *beloved*, and for *hurtful, hated, baleful.* Both senses are authorised and both drawn from etymology; but properly, *beloved* is *dear*, and *hateful* is *dere.* Rosalind uses *dearly* in the good, and Celia in the bad sense. JOHNSON. = 29:) *Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?* Celia answers Rosalind, (who had desired her "not to hate Orlando, for her sake,") as if she had said — "love him, for my sake:" to which the former replies, "Why should I not [i. e. love him]?" = 30:) — *remorse;* i. e. *compassion.* = 31:) — "in the forest of Arden." MALONE. = 32:) *And with a kind of amber smirch my face;* *Umbre* is a dusky yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy. = 33:) — *curtle-ar—* Or *cutlace*, a broad sword. = 34:) *We'll have a swashing, &c.* A *swashing* outside is an appearance of noisy, bullying valour. *Swashing blow* is mentioned in *Romeo and Juliet*; and in *King Henry V.* the boy says: — "As young as I am, I have observed these three *swashers*;" meaning Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph. =

ACT II. = 1:) *Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, || Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;* It was the current opinion in Shakspeare's time, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a stone, or pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed. Thomas Lupton, in his *First Booke of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. l. bears repeated testimony to the virtues of the "Tode-stone, called *Crupaudina*." In his *Seventh Booke* he instructs us how to procure it; and afterwards tells us — "You shall knowe whether the *Tode-stone* be the ryght and perfect stone or not. Hold the stone before a Tode, so that he may see it; and if it be a ryght and true stone, the Tode will leape towarde it; and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that man should have that stone." STEEVENS. = 2:) — *with forked heads—* i. e. with *arrows*, the points of which were *barbed.* = 3:) — *in the needless stream;* The stream that wanted not such a supply of moisture. = 4:) — "of country." MALONE. = 5:) — *to cope him—* To encounter, or engage with him. = 6:) — *the roynish clown,* *Roynish*, from *rogneux*, French. = 7:) — *quail—* To *quail* is to faint, to sink into dejection. = 8:) — *O you memory—* Shakspeare often uses *memory* for *memorial*; and Beaumont and Fletcher sometimes. = 9:) — *so fond—* i. e. so indiscreet, so inconsiderate. = 10:) *The bony priser—* The word *bonny* occurs more than once in the novel from which this play of *As You Like It* is taken. It is likewise much used by the common people in the northern counties. I believe, however, *bony* to be the true reading. MALONE. = 11:) *This is no place,* i. e. for you. = 12:) — *diverted—* turned out of the course of nature. = 13:) *Even with the having;* Even with the *promotion* gained by service is service extinguished. JOHNSON. = 14:) — *no cross,* A *cross* was a piece of money stamped with a *cross.* On this our author is perpetually quibbling. = 15:) — "Wearing." MALONE. = 16:) — *anight—* Thus the old copy. *Anight*, is in the night. The word is used by Chaucer, in *The Legend of good Women.* Our modern editors read, *o' nights*, or *o'night.* = 17:) — *batlet,* The instrument with which washers beat their coarse clothes. JOHNSON. = 18:) — *so is all nature in love mortal in folly.* This expression I do not well understand. In the middle counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is used as a particle of amplification; as *mortal tall*, *mortal little.* Of this sense I believe Shakspeare takes advantage to produce one of his darling equivocations. Thus the meaning will be, *so is all nature in love abounding in folly.* JOHNSON. = 19:) *And little recks—* i. e. heeds, cares for. = 20:) *And in my voice—* as far as I have a voice or vote. = 21:) — *ragged;* Our modern editors (Mr. Malone excepted) read *rugged*; but *ragged* had an-

ciently the same meaning. = 22:) — *disputable* —] For *disputatious*. = 23:) — *ducdàme*;] For *ducdàme*, Sir Thomas Hamner, very acutely and judiciously, reads *duc ad me*, that is, *bring him to me*. Dr. Farmer thinks it is evidently a word coined for the nonce. = 24:) “And if he will come to me.” MALONE. = 25:) — *compact of jars*,] i. e. made up of discords. = 26:) *Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune*;] *Fortuna favet fatuis*, is, as Mr. Upton observes, the saying here alluded to; or, as in Publius Syrus: “*Fortuna, nimium quem fovet, stultum facit*.” = 27:) — *only suit*;] *Suit* means *petition*, not *dress*. = 28:) — *if not*, &c.] Unless men have the prudence not to appear touched with the sarcasms of a jester, they subject themselves to his power; and the wise man will have his folly *anatomised*, that is *dissected and laid open*, by the *squandering glances* or *random shots* of a fool. JOHNSON. = 29:) — *for a counter*,] About the time when this play was written, the French *counters* (i. e. pieces of false money used as a means of reckoning) were brought into use in England. = 30:) — *his bravery* —] i. e. his fine clothes. = 31:) “There then: How then, what then?” &c. MALONE. = 32:) — *inland bred*,] *Inland* here, and elsewhere in this play, is the opposite to *outland*, or *upland*. Orlando means to say, that he had not been *bred among clowns*. = 33:) *And know some nurture*;] *Nurture* is *education*, *breeding*. = 34:) *And take upon command* —] At your own command. = 35:) *His acts being seven ages*,] I have seen, more than once, an old print, entitled *The Stage of Man's Life*, divided into seven ages. As emblematical representations of this sort were formerly stuck up, both for ornament and instruction, in the generality of houses, it is more probable that Shakspeare took his hint from thence, than from Hippocrates or Proclus, who are quoted by Mr. Malone. HENLEY. = 36:) — *and bearded like the pard*,] *Beards* of different *cut* were appropriated in our author's time to different characters and professions. The soldier had one fashion, the judge another, the bishop different from both, &c. = 37:) — *sudden and quick* —] Lest it should be supposed that these epithets are synonymous, it is necessary to be observed that one of the ancient senses of *sudden* is *violent*. = 38:) — *modern instances*,] *Modern* means *trite*, *common*. = 39:) *Thou art not so unkind*, &c.] That is, thy action is not so contrary to thy *kind*, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man. = 40:) *Thy tooth is not so keen*, || *Because thou art not seen*,] It is the opinion of the best commentators, that this can only be *tortured* into a meaning. Dr. Johnson paraphrases thus: — *Thou winter wind, thy rudeness gives the less pain, as thou art not seen, as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult*. = 41:) *As friend remember'd not*,] *Remember'd* for *remembering*. =

ACT III. = 1:) — *an absent argument* —] An *argument* is used for the *contents* of a book, thence Shakspeare considered it as meaning the *subject*, and then used it for *subject* in yet another sense. = 2:) *Make an extent* —] “To make an *extent* of lands,” is a legal phrase, from the words of a writ, (*extendi facias*), whereby the sheriff is directed to cause certain lands to be appraised to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the person entitled under a recognizance, &c. in order that it may be certainly known how soon the debt will be paid. MALONE. = 3:) — *expeditiously*,] That is, *expeditiously*. = 4:) — *unexpressive* —] For *inexpressible*. = 5:) — *may complain of good breeding*,] *May complain of a good education*, for being so inefficient, of so little use to him. MALONE. = 6:) — *like an ill-roasted egg*,] Of this jest I do not fully comprehend the meaning. JOHNSON. Shakspeare's similes hardly ever run on four feet. MALONE. = 7:) — *make incision in thee*,] Warburton says, *to make incision* was a proverbial expression then in vogue for to make to understand. But Steevens thinks the allusion is to that common expression, of *cutting such a one for the simples*. In either case we regret the profaneness. = 8:) — *thou art raw*,] i. e. thou art ignorant, unexperienced. = 9:) — *bawd to a bell-wether*;] *Wether* and *ram* had anciently the same meaning. JOHNSON. = 10:) — *fairest lin'd*,] i. e. most fairly delineated. = 11:) *But the fair* —] *Fair* is beauty, complexion. = 12:) — *rank to market*,] Sir T. Hanmer reads — *rate to market*, which Mr. Malone adopts. The *hobbling* metre of these verses, (says Touchstone,) is like the *ambling, shuffling* pace of a butter woman's horse going to market. = 13:) — *the earliest fruit* —] Shakspeare seems to have had little knowledge in gardening. The *medlar* is one of the *latest* fruits, being uneatable till the end of November. STEEVENS. = 14:) *That shall civil sayings show*,] *Civil*, I believe, is not designedly opposed to *solitary*. It means only *grave*, or *solemn*. STEEVENS. = 15:) — *in little show*,] The allusion is to a miniature-portrait. The current phrase in our author's time was “*painted in little*.” MALONE. = 16:) *Atalanta's better part*,] The commentators are not agreed what this lady's *better part* was: Dr. Johnson inclines to her beauty; Mr. Tollet to her virgin chastity; Dr. Farmer and Mr. Malone to her wit; Mr. Steevens sums up the evidence in these words: “after all, I believe that *Atalanta's better part*, means only — *the best part about her*, such as was most commended.” = 17:) — *the touches* —] The features; *les traits*. = 18:) — *a palm-tree*,] A *palm-tree*, in the forest of *Arden*, is as much out of its place, as the *lioness* in a subsequent scene. = 19:) — *I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat*,] Rosalind

is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an *Irish rat*, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death. JOHNSON. = 20:) — *friends to meet*,] Alluding ironically to the proverb: “*Friends may meet, but mountains never greet*.” = 21:) — *out of all whooping*,] i. e. out of all measure, or reckoning. This appears to have been a phrase of the same import as another formerly in use, “*out of all cry*.” = 22:) *Good my complexion*,] A little unmeaning exclamatory address to her beauty; in the nature of a small oath. RITSON. = 23:) — *One inch of delay more is a South-sea-off discovery*,] The old copy reads, and Mr. Malone adheres to it — *is a South-sea of discovery*: which, says Mr. Henderson, is the only reading that can preserve the sense of *Rosalind*. A *South-sea of discovery*, is not as a discovery, as *FAR OFF*, but as *COMPREHENSIVE* as the *South-sea*; which, being the largest in the world, affords the widest scope for exercising curiosity. = 24:) — *speak sad brow, and true maid*,] i. e. speak with a grave countenance, and as truly as thou art a virgin; speak seriously and honestly. = 25:) *Wherein went he?*] In what manner was he clothed? How did he go dressed? = 26:) — *Garagantua's mouth* —] *Rosalind* requires nine questions to be answered in *one word*. Celia tells her that a word of such magnitude is too big for any mouth but that of *Garagantua*, the giant of *Rabelais*. JOHNSON. = 27:) — *to count atomies*,] *Atomies* are those minute particles discernible in a stream of sunshine that breaks into a darkened room. HENLEY. = 28:) *Cry, holla! to thy tongue*,] *Holla* was a term of the manège, by which the rider restrained and stopp'd his horse. = 29:) — *to kill my heart*,] A quibble between *heart* and *hart*. = 30:) — *but I answer you right painted cloth*,] This alludes to the fashion in old tapestry hangings, of mottos and moral sentences from the mouths of the figures worked or painted in them. = 31:) — *removed* —] i. e. remote, sequestered. = 32:) — *in-land man*,] is used in this play for one *civilized*, in opposition to the *rustic* of the priest. = 33:) — *a blue eye*,] i. e. a blueness about the eyes. = 34:) — *an unquestionable spirit*,] that is, a spirit *unwilling to be conversed with*. = 35:) — *your having* —] Having is possession, estate. = 36:) *Then your hose should be ungarter'd*, &c.] These seem to have been the established and characteristic marks by which the votaries of love were denoted in the time of Shakspeare. = 37:) — *point-device* —] i. e. exact, drest with finical nicety. = 38:) — *a moonish youth*,] i. e. *variable*. = 39:) — *Audrey*,] Is a corruption of *Etheldreda*. The saint of that name is so styled in ancient calendars. = 40:) — *as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths*,] *Capricious* is not here humorous, fantastical, &c. but *lascivious*. UPTON. Mr. Upton is, perhaps, too refined in his interpretation of *capricious*. Our author remembered that *caper* was the Latin for a goat, and thence chose this epithet. This, I believe, is the whole. There is a poor quibble between *goats* and *Goths*. MALONE. = 41:) — *ill-inhabited*,] i. e. ill-lodged. An unusual sense of the word. = 42:) — *it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room*,] A great reckoning in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. = 43:) *A material fool*,] A fool with *matter* in him: a fool stocked with notions. = 44:) — *I am foul*,] Not fair, or homely. = 45:) — *what though?*] What then? = 46:) — *the rascal*,] *Lean*, poor deer, are called *rascal deer*. = 47:) — *defence* —] *Defence*, as here opposed to “no skill,” signifies the *art of fencing*. = 48:) — *Sir Oliver*,] He that has taken his first degree at the university, is in the academical style called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*. The Sir Hugh Evans of Shakspeare is not a Welsh knight who hath taken orders, but only a Welsh clergyman without any regular degree from either of the Universities. See Barrington's *History of the Gwedir Family*. NICHOLS. = 49:) — *Godild you* —] i. e. *God yield you*, *God reward you*. = 50:) — *his bow*,] i. e. his *yoke*. The ancient *yoke* in form resembled a *bow*. = 51:) — “*behind thee*.” MALONE. = 52:) — “*with thee*.” MALONE. = 53:) *Something browner than Judas's*,] *Judas* was constantly represented in ancient painting or tapestry, with *red hair and beard*. = 54:) *I'faith, his hair is of a good colour*,] There is much of nature in this petty perverseness of *Rosalind*: she finds fault in her lover, in hope to be contradicted, and when Celia in sportive malice too readily seconds her accusations, she contradicts herself rather than suffer her favourite to want a vindication. = 55:) — *as the touch of holy bread*,] We should read *beard*, that is, as the kiss of an holy saint or hermit, called the *kiss of charity*. This makes the comparison just and decent; the other impious and absurd. WARBURTON. = 56:) — *as concave as a cover'd goblet*,] i. e. hollow. = 57:) — *much question* —] i. e. conversation. = 58:) — *quite traverse, athwart*, &c.] An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter*, to whom it was a disgrace to have his lance broken across, as it was a mark either of want of courage or address. This happened when the horse flew on one side, in the career: and hence arose the jocular proverbial phrase of *spurring the horse only on one side*. = 59:) — *of his lover*,] i. e. of his mistress. = 60:) — “*Tis pretty, sure, and very probable*,] *Sure for surely*. = 61:) *The cicatrice and capable impressure* —] *Cicatrice* is here not very properly used; it is the scar of a wound. *Capable* may mean here — *perceptible*. = 62:) — *power of fancy*,] *Fancy* is here used for *love*. = 63:) — *Who might be your mother*,] It is common for the poets to express cruelty by saying, of those who commit it, that they were born of rocks,

or suckled by tigresses. JOHNSON. = 64:) "no beauty." MALONE. = 65:) *Of nature's sale-work:*] The allusion is to the practice of mechanics, whose work bespoke is more elaborate than that which is made up for chance customers. = 66:) *Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.*] The sense is, *The ugly seem most ugly, when, though ugly, they are scoffers.* = 67:) — *though all the world could see, || None could be so abus'd in sight as he.*] Though all mankind could look on you, none could be so deceived as to think you beautiful but he. JOHNSON. = 68:) *Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might; || Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*] The second of these lines is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1637. = 69:) *That the old carlot—*] i. e. peasant, from *carl* or *churl*; probably a word of Shakespeare's coinage. = 70:) — *a peevish boy:*] *Peevish*, in ancient language, signifies *weak, silly.* = 71:) "He is not very tall." MALONE. =

ACT IV. = 1:) — *which is nice;*] i. e. silly, trifling. = 2:) Malone reads, "travels; which by often rumination wraps me, in a most humorous sadness." = 3:) — *disable—*] i. e. undervalue. = 4:) — *swam in a gondola.*] That is, *been at Venice*, the seat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and sometimes lost their religion. = 5:) — *a Rosalind of a better leer than you.*] i. e. of a better feature, complexion, or colour, than you. = 6:) *I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain.*] Statues, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them to give the appearance of weeping figures, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. = 7:) — *I will laugh like a hyen,*] The bark of the hyena was anciently supposed to resemble a loud laugh. = 8:) — *Make the doors—*] This is an expression used in several of the midland counties, instead of *bar the door.* = 9:) — *Wit, whither wilt?*] This was an exclamation much in use, when any one was either talking nonsense, or usurping a greater share in conversation than justly belonged to him. = 10:) — *make her fault her husband's occasion,*] That is, represent her fault as occasioned by her husband. = 11:) — *the most pathological break-promise,*] *Rosalind* means a lover whose falsehood would most deeply affect his mistress. = 12:) — *begot of thought,*] i. e. of melancholy. = 13:) The foregoing noisy scene was introduced only to fill up an interval, which is to represent two hours. This contraction of the time we might impute to poor *Rosalind's* impatience, but that a few minutes after we find *Orlando* sending his excuse. I do not see that by any probable division of the Acts this absurdity can be obviated. JOHNSON. = 14:) — *And here much Orlando!*] *Much!* was frequently used to indicate disdain. = 15:) "did bid me." MALONE. = 16:) — *vengeance—*] is used for *mischief.* = 17:) — *youth and kind—*] *Kind* is the old word for *nature.* = 18:) — *all that I can make;*] i. e. raise as profit from any thing. = 19:) — *I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,*] This term was, in our author's time, frequently used to express a poor contemptible fellow. = 20:) — *purlieu of this forest,*] *Purlieu*, says *Manwood's Treatise on the Forest Laws*, c. xx. "Is a certaine territorie of ground adjoining unto the forest, meared and bounded with unmoveable marks, meeres, and boundaries: which territories of ground was also forest, and afterwards disforested againe by the perambulations made for the severing of the new forest from the old." REED. = 21:) — *napkin:*] i. e. handkerchief. = 22:) *And he did render him—*] i. e. describe him. = 23:) — *in which hurtling—*] *To hurtle* is to move with impetuosity and tumult. = 24:) — *Cousin—Ganymede!*] *Celia*, in her first fright, forgets *Rosalind's* character and disguise, and calls out *cousin*, then recollects herself, and says *Ganymede.* JOHNSON. =

ACT V. = 1:) "or, to wit." MALONE. — 2:) *And you, fair sister.*] *Oliver* speaks to her in the character she had assumed, of a woman courted by *Orlando* his brother. = 3:) — *clubs cannot part them.*] It appears from many of our old dramas, that, in our author's time, it was a common custom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out "*Clubs—clubs,*" to part the combatants. = 4:) — *human as she is,*] that is, not a phantom, but the real *Rosalind*, without any of the danger generally conceived to attend the rites of incantation. JOHNSON. = 5:) — *bid your friends;*] i. e. invite your friends. = 6:) — *all observance;*] Probably an error, for *obeisance.* = 7:) — *a woman of the world*] *To go to the world*, is to be married. So, in *Much Ado About Nothing*: "Thus (says *Beatrice*) every one goes to the world, but I." = 8:) *Truly, young gentlemen, &c.*] The sense seems to be—*Though the words of the song were trifling, the music was not (as might have been expected) good enough to compensate their defect.* = 9:) *As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.*] The meaning, I think, is, *As those who fear, — they even those very persons, entertain hopes, that their fears will not be realized; and yet at the same time they well know that there is reason for their fears.* MALONE. = 10:) — *trod a measure;*] a very stately solemn dance. = 11:) *God'ild you, sir;*] i. e. *God yield you, reward you.* = 12:) — *according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:*] A man, by the marriage ceremony, SWEARS that he will keep only to his wife; when, therefore, he leaves her for another, BLOOD BREAKS his matrimonial obligation, and he is FORSWORN. HENLEY. = 13:) — *dulcet diseases.*] This word is capriciously

used for *sayings*, though neither in its primary or figurative sense it has any relation to that word. = 14:) — *seeming,*] i. e. seemly. *Seeming* is often used by Shakespeare for becoming, or fairness of appearance. = 15:) *O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book:*] The poet has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his *Clown* so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to, is a very ridiculous treatise of one *Vincentio Saviolo*, intitled, *Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels*, in 4to., printed by Wolf, 1594. = 16:) *Enter Hymen,*] *Rosalind* is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of *Hymen.* = 17:) *If truth holds true contents.*] That is, if there be truth in truth, unless truth fails of veracity. = 18:) — *combine.*] Shakespeare is licentious in his use of this verb, which here only signifies to bind. = 19:) *To see no pastime, I: &c.*] Amidst this general festivity, the reader may be sorry to take his leave of *Jaques*, who appears to have no share in it, and remains behind unreconciled to society. He has, however, filled with a gloomy sensibility the space allotted to him in the play, and to the last preserves that respect which is due to him as a consistent character, and an amiable, though solitary moralist. — It may be observed, with scarce less concern, that Shakespeare has, on this occasion, forgot old *Adam*, the servant of *Orlando*, whose fidelity should have entitled him to notice at the end of the piece, as well as to that happiness which he would naturally have found, in the return of fortune to his master. = 20:) — *no bush,*] It appears formerly to have been the custom to hang a tuft of ivy at the door of a vintner. The practice is still observed in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, at statute-hirings, wakes, &c. by people who sell ale at no other time. = 21:) — *furnished like a beggar,*] that is, *dressed:* so before, he was furnished like a huntsman. = 22:) "As please you, and I." MALONE. = 23:) — *If I were a woman,*] In this author's time, the parts of women were always performed by men or boys. = 24:) — *complexions that liked me,*] i. e. that I liked. =

XI. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I. = 1:) *Lafeu,*] We should read — *Lefeu.* STEEVENS. = 2:) *Parolles,*] I suppose we should write this name — *Paroles*, i. e. a creature made up of empty words. STEEVENS. = 3:) *Violenta* only enters once, and then she neither speaks, nor is spoken to. This name appears to be borrowed from an old metrical history, entitled *Didaco and Violenta*, 1576. STEEVENS. = 4:) — *in ward,*] Under his particular care, as my guardian, till I come to age. It is now almost forgotten in England, that the heirs of great fortunes were the king's wards. Whether the same practice prevailed in France, it is of no great use to enquire, for Shakespeare gives to all nations the manners of England. JOHNSON. = 5:) — *virtuous qualities,*] By *virtuous qualities* are meant qualities of good breeding and erudition, and not moral ones. WARBURTON. = 6:) — *they are virtues and traitors too; in her they are the better for their simpleness;*] *Her virtues are the better for their simpleness*, that is, her excellencies are the better because they are artless and open, without fraud, without design. The learned commentator has well explained *virtues*, but has not, I think, reached the force of the word *traitors*, and therefore has not shown the full extent of Shakespeare's masterly observation. *Virtues in an unclean mind are virtues and traitors too.* Estimable and useful qualities, joined with an evil disposition, give that disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence. *The Tatler*, mentioning the sharpeners of his time, observes, that some of them are even of such elegance and knowledge that a young man who falls into their way, is betrayed as much by his judgment as his passions. JOHNSON. = 7:) — *all livelihoood—*] i. e. all appearance of life. = 8:) *I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.*] *Helena* has, I believe, a meaning here, that she does not wish should be understood by the countess. Her affected sorrow was for the death of her father; her real grief for the lowness of her situation, which she feared would for ever be a bar to her union with her beloved *Bertram.* = 9:) *If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.*] *Lafeu* says, *excessive grief is the enemy of the living:* the countess replies, *If the living be an enemy to grief, the excess soon makes it mortal:* that is, *If the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess.* By the word *mortal*, I understand that which dies; and Dr. Warburton [who reads — *be not enemy—*] that which destroys. I think that my interpretation gives a sentence more acute and more refined. Let the reader judge. JOHNSON. = 10:) *That thee may furnish,*] That may help thee with more and better qualifications. = 11:) *Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father.* || *Hel. O, were that all! — I think not on my father;*] Would that the attention to maintain the credit of my father, (or, not to act unbecoming the daughter of such a father, — for such, perhaps, is the meaning,) were my only solicitude! I think not of him. My cares are all for *Bertram.* MALONE. = 12:) *In his bright radiance and collateral*

light, &c.] I cannot be united with him and move in the same sphere, but must be comforted at a distance by the radiance that shoots on all sides from him. JOHNSON. = 13:) In our heart's table;] A table was, in our author's time, a term for a picture, in which sense it is used here. = 14:) — trick of his sweet favour:] Trick is an expression taken from drawing; but on the present occasion may mean neither tracing nor outline, but peculiarity. = 15:) Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.] Cold for naked: as superfluous for over-clothed. This makes the propriety of the antithesis. WARBURTON. = 16:) And no.] I am no more a queen than you are a monarch. = 17:) — inhibited sin —] i. e. forbidden. = 18:) — Your date is better —] Here is a quibble on the word date, which means both age, and a candied fruit much used in our author's time. = 19:) A phoenix, &c.] The eight lines following friend, I am persuaded is the nonsense of some foolish conceited player. WARBURTON. = 20:) — a traitress,] It seems that traitress was in that age a term of endearment. = 21:) — christendoms,] This word, which signifies a collective body of christianity, every place where the christian religion is embraced, is surely used with much licence on the present occasion. = 22:) And show what we alone must think;] And show by realities what we now must only think. = 23:) — so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel,] i. e. thou wilt comprehend it. = 24:) What power is it, which mounts my love so high;] That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?] She means, by what influence is my love directed to a person so much above me? why am I made to discern excellence, and left to long after it, without the food of hope? JOHNSON. = 25:) — kiss like native things.] Things formed by nature for each other. = 26:) — Senoys —] The Sanesi, as they are termed by Boccaccio. Painter, who translates him, calls them Senois. They were the people of a small republic, of which the capital was Sienna. The Florentines were at perpetual variance with them. STEEVENS. = 27:) — It much repairs me —] To repair, in these plays, generally signifies, to renovate. = 28:) He had the wit, &c.] I believe honour is not dignity of birth or rank, but acquired reputation: — Your father, says the king, had the same airy flights of satirical wit with the young lords of the present time, but they do not what he did, hide their unnoted levity, in honour, cover petty faults with great merit. This is an excellent observation. Jocosse follies, and slight offences, are only allowed by mankind in him that over-powers them by great qualities. JOHNSON. = 29:) His tongue obey'd his hand:] We should read — His tongue obey'd the hand. That is, the hand of his honour's clock, showing the true minutes when exceptions bid him speak. = 30:) So in approof lives not his epitaph,] As in your royal speech.] Mr. Heath supposes the meaning to be this: "His epitaph, or the character he left behind him, is not so well established by the specimens he exhibited of his worth, as by your royal report in his favour." = 31:) — whose judgments are] Mere fathers of their garments;] Who have no other use of their faculties, than to invent new modes of dress. = 32:) — Steward, and Clown.] A clown in Shakspeare is commonly taken for a licensed jester, or domestic fool. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, since fools were at that time maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house. In the picture of Sir Thomas Moore's family, by Hans Holbein, the only servant represented is Patison the fool. This is a proof of the familiarity to which they were admitted, not by the great only, but the wise. = 33:) — to even your content,] To act up to your desires. = 34:) — you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.] It appears to me that the accusative them refers to knaveries, and the natural sense of the passage seems to be this: "You have folly enough to desire to commit these knaveries, and ability enough to accomplish them." M. MASON. = 35:) — to go to the world,] This phrase has already occurred, and signifies to be married. = 36:) — Service is no heritage:] This is a proverbial expression. = 37:) — that ears my land,] To ear is to plough. = 38:) A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:] It is a superstition, which has run through all ages and people, that natural fools have something in them of divinity. On which account they were esteemed sacred: Travellers tell us in what esteem the Turks now hold them; nor had they less honour paid them heretofore in France, as appears from the old word benêt, for a natural fool. Next way, is nearest way. = 39:) Was this fair face the cause, &c.] The name of Helen, whom the countess has just called for, brings an old ballad on the sacking of Troy to the clown's mind. Fond done is foolishly done = 40:) "or every," i. e. before every. MALONE. = 41:) — 'twould mend the lottery well;] This surely is a strange kind of phraseology. I have never met with any example of it in any of the contemporary writers; and if there were any proof that in the lotteries of queen Elizabeth's time wheels were employed, I should be inclined to read — lottery wheel. MALONE. = 42:) Clo. That man, &c.] Here is an allusion, violently enough forced in, to satirize the obstinacy with which the puritans refused the use of the ecclesiastical habits, which was, at that time, one principal cause of the breach of the union; and perhaps, to insinuate, that the modest purity of the surplice was sometimes a cover for pride. = 43:) — sithence,] i. e. since. = 44:) By our remembrances —] That is, according to our recollection. So we say, he is old by my reckoning. JOHNSON. = 45:) — What's the matter,] That this distemper'd messenger of wet,] The many-colour'd Iris,

rounds thine eye?] There is something exquisitely beautiful in this representation of that suffusion of colours which glimmers round the sight when the eye-lashes are wet with tears. HENLEY. = 46:) I care no more for,] There is a designed ambiguity: I care no more for, is, I care as much for. I wish it equally. FARMER. = 47:) — strive —] To strive is to contend. = 48:) Your salt tears' head.] The source, the fountain of your tears, the cause of your grief. JOHNSON. = 49:) — in their kind —] i. e. in their language, according to their nature. = 50:) — captious and intenable sieve,] Dr. Farmer supposes captious to be a contraction of capacious. Mr. Malone thinks it means recipient, capable of receiving what is put into it; and by intenable, incapable of holding or retaining it. = 51:) And lack not to lose still:] Helena means to say, that, like a person who pours water into a vessel full of holes, and still continues his employment, though he finds the water all lost, and the vessel empty; so, though she finds that the waters of her love are still lost, that her affection is thrown away on an object whom she thinks she never can deserve, she yet is not discouraged, but perseveres in her hopeless endeavour to accomplish her wishes. = 52:) Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,] i. e. whose respectable conduct in age shows, or proves that you were no less virtuous when young. = 53:) Wish chastity, and love dearly, that your Dian] Was both herself and love;] i. e. Venus. Helena means to say — "If ever you wished that the deity who presides over chastity, and the queen of amorous rites, were one and the same person; or, in other words, if ever you wished for the honest and lawful completion of your chaste desires." = 54:) — notes, whose faculties inclusive —] Receipts in which greater virtues were inclosed than appeared to observation. = 55:) Embowell'd of their doctrine,] i. e. exhausted of their skill. =

ACT II. = 1:) "young lords." MALONE. = 2:) "my lords." MALONE. = 3:) — and yet my heart, &c.] i. e. in the common phrase, I am still heart-whole; my spirits, by not sinking under my distemper, do not acknowledge its influence. = 4:) — let higher Italy] (Those bated, that inherit but the fall] Of the last monarchy,) see, &c.] The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the higher and the lower, the Apennine hills being a kind of natural line of partition; the side next the Adriatic was denominated the higher Italy, and the other side the lower; and the two seas followed the same terms of distinction, the Adriatic being called the upper Sea, and the Tyrrhene, or Tuscan, the lower. Now the Sennones, or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here supposed to be at war, inhabited the higher Italy, their chief town being Ariminum, now called Rimini, upon the Adriatic. HANMER. Dr. Johnson says, that the sense may be this: Let upper Italy, where you are to exercise your valour, see that you come to gain honour, to the abatement, that is, to the disgrace and depression of those that have now lost their ancient military fame, and inherit but the fall of the last monarchy. To abate is used by Shakspeare in the original sense of abattre, to depress, to sink, to deject, to subdue. = 5:) — beware of being captives,] Before you serve.] The word serve is equivocal; the sense is, Be not captives before you serve in the war. = 6:) — and no sword worn,] But one to dance with!] It should be remembered that, in Shakspeare's time, it was usual for gentlemen to dance with swords on. Our author gave to all countries the manners of his own. = 7:) — they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there, do muster true gait, &c.] The obscurity of the passage arises from the fantastical language of a character like Parolles, whose affectation of wit urges his imagination from one allusion to another, without allowing time for his judgment to determine their congruity. The cap of time being the first image that occurs, true gait, manner of eating, speaking, &c. are the several ornaments which they muster, place, or arrange in time's cap. This is done under the influence of the most received star; that is, the person in the highest repute for setting the fashions: — and though the devil were to lead the measure or dance of fashion, such is their implicit submission, that even he must be followed. HENLEY. = 8:) — lead the measure,] i. e. the dance. = 9:) — across:] This word is used when any pass of wit miscarries. While chivalry was in vogue, breaking spears against a quintain was a favourite exercise. He who shivered the greatest number was esteemed the most adroit; but then it was to be performed exactly with the point, for if achieved by a side stroke, or across, it showed unskilfulness, and disgraced the practiser. = 10:) — medicine,] is here put for a she-physician. = 11:) — dance canary,] a kind of dance. = 12:) — her years, profession,] By profession is meant her declaration of the end and purpose of her coming. = 13:) Than I dare blame my weakness:] Lafeu's meaning appears to me to be this: — "That the amazement she excited in him was so great, that he could not impute it merely to his own weakness, but to the wonderful qualities of the object that occasioned it." M. MASON. = 14:) — Cressid's uncle,] I am like Pandarus. See Troilus and Cressida. = 15:) — well found,] i. e. of known, acknowledged, excellence. = 16:) When miracles have by the greatest been denied,] i. e. disbelieved, or contemned. = 17:) Myself against the level of mine aim;] i. e. I am not an impostor that proclaim one thing and design another, that proclaim a cure and aim at a fraud. = 18:) — no worse of worst extended,] i. e. to be so defamed

that nothing severer can be said against those who are most publicly reported to be infamous. = 19:) *And what impossibility would stay || In common sense, sense saves another way.*] i. e. and that which, if I trusted to my reason, I should think impossible, I yet, perceiving thee to be actuated by some blessed spirit, think thee capable of effecting. MALONE. = 20:) — *in thee hath estimate;*] May be counted among the gifts enjoyed by thee. JOHNSON. = 21:) — *prime —*] Youth; the sprightly vigour of life. = 22:) — *in property —*] In property seems to be here used, with much laxity, for — *in the due performance.* = 23:) *With any branch or image of thy state;*] Branch refers to the collateral descendants of the royal blood, and image to the direct and immediate line. HENLEY. = 24:) *To be young again,*] The lady censures her own levity in trifling with her jester, as a ridiculous attempt to return back to youth. = 25:) *O Lord, sir,*] A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech then in vogue at court. = 26:) — *modern —*] i. e. common, ordinary. = 27:) — *unknown fear.*] Fear is here an object of fear. = 28:) — *authentic fellows,*] The epithet *authentic* was in our author's time particularly applied to the learned. = 29:) *Why, your dolphin is not lustier;*] By *dolphin* is meant the dauphin, the heir apparent, and the hope of the crown of France. His title is so translated in all the old books. = 30:) — *facinorous spirit,*] *Facinorous* is wicked. = 31:) *Lustic,*] *Lustic* is the Dutch word for lusty, cheerful, pleasant. = 32:) *O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice —*] They were his wards as well as his subjects. HENLEY. = 33:) — *marry, to each, but one!*] i. e. except one. = 34:) — *bay Cur-tal,*] i. e. a bay, docked horse. = 35:) *My mouth no more were broken —*] A broken mouth is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth. JOHNSON. = 36:) *Let the white death, &c.*] The white death is the chlorosis. The pestilence that ravaged England in the reign of Edward III. was called "the black death." = 37:) — *the rest is mute.*] i. e. I have no more to say to you. = 38:) — *ames-ace —*] i. e. the lowest chance of the dice. = 39:) *Do all they deny her?*] None of them have yet denied her; or deny her afterwards, but Bertram. The scene must be so regulated that Lafau and Parolles talk at a distance, where they may see what passes between Helena and the lords, but not hear it, so that they know not by whom the refusal is made. JOHNSON. = 40:) *'Tis only title —*] i. e. the want of title. = 41:) *Where great additions swell,*] Additions are the titles and descriptions by which men are distinguished from each other. = 42:) — *— good alone || Is good, without a name; vileness is so:*] The meaning is, — Good is good, independent on any worldly distinction or title: so vileness is vile, in whatever state it may appear. MALONE. = 43:) — *honour's born,*] i. e. is the child of honour. *Born* is here used, as *bairn* still is in the North. HENLEY. = 44:) *"Honours thrive."* MALONE. = 45:) — *— that canst not dream, || We, poizing us in her defective scale, || Shall weigh thee to the beam;*] That canst not understand, that if you and this maiden should be weighed together, and our royal favours should be thrown into her scale, (which you esteem so light,) we should make that in which you should be placed, to strike the beam. MALONE. = 46:) *Into the staggers,*] One species of the staggers, or the horse's apoplexy, is a raging impatience, which makes the animal dash himself with a destructive violence against posts or walls. To this the allusion, I suppose, is made. JOHNSON. = 47:) — *— whose ceremony || Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief, || And be perform'd to-night;*] A brief, in ancient language, means any short and summary writing or proceeding. The now-born brief is another phrase for the contract recently and suddenly made. The ceremony of it (says the king) shall seem to hasten after its short preliminary, and be performed to-night, &c. STEEVENS. The meaning of the present passage, I believe, is: Good-fortune, and the king's favour, smile on this short contract; the ceremonial part of which shall immediately pass — shall follow close on the troth now plighted between the parties, and be performed this night; the solemn feast shall be delayed to a future time. MALONE. = 48:) — *for two ordinaries,*] Whilst I sat twice with thee at table. JOHNSON. = 49:) — *taking up;*] To take up is to contradict, to call to account; as well as to pick off the ground. JOHNSON. = 50:) — *in the default,*] That is, at a need. = 51:) — *for doing I am past;* as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.] Mr. Edwards has, I think, given the true meaning of Lafau's words. "I cannot do much, says Lafau; doing I am past, as I will by thee in what motion age will give me leave; i. e. as I will pass by thee as fast as I am able: — and he immediately goes out. It is a play on the word *past*: the conceit indeed is poor, but Shakspeare plainly meant it." MALONE. = 52:) *That hugs his kicksy-wicksy, &c.*] Sir T. Hamner, in his Glossary, observes, that, *kicksy-wicksy* is a made word in ridicule and disdain of a wife. = 53:) *To the dark-house,*] The dark-house is a house made gloomy by discontent. = 54:) *"But puts it off to a compell'd restraint."* MALONE. = 55:) — *probable need.*] A specious appearance of necessity. = 56:) — *a bunting.*] The bunting is, in feather, size, and form, so like the sky-lark, as to require nice attention to discover the one from the other; it also ascends and sings in the air nearly in the same manner: but it has little or no song, which gives estimation to the sky-lark. = 57:) *You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard;*] This odd allusion is not introduced without a view to satire. It was a foolery practised at city entertainments, whilst the jester or zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a

large deep custard, set for the purpose. = 58:) *"Will to deserve."* MALONE. = 59:) *And rather muse,*] *To muse* is to wonder. = 60:) — *the wealth I owe;*] i. e. I own, possess. =

ACT III. = 1:) — *I cannot yield,*] I cannot inform you of the reasons. JOHNSON. = 2:) — *an outward man,*] i. e. one not in the secret of affairs. = 3:) — *the younger of our nature,*] i. e. as we say at present, *our young fellows.* = 4:) *mend the ruff,*] The tops of the boots, in our author's time, turned down, and hung loosely over the leg. The folding is what the clown means by the *ruff*. Ben Jonson calls it *ruffle*; and perhaps it should be so here. = 5:) *Can woman me —*] i. e. affect me suddenly and deeply, as my sex are usually affected. = 6:) *When thou canst get the ring upon my finger,*] i. e. when thou canst get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy possession. = 7:) *If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine, &c.*] This sentiment is elliptically expressed. *If thou keepest all thy sorrows to thyself,* i. e. "all the griefs that are thine," &c. = 8:) — *— a deal of that, too much, || Which holds him much to have.*] That is, his vices stand him in stead. = 9:) *Not so, &c.*] The gentlemen declare that they are servants to the countess; she replies, — No otherwise than as she returns the same offices of civility. JOHNSON. = 10:) — *— move the still-piecing air, || That sings with piercing,*] Warburton says the words are here oddly shuffled into nonsense; but the commentators have not succeeded in making sense of them. = 11:) — *the ravin lion —*] i. e. the ravenous or ravening lion. To *ravin* is to swallow voraciously. = 12:) *Whence honour but of danger, &c.*] The sense is, from that abode, where all the advantages that honour usually reaps from the danger it rushes upon, is only a scar in testimony of its bravery, as on the other hand, it often is the cause of losing all, even life itself. HEATH. = 13:) — *Juno,*] Alluding to the story of Hercules. = 14:) — *lack advice —*] *Advice* is discretion or thought. = 15:) *That he does weigh too light;*] To weigh here means to value or esteem. = 16:) — *those suggestions —*] Suggestions are temptations. = 17:) — *are not the things they go under;*] They are not the things for which their names would make them pass. = 18:) — *palmer —*] Pilgrims that visited holy places; so called from a staff, or bough of palm they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the holy places at Jerusalem. = 19:) — *for the king, &c.*] For, in the present instance, signifies because. = 20:) — *mere the truth;*] The exact, the entire truth. = 21:) — *examin'd.*] That is, questioned, doubted. = 22:) *"I write good creature."* MALONE. = 23:) — *brokes —*] To broke is to deal with panders. A broker, in our author's time, meant a bawd or pimp. = 24:) — *a hilding,*] A hilding is a paltry, cowardly fellow. = 25:) — *he is carried into the leaguer —*] i. e. camp. = 26:) — *if you give him not John Drum's entertainment,*] i. e. treat him very ill; a proverbial expression of doubtful origin. = 27:) — *I would have that drum or another, or hic jacet.*] i. e. Here lies; — the usual beginning of epitaphs. I would (says Parolles) recover either the drum I have lost, or another belonging to the enemy; or die in the attempt. MALONE. = 28:) — *I will presently pen down my dilemmas,*] i. e. he will pen down his plans on the one side, and the probable obstructions he was to meet with, on the other. = 29:) *Par. I love not many words. || Lord. No more than a fish loves water.*] Here we have the origin of this boaster's name; which, without doubt, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) ought, in strict propriety, to be written — *Paroles*. But our author certainly intended it otherwise, having made it a trisyllable: "Rust sword, cool blushes, and Parolles live." He probably did not know the true pronunciation. MALONE. = 30:) — *we have almost emboss'd him,*] To emboss a deer is to inclose him in a wood. = 31:) — *ere we case him.*] That is, before we strip him naked. = 32:) — *we have i'the wind,*] To have one in the wind, is enumerated as a proverbial saying by Ray. = 33:) *But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.*] i. e. by discovering herself to the count. = 34:) *Now his important —*] Important, here, is importunate. = 35:) — *the county wears,*] i. e. the count. =

ACT IV. = 1:) — *some band of strangers i'the adversary's entertainment.*] That is, foreign troops in the enemy's pay. = 2:) — *so we seem to know, is to know, &c.*] We must each fancy a jargon for himself, without aiming to be understood by one another, for provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient for the success of our project. HENLEY. = 3:) — *the instance?*] The proof. = 4:) — *of Bajazet's mule,*] Parolles probably means, he must buy a tongue which has still to learn the use of speech, that he may run himself into no more difficulties by his loquacity. Mr. Malone reads *mute*. = 5:) i. e. the shaving of my beard. = 6:) *What is not holy, that we swear not by,*] The sense is — We never swear by what is not holy, but swear by, or take to witness, the Highest, the Divinity. The tenor of the reasoning contained in the following lines perfectly corresponds with this: If I should swear by Jove's great attributes, that I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths, when you found by experience that I loved you ill, and was endeavouring to gain credit with you in order to seduce you to your ruin? No, surely; but you would conclude that I had no faith either in Jove or his attributes, and that my oaths were mere words of course. For that oath can certainly have no tie upon us, which we swear by him we pro-

fess to love and honour, when at the same time we give the strongest proof of our disbelief in him, by pursuing a course which we know will offend and dishonour him. HEATH. = 7:) *I see, that men make hopes, in such affairs,*] i. e. I perceive that while our lovers are making professions of love, they entertain hopes that we shall be betrayed by our passions to yield to their desires. Mr. Malone reads, "in such a scene." = 8:) — *Since Frenchmen are so braid,*] i. e. *crafty or deceitful.* = 9:) — *in his proper stream o'erflows himself.*] That is, *betrays his own secrets in his own talk.* The reply shows that this is the meaning. JOHNSON. = 10:) *It is not meant damnable in us,*] Adjectives are often used as adverbs by our author and his contemporaries. = 11:) — *his company* —] i. e. *his companion.* = 12:) — *bring forth this counterfeit module;*] *Module* being the pattern of any thing, may be here used in that sense. Bring forth this fellow, who, by counterfeit virtue, pretended to make himself a pattern. JOHNSON. = 13:) — *in usurping his spurs so long.*] These words allude to the ceremonial degradation of a knight. = 14:) — *that had the whole theoric* —] i. e. *theory.* = 15:) — *I can him no thanks for't,*] *To con* thanks exactly answers the French *sçavoir gré.* *To con* is to know. = 16:) — *if I were to live this present hour, &c.*] Perhaps we should read: — *if I were to live but this present hour.* STEEVENS. = 17:) — *off their cassocks,*] *Cassock* signifies a horseman's loose coat, and is used in that sense by the writers of the age of Shakspeare. = 18:) — *my conditions,*] i. e. *my disposition and character.* Mr. Malone reads *condition.* = 19:) — *interrogatories;*] i. e. *interrogatories.* = 20:) — *though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.*] In Lucian's *Contemplantes*, Mercury makes Charon remark a man that was killed by the falling of a tile upon his head, whilst he was in the act of putting off an engagement to the next day. = 21:) *Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;*] The meaning is, "a match well made, is half won; make your match, therefore, but make it well." = 22:) — *an egg out of a cloister;*] *He will steal any thing, however trifling, from any place, however holy.* *Robbing the spital,* is a common phrase, of the like import. = 23:) — *for a quart d'ecu* —] The fourth part of the smaller French crown; about eight-pence of our money. = 24:) *Why does he ask him of me?*] This is nature. Every man is, on such occasions, more willing to hear his neighbour's character than his own. JOHNSON. = 25:) — *to beguile the supposition* —] That is, *to deceive the opinion,* to make the count think me a man that deserves well. = 26:) — *my motive* —] *Motive* for assistant, or rather for mover. = 27:) *When saucy* —] *Saucy* may very properly signify *luxurious*, and by consequence *lascivious.* = 28:) — *death and honesty* —] i. e. *an honest death.* = 29:) — *your impositions,*] i. e. *your commands.* = 30:) *Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;*] Time revives us, seems to refer to the happy and speedy termination of their embarrassments. She had just before said: — "With the word, the time will bring on summer." = 31:) *All's well that ends well;*] *All's well that ends well,* is one of Camden's proverbial sentences. = 32:) — *still the fine's the crown;*] i. e. the end, *finis coronat.* = 33:) — *whose villainous saffron* —] Here some particularities of fashionable dress are ridiculed. *Snipt taffata* needs no explanation; but *villainous saffron* alludes to a fantastic fashion, then much followed, of using *yellow starch* for their bands and ruffs. = 34:) — *to suggest* —] i. e. *seduce.* = 35:) *I am a woodland fellow, sir, &c.*] Shakspeare is but rarely guilty of such impious trash. And it is observable, that then he always puts that into the mouth of his fools, which is now grown the characteristic of the *fine gentleman.* WARBURTON. = 36:) — *unhappy,*] i. e. *mischievously waggish, unlucky.* = 37:) — *carbonadoed* —] i. e. *scotched like a piece of meat for the gridiron.* =

ACT V. = 1:) *Enter a gentle Astringer.*] A gentle *astringer* is a gentleman falconer. The word is derived from *ostercus* or *austercus*, a goshawk; and thus, says Cowell, in his *Law Dictionary*: "We usually call a falconer, who keeps that kind of hawk, an *astringer.*" = 2:) *Our means will make us means.*] Shakspeare delights much in this kind of reduplication, sometimes so as to obscure his meaning. Helena says, *they will follow with such speed as the means which they have will give them ability to exert.* = 3:) — *Lavatch,*] This is an undoubted, and perhaps irremediable, corruption of some French word: or perhaps *la vache.* = 4:) "mood." — MALONE. = 5:) — *allow the wind.*] i. e. stand to the leeward of me. = 6:) — *save your word.*] i. e. you need not ask; — here it is. = 7:) — *you shall eat;*] Parolles has many of the lineaments of Falstaff, and seems to be the character which Shakspeare delighted to draw, a fellow that had more wit than virtue. Though justice required that he should be detected and exposed, yet his *vices sit so fit in him* that he is not at last suffered to starve. JOHNSON. = 8:) — *esteem* —] Meaning that his esteem was lessened in its value by Bertram's misconduct; since a person who was honoured with it could be so ill-treated as Helena had been, and that with impunity. = 9:) — *home.*] That is, *completely, in its full extent.* = 10:) *Of richest eyes;*] Shakspeare means that her beauty had astonished those, who, having seen the greatest number of fair women, might be said to be the *richest* in ideas of beauty. = 11:) — *the first view shall kill* || *All repetition:*] *The first interview shall put an end to all recollection of the past.* Shakspeare is now hastening to the end of the play, finds his matter sufficient to fill up his re-

maining scenes, and therefore, as on such other occasions, contracts his dialogue and precipitates his action. Decency required that Bertram's double crime of cruelty and disobedience, joined likewise with some hypocrisy, should raise more resentment; and that though his mother might easily forgive him, his king should more pertinaciously vindicate his own authority and Helen's merit. Of all this Shakspeare could not be ignorant, but Shakspeare wanted to conclude his play. JOHNSON. = 12:) *I am not a day of season,*] That is, of *uninterrupted rain*; one of those *wet days* that usually happen about the vernal equinox. = 13:) *My high-repented blames,*] *High-repented blames,* are faults repented of to the height, to the utmost. = 14:) *In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,*] Bertram still continues to have too little virtue to deserve Helen. He did not know indeed that it was Helen's ring, but he knew that he had it not from a window. JOHNSON. = 15:) — *noble she was, and thought* || *I stood ingaged;*] *Ingaged*, in the sense of *uningaged*, is a word of exactly the same formation as *inhabitable*, which is used by Shakspeare and the contemporary writers for *uninhabitable.* MALONE. = 16:) *Plutus himself,* || *That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,*] *Plutus*, the grand alchemist, who knows the *tincture* which confers the properties of gold upon base metals, and the *matter* by which gold is multiplied, by which a small quantity of gold is made to communicate its qualities to a large mass of base metal. = 17:) — *Then, if you know* || *That you are well acquainted with yourself,* || *Confess 'twas hers,*] The true meaning of this expression is, *If you know that your faculties are so sound, as that you have the proper consciousness of your own actions,* and are able to recollect and relate what you have done, *tell me, &c.* JOHNSON. = 18:) *My fore-past proofs, &c.*] The proofs which I have already had are sufficient to show that my fears were not vain and irrational. I have rather been hitherto more easy than I ought, and have unreasonably had too little fear. JOHNSON. = 19:) *Who hath, for four or five removes, come short, &c.*] Who hath missed the opportunity of presenting it in person to your majesty either at Marseilles, or on the road from thence to Rousillon, in consequence of having been four or five removes behind you. MALONE. = 20:) *I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll him;*] i. e. I'll buy me a son-in-law as they buy a horse in a fair; *toll* him, i. e. enter him on the *toll* or *toll-book*, to prove I came honestly by him, and ascertain my title to him. Mr. Malone reads the passage thus: "I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this: I'll none of him." = 21:) — *shall cease,*] i. e. *decease, die.* = 22:) — *and rich validity,*] *Validity* means *value.* = 23:) *Methought, you said,*] The poet has here forgot himself, Diana has said no such thing. BLACKSTONE. = 24:) *He's quoted* —] i. e. *noted, or observed.* = 25:) *Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth;*] i. e. *only to speak a truth.* = 26:) — *all impediments in fancy's course, &c.*] *Every thing that obstructs love is an occasion by which love is heightened.* And, to conclude, her solicitation concurring with her fashionable appearance, she got the ring. I am not certain that I have attained the true meaning of the word *modern*, which, perhaps, signifies rather *meanly pretty.* JOHNSON. = 27:) *May justly diet me.*] May justly make me fast, by depriving me (as Desdemona says) of the rites for which I love you. = 28:) — *companion* —] i. e. *fellow.* = 29:) — *But thou art too fine* —] *Too fine*, too full of finesse, too artful. A French expression — *trop fine.* = 30:) — *customer*] i. e. a common woman. = 31:) *He knows himself, &c.*] The dialogue is too long, since the audience already knew the whole transaction; nor is there any reason for puzzling the King and playing with his passions; but it was much easier than to make a pathetic interview between Helen and her husband, her mother, and the king. JOHNSON. = 32:) — *exorcist* —] Shakspeare invariably uses the word *exorcist*, to imply a person who can raise spirits, not in the usual sense of one that can lay them. = 33:) *Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;*] The meaning is: Grant us then your patience: hear us without interruption. And take our parts; that is, support and defend us. =

XII. TAMING OF THE SHREW.

IND. = 1:) *I'll pheeze you,*] *To pheeze* or *fease*, is to separate a twist into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken, like *tease*, or *toze*, for to harass, to plague, or to beat. Perhaps *I'll pheeze you*, may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a phrase vulgarly used by persons of Sly's character on like occasions. = 2:) — *no rogues;*] That is, *vagrants*, no mean fellows, but gentlemen. JOHNSON. = 3:) — *paucas pallabris;*] *Sly*, as an ignorant fellow, is purposely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards say, *po-cas palabras*, i. e. few words; as they do likewise, *Cessa*, i. e. be quiet. = 4:) — *you have burst?*] *To burst* and *to break* were anciently synonymous. *Burst* is still used for *broke* in the North of England. = 5:) — *Go by,* says Jeronimy; — *Go to thy cold bed and warm thee.*] These phrases are allusions to a fustian old play, called Hieronymo, or the Spanish Tragedy, which was the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakspeare's time. Mr. Malone reads "Go by S. Jeronimy." = 6:) — *the thirdborough.*] The office of *thirdborough* is the same with that of *constable*, except in

places where there are both, in which case the former is little more than the constable's assistant. = 7:) *Brach Meriman*, — the poor cur is emboss'd.] The Commentators are not agreed as to the meaning of *brach*; it is a species of hound, but of what kind, uncertain. Mr. Malone thinks that *brach* is a verb; and Sir T. Hanmer reads *leech Merriman*: i. e. apply some remedies to him. *Emboss'd* is a hunting term. When a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *emboss'd*. A dog also when he is strained with hard-running (especially upon hard ground,) will have his knees swelled, and then he is said to be *emboss'd*: from the French word *bosse*, which signifies a tumour. = 8:) *This do, and do it kindly*.] *Kindly* means *naturally*. = 9:) — *modesty*.] By *modesty* is meant *moderation*, without suffering our merriment to break into an excess. = 10:) — *to accept our duty*.] It was in those times the custom of players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses. JOHNSON. = 11:) — *take them to the buttery*.] Mr. Pope had probably these words in his thoughts, when he wrote the following passage of his preface: — "the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage; they were led into the *buttery* by the steward, not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilette." But he seems not to have observed, that the players here introduced are *strollers*: and there is no reason to suppose that our author, Heminge, Burbage, Condelle, &c. who were licensed by King James, were treated in this manner. MALONE. At the period when this comedy was written, and for many years after, the profession of a player was scarcely allowed to be reputable. The imagined dignity of those who did not belong to itinerant companies, is, therefore, unworthy consideration. I can as easily believe that the blundering editors of the first folio were suffered to lean their hands on Queen Elizabeth's chair of state, as that they were admitted to the table of the Earl of Leicester, or the toilette of Lady Hunsdon. Like Stephen in *Every Man in his Humour*, the greatest indulgence our histrionic leaders could have expected, would have been "a trencher and a napkin in the *buttery*." STEEVENS. = 12:) "this seven." MALONE. = 13:) *An onion*.] It is not unlikely that the *onion* was an expedient used by the actors of interludes. = 14:) — *of Burton-heath*; — *Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot*.] I suspect we should read — *Barton-heath*. *Barton* and *Woodmancot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Woncot*, are both of them in Gloucestershire, near the residence of Shakspeare's old enemy, Justice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character. STEEVENS. = 15:) — *I am not bestraught*.] *Bestraught* seems to have been synonymous to *distracted* or *distracted*. = 16:) — *leet*.] At the *court-leet*, or courts of the manor. = 17:) — *Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?*] Thus the old copies; the modern ones read — *It is not a commodity, &c. Commonty* for *comedy*, &c. STEEVENS. In the old play the players themselves use the word *commodity* corruptly for a *comedy*. BLACKSTONE. =

ACT I. = 1:) — *ingenious*.] It was probably written — *ingenuous* studies, but of this and a thousand such observations there is little certainty. In *Cole's Dictionary*, 1677, it is remarked — "*ingenuous* and *ingenious* are too often confounded." = 2:) — *to serve all hopes conceiv'd*.] To fulfil the expectations of his friends. In the preceding line, Mr. Malone reads "Vicentio's son." = 3:) — *Aristotle's checks*.] Tranio is here descanting on academical learning, and mentions by name six of the seven liberal sciences. I suspect this to be a mis-print, made by some copyist or compositor, for *ethics*. The sense confirms it. BLACKSTONE. = 4:) — *to quicken you*.] i. e. *animate*. = 5:) *A pretty peat!*] *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit*, *little*, as if it meant pretty little thing. = 6:) — *so strange?*] That is, so odd, so different from others in your conduct. JOHNSON. = 7:) — *cunning men*.] *Cunning* had not yet lost its original signification of *knowing*, *learned*, as may be observed in the translation of the Bible. JOHNSON. = 8:) — *your gifts*.] *Gifts* for *endowments*. = 9:) — *I will wish him to her father*.] i. e. I will recommend him. = 10:) — *upon advice*.] i. e. on *consideration*, or *reflection*. = 11:) — *Happy man be his dole!*] A proverbial expression. *Dole* is any thing dealt out or distributed, though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. STEEVENS. = 12:) — *is not rated*.] Is not driven out by chiding. = 13:) *Redime*, &c.] Our author had this line from *Lilly*, which I mention, that it might not be brought as an argument for his learning. JOHNSON. = 14:) — *longly*.] i. e. *longingly*. I have met with no example of this adverb. STEEVENS. = 15:) — *daughter of Agenor*.] Europa, for whose sake Jupiter transformed himself into a bull. = 16:) *Basta!*] i. e. 'tis enough; Italian and Spanish. = 17:) — *I have it full*.] i. e. conceive our stratagem in its full extent, I have already planned the whole of it. = 18:) — *port*.] *Port* is figure, show, appearance. = 19:) Mr. Malone reads, "meaner man of Pisa." = 20:) — *good and weighty*.] The division for the second Act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions. Shakspeare seems to have meant the first Act to conclude here, where the speeches of the tinker are introduced; though they have been hitherto thrown to the end of the first Act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation. STEEVENS. = 21:) — *wring it*.] Here seems to be a quibble between *ringing* at a door, and *wringing* a man's ears. STEEVENS. = 22:) — *what he leges in Latin*.] i. e. I suppose, what he *alleges* in Latin. STEEVENS. = 23:) —

— *knock me soundly?*] Shakspeare seems to design a ridicule on this clipped and ungrammatical phraseology; which yet he has introduced in *Othello*: "I pray talk me of Cassio." = 24:) *Where small experience grows. But in a few*.] *In a few*, means the same as *in short*, *in few words*. JOHNSON. = 25:) (*As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance*.)] The *burthen* of a dance is an expression which I have never heard; the *burthen* of his wooing song had been more proper. JOHNSON. = 26:) *Be she as foul as was Florentius' love*.] The allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first Book *De Confessione Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of a knight who had bound himself to marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended. = 27:) — *aglet-baby*.] i. e. a diminutive being, not exceeding in size the tag of a point. An *aglet-baby* was a small image or head cut on the tag of a point, or lace. = 28:) — *shrew'd*.] here means, having the qualities of a *shrew*. The adjective is now used only in the sense of *acute*, *intelligent*. = 29:) — *an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks*.] *Ropery* or *rope-tricks* originally signified abusive language, without any determinate idea; such language as parrots are taught to speak. = 30:) — *stand him*.] i. e. *withstand*, *resist him*. = 31:) — *that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat*.] It may mean, that he shall swell up her eyes with blows, till she shall seem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the light. JOHNSON. = 32:) *Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en*.] *To take order* is *to take measures*. = 33:) *Well seen in music*.] *Seen* is *versed*, *practised*. = 34:) — *at any hand*.] i. e. *at all events*. = 35:) — *with bugs*.] i. e. *with bug bears*. = 36:) Mr. Malone gives this speech to Biondello. = 37:) *Please ye we may contrive this afternoon*.] *Contrive* does not signify here to *project*, but to *spend* and *wear out*; probably from *contero*. = 38:) — *as adversaries do in law*.] By *adversaries in law*, I believe, our author means not *suitors*, but *barristers*, who, however warm in their opposition to each other in the courts of law, live in greater harmony and friendship in private, than perhaps those of any other of the liberal professions. Their clients seldom "eat and drink with their adversaries as friends." MALONE. = 39:) — *Fellows, let's begone*.] *Fellows* means *fellow-servants*. Grumio and Biondello address each other, and also the disguised Lucentio. MALONE. =

ACT II. = 1:) — *hilding*.] The word *hilding* or *hindeling*, is a *low wretch*: it is applied to Katharine for the coarseness of her behaviour. JOHNSON. = 2:) *And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell*.] "To lead apes," was in our author's time, as at present, one of the employments of a bear-herd, who often carries about one of those animals along with his bear: but I know not how this phrase came to be applied to old maids. MALONE. That women who refused to bear children, should, after death, be condemned to the care of apes in leading-strings, might have been considered as an act of posthumous retribution. STEEVENS. = 3:) *Baccare!*] A proverbial word, meaning *stand back*, or *give place*. = 4:) — *this small packet of Greek and Latin books*.] In queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the learned languages, if any pains were bestowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Grey and her sisters, Queen Elizabeth, &c. are trite instances. PERCY. = 5:) — *her frets*.] A fret is that stop of a musical instrument which causes or regulates the vibration of the string. JOHNSON. = 6:) *And — twangling Jack*.] *To twangle* is a provincial expression, and signifies to flourish capriciously on an instrument, as performers often do after having tuned it, previous to their beginning a regular composition. = 7:) *A joint-stool*.] This is a proverbial expression; "Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd stool." See Ray's *Collection*. = 8:) — *a craven*.] A *craven* is a degenerate, dispirited cock. *Craven* was a term also applied to those who in appeals of battle became recreant, and by pronouncing this word, called for quarter from their opponents; the consequence of which was they were for ever after deemed infamous. = 9:) "a wild Kate to a Kate." — MALONE. = 10:) *She vied so fast*.] *Vye* and *revye* were terms at cards, now superseded by the more modern word, *brag*. = 11:) — *'tis a world to see*.] i. e. it is wonderful to see. This expression is often met with in old historians as well as dramatic writers. = 12:) *A meacock wretch*.] i. e. a timorous, dastardly creature. = 13:) — *counterpoints*.] These coverings for beds are at present called *counterpanes*; but either mode of spelling is proper. *Counterpoint* is the monkish term for a particular species of music, in which, notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are set in opposition to each other. In like manner *counterpanes* were anciently composed of patch-work, and so contrived that every *pane* or partition in them, was contrasted with one of a different colour, though of the same dimensions. STEEVENS. = 14:) — *two galliasses*.] A *galeas* or *galliass*, is a heavy low-built vessel of burthen, with both sails and oars, partaking at once of the nature of a ship and a galley. STEEVENS. = 15:) — *out-vied*.] This is a term at the old game of *gleek*. When one man was *vied* upon another, he was said to be *out-vied*. = 16:) *Sirrah, young gamester*.] *Gamester*, in the present instance, has no reference to gaming, and only signifies — a wag, a frolicsome character. = 17:) *Yet I have faced it with a card of ten*.] That is, with the highest card, in the old simple games of our ancestors. =

ACT III. = 1:) — *no breeching scholar* —] i. e. no school-boy liable to corporal correction. = 2:) — *pantaloon*.] The old cully in Italian farces. = 3:) *Pedascule*.] *Pedascule*, from *pedant*. = 4:) — *but I be deceiv'd*.] *But*, i. e. *unless*. = 5:) — *full of spleen*.] that is, full of *humour*, *caprice*, and *inconstancy*. JOHNSON. = 6:) Mr. Malone reads, “invite them, and,” &c. = 7:) “vex a very saint,” — MALONE. = 8:) — *two broken points*.] i. e. two broken tags to the laces. = 9:) — *infected with the fashions*, — *past cure of the fives*.] *Fashions*. So called in the West of England, but by the best writers on farriery, *farces* or *farcy*. *Fives*. So called in the West: *vives* elsewhere, and *avives* by the French; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles. GREY. = 10:) — *ne'er-legged before*.] i. e. founder'd in his fore-feet. = 11:) — *crupper of velure*.] *Velure* is *velvet*. *Velours*, Fr. = 12:) — *stock* —] i. e. *stocking*. = 13:) — *an old hat*, and The humour of forty fancies *pricked in't for a feather*.] This was some ballad or drollery at that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's hat for a feather. His speakers are perpetually quoting scraps and stanzas of old ballads, and often very obscurely; for, so well are they adapted to the occasion, that they seem of a piece with the rest. WARBURTON. = 14:) — *to digress*.] To deviate from my promise. = 15:) — *Quaff'd off the muscadell*.] The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding, to be drank by the bride and bridegroom, and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony; and, as appears from this passage, not abolished in our author's age. = 16:) *And kiss'd her lips* —] This also is a very ancient custom, as appears from the following rubric: “Surgant ambo, sponsus et sponsa, et accipiat sponsus pacem a sacerdote, et ferat sponsæ, osculans eam, et neminem alium, nec ipse, nec ipsa.” *Manuale Sacrum*, Paris, 1533, 4to. fol. 69. = 17:) “And I, seeing this,” &c. — MALONE. = 18:) “my horse.” — MALONE. =

ACT IV. = 1:) — *man so rayed?*] i. e. *bewrayed*, made dirty. = 2:) — *Jack boy! ho boy!*] is the beginning of an old round in three parts. = 3:) — *Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without*.] i. e. Are the drinking vessels clean, and the maid servants dressed? Probably the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which signify *two drinking measures*, as well as *men* and *maid servants*. = 4:) — *the carpets laid*.] In our author's time it was customary to cover tables with carpets. Floors, as appears from the present passage and others, were strewed with rushes. = 5:) — *be-moiled*.] i. e. *be-draggled*; *bemired*. = 6:) — *was burst*.] i. e. *broken*. = 7:) — *he is more shrew than she*.] The term *shrew* was anciently applicable to either sex. = 8:) — *their blue coats brushed*.] The dress of servants at the time. = 9:) — *garters of an indifferent knit*.] Perhaps by “garters of an indifferent knit,” the author meant *parti-colour'd garters*; garters of a different knit. In Shakspeare's time *indifferent* was sometimes used for *different*. = 10:) — *no link to colour Peter's hat*.] A link is a torch of pitch. = 11:) *Where, &c.*] A scrap of some old ballad. Ancient Pistol elsewhere quotes the same line. In an old black letter book intitled, *A gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions*, London, 1578, 4to. is a song to the tune of *Where is the life that late I led*. = 12:) *Soud, soud, &c.*] This, I believe, is a word coined by our poet, to express the noise made by a person heated and fatigued. MALONE. = 13:) *It was the friar of orders grey*.] Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, Dr. Percy has selected some of them, and connected them together with a few supplemental stanzas; a work, which at once demonstrates his own poetical abilities, as well as his respect to the truly venerable remains of our most ancient bards. STEEVENS. = 14:) *Come, Kate, and wash*.] It was the custom in our author's time, (and long before,) to wash the hands immediately before dinner and supper, as well as afterwards. As our ancestors eat with their fingers, which might not be over-clean before meals, and after them must be greasy, we cannot wonder at such repeated ablutions. STEEVENS. = 15:) — *full-gorg'd, &c.*] A hawk too much fed was never tractable. The *lure* was only a thing stuffed like that kind of bird which the hawk was designed to pursue. The use of the *lure* was to tempt him back after he had flown. = 16:) — *to man my haggard*.] A *haggard* is a *wild-hawk*; to *man* a hawk is to *tame* her. = 17:) *That bate*.] To *bate* is to *flutter* as a hawk does when it swoops upon its prey. = 18:) — *amid this hurly, I intend*.] *Intend* is sometimes used by our author for *pretend*. = 19:) — “that mistress Bianca” — MALONE. = 20:) — *cullion*.] A term of degradation, with no very decided meaning: a despicable fellow, a fool, &c. = 21:) *An ancient angel* —] For *angel* Mr. Theobald, and after him Sir T. Haumer and Dr. Warburton, read *engle*, or a *gull*, but *angel* may mean *messenger*. = 22:) *Master, a mercatanté* —] The old editions read *marcantant*. The Italian word *mercantanté* is frequently used in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no scruple of placing it here. STEEVENS. = 23:) *To pass assurance* —] *To pass assurance* means to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called, “The common assurances of the realm,” because thereby each man's property is *assured* to him. = 24:) *Go with me, &c.*] There is an old comedy called *Supposes*, translated from Ariosto, by George Gascoigne. Thence

Shakspeare borrowed this part of the plot, (as well as some of the phrasology,) though Theobald pronounces it his own invention. There, likewise, he found the names of Petruchio and Licio. My young master and his man exchange habits, and persuade a *Scenæse*, as he is called, to personate the father, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from *Sienna* to *Ferrara*, contrary to the order of the government. = 25:) — *What, sweeting, all amot?*] This gallicism is common to many of the old plays. That is, all sunk and dispirited. = 26:) *And all my pains is sorted to no proof*.] And all my labour has ended in nothing, or proved nothing. = 27:) — *with his ruffling treasure*.] i. e. *rustling*. = 28:) *Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments*.] In our poet's time, women's gowns were usually made by men. = 29:) *A custard-collin*.] A *collin* was the ancient culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard. = 30:) — *censer* —] We learn from an ancient print, that these *censers* resembled in shape our modern *brasiers*. They had pierced convex covers, and stood on feet. They not only served to sweeten a barber's shop, but to keep his water warm, and dry his cloths on. = 31:) — *thou thread*, || *Thou thimble*.] The tailor's trade, having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged English, liable to sarcasms and contempt. JOHNSON. = 32:) — *be-mete* —] i. e. *be-measure* thee. = 33:) — *faced many things*.] i. e. turned up many gowns, &c. with *facings*, &c. = 34:) — *braved many men*.] i. e. made many men *fine*. *Bravery* was the ancient term for elegance of dress. = 35:) — *a small compassed cape*.] A *compassed cape* is a round cape. To *compass* is to *come round*. JOHNSON. = 36:) — *thy mete-yard*.] i. e. *thy measuring yard*. = 37:) — *but I be deceived*.] *But*, i. e. *unless*. = 38:) “ready and willing.” — MALONE. = 39:) *For curious I cannot be with you*.] *Curious* is *scrupulous*. = 40:) *And pass my daughter a sufficient dower*.] To *pass* is, in this place, synonymous to *assure* or *convey*; as it sometimes occurs in the covenant of a purchase deed, that the granter has power to bargain, sell, &c. “and thereby to *pass* and *convey*” the premises to the grantee. = 41:) “fully made,” — MALONE. = 42:) *We be affied*.] i. e. *betrothed*. = 43:) *And, happily, Happily*, in Shakspeare's time, signified *accidentally*, as well as *fortunately*. = 44:) — *or moral* —] i. e. the *secret purpose*. = 45:) Mr. Malone reads “expect;” i. e. wait the event. = 46:) — *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*.] It is scarce necessary to observe, that these are the words which commonly were put on books where an exclusive right had been granted to particular persons for printing them. REED. = 47:) — *to the church*.] i. e. go to the church, &c. = 48:) “I know it is the moon.” — MALONE. = 49:) *That every thing I look on seemeth green*.] Shakspeare's observations on the phenomena of nature are very accurate. When one has sat long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with *green*. The reason is assigned by many of the writers on optics. BLACKSTONE. =

ACT V. = 1:) — *a copatain hat*] is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, anciently worn by well-dressed men. JOHNSON. = 2:) — *coney-catched* —] i. e. deceived, cheated. = 3:) *While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne*.] To *blear the eye* was an ancient phrase signifying to *deceive*. = 4:) *Here's packing*.] i. e. plotting, underhand contrivance. = 5:) *My cake is dough*.] A phrase generally used when any project miscarried, or rather when any disappointment was sustained, contrary to every appearance or expectation. = 6:) *My banquet* —] A *banquet*, or (as it is called in some of our old books,) an *afterpast*, was a slight refection, like our modern desert, consisting of cakes, sweetmeats, and fruit. = 7:) — *fears his widow*.] To *fear*, as has been already observed, meant in our author's time both to dread, and to intimidate. The widow understands the word in the latter sense; and Petruchio tells her, he used it in the former. MALONE. = 8:) “You are very sensible,” &c. MALONE. = 9:) — *that gird*.] A *gird* is a *sarcasm*, a *gibe*. = 10:) Mr. Malone omits the word *come*. = 11:) “As frosts do bite,” &c. MALONE. = 12:) — *our soft conditions*.] The gentle qualities of our minds. = 13:) “we indeed least are.” MALONE. = 14:) *Then vail your stomachs*.] i. e. abate your pride, your spirit. = 15:) — *you two are sped*.] i. e. the fate of you both is decided; for you have wives to exhibit early proofs of disobedience. = 16:) — *though you hit the white*.] To *hit the white* is a phrase borrowed from archery: the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name, *Bianca*, or *white*. =

XIII. WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. = 1:) — *our entertainment, &c.*] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us. JOHNSON. = 2:) — *royalty at-tornied*.] Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, &c. JOHNSON. = 3:) — *shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds*.] Shakspeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood-cut in Holinshed, while writing the incantation of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*. There is also an allusion to a print of

one of the Henries holding a sword adorned with crowns. In this passage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship over a wide waste of country. HENLEY. = 4:) — physics the subject.] Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery. JOHNSON. = 5:) — That may blow || No sneaping winds —] i. e. Oh! that. Sneaping, nipping winds. = 6:) This is put forth too truly!] i. e. to make me say, I had too good reason for my fears. = 7:) — this satisfaction —] We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia. JOHNSON. = 8:) — behind the gest —] Gest signifies a stage, or journey. In the time of royal progresses the king's stages, as we may see by the journals of them in the herald's office, were called his *gests*; from the old French word *giste*, *diversorium*. = 9:) — yet, good-deed,] signifies, indeed, in very deed. = 10:) — a jar o' the clock —] A jar is, I believe, a single repetition of the noise made by the pendulum of a clock: what children call the *ticking* of it. STEEVENS. = 11:) "no, nor 'dream'd" — Mr. Malone omits *no*. = 12:) — the imposition clear'd, || Hereditary ours.] i. e. setting aside original sin; bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to Heaven. WARBURTON. = 13:) Grace to boot!] Grace, or Heaven help me! = 14:) And clap thyself my love;] She opened her hand, to clap the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phrase — to clap up a bargain, i. e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands. = 15:) The mort o' the deer;] A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer = 16:) I' fecks?] A supposed corruption of — in faith. Our present vulgar pronounce it — *segs*. = 17:) Why, that's my bawcock.] Perhaps from *beau* and *coq*. It is still said in vulgar language that such a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game*. = 18:) — Still virginalling —] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the virginals. A virginal is a very small kind of spinnet. Queen Elizabeth's virginal-book is yet in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsichord. STEEVENS. = 19:) Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,] I have lately learned that *pash* in Scotland signifies a head. The meaning, therefore, I suppose, is this: You tell me, (says Leontes to his son,) that you are like me; that you are my calf. I am the horned bull: thou wantest the rough head and the horns of that animal, completely to resemble your father. MALONE. = 20:) As o'er-died blacks,] Sir T. Hanmer understands blacks died too much, and therefore rotten. JOHNSON. = 21:) No bouru —] Bourn is boundary. = 22:) — welkin eye:] Blue eye; an eye of the same colour with the welkin, or sky. = 23:) — my collop!] So, in *The First Part of King Henry VI.* "God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh." = 24:) Affection! thy intention stabs the center:] Affection means here imagination, or perhaps more accurately "the disposition of the mind when strongly affected or possessed by a particular idea." = 25:) — credent,] i. e. credible. = 26:) This squash,] A squash is a pea-pod, in that state when the young peas begin to swell in it. = 27:) Will you take eggs for money?] The meaning of this is, will you put up affronts? The French have a proverbial saying, *A qui vendez-vous coquilles?* i. e. whom do you design to affront? Mamillius's answer plainly proves it. Mam. No, my Lord, I'll fight. SMITH. = 28:) — happy man be his dole!] May his dole or share in life be to be a happy man. The expression is proverbial. Dole was the term for the allowance of provision given to the poor, in great families. The alms immemorably given to the poor by the Archbishops of Canterbury, is still called the *dole*. See *The History of Lambeth Palace*, p. 31, in *Bibl. Top. Brit.* NICHOLS. = 29:) Apparent —] that is, heir apparent, or the next claimant. = 30:) — the neb,] The word is commonly pronounced and written *nib*. It signifies here the mouth. = 31:) To her allowing husband!] Allowing in old language is approving. MALONE. = 32:) — a fork'd one.] That is, a horned one; a cuckold. = 33:) — it still came home.] This is a seafaring expression, meaning, the anchor would not take hold. = 34:) — made || His business more material.] i. e. the more you requested him to stay, the more urgent he represented that business to be which summoned him away. = 35:) — whispering, rounding,] To round in the ear is to whisper, or to tell secretly. = 36:) — gust it —] i. e. taste it. STEEVENS. = 37:) — lower messes,] Lower messes is perhaps used as an expression to signify the lowest degree about the court. = 38:) — hoxes honesty behind,] To hox, is to ham-string. The proper word is, to hough, i. e. to cut the hough, or ham-string. = 39:) Whereof the execution did cry out || Against the non-performance,] This is one of the expressions by which Shakespeare too frequently clouds his meaning. This sounding phrase means, I think, no more than a thing necessary to be done. JOHNSON. = 40:) — the pin and web,] Disorders in the eye. = 41:) — like her medal,] i. e. her portrait. Mr. Malone reads, "his medal." = 42:) Make't thy question, and go rot! &c.] This refers to what Camillo has just said, relative to the queen's chastity. = 43:) Could man so blench;] To blench is to start off, to shrink. = 44:) In whose success we are gentle —] Success here means succession. Gentle is evidently opposed to simple; alluding to the distinction between the gentry and yeomanry. = 45:) I am appointed Him to murder you.] i. e. I am the person appointed by him to murder you. = 46:) To vice —] i. e. to draw, persuade you; probably for *advise*. = 47:) i. e. Judas. = 48:) — whose

foundation || Is pil'd upon his faith,] This folly which is erected on the foundation of settled belief. =

ACT II. = 1:) "my lord?" MALONE. = 2:) "sir." — Mr. Malone reads, "good sir." = 3:) In my just censure? in my true opinion?] Censure, in the time of our author, was generally used (as in this instance) for judgment, opinion. = 4:) Alack, for lesser knowledge!] That is, O that my knowledge were less. = 5:) A spider steep'd —] Spiders were esteemed venomous. = 6:) — hefts:] Hefts are heavings, what is heaved up. = 7:) He has discover'd my design, and I || Remain a pinch'd thing:] The sense, I think, is, He hath now discovered my design, and I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing pinched out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please. HEATH. = 8:) — will sear —] i. e. will stigmatize or brand as infamous. = 9:) A federary —] i. e. confederate. = 10:) But with her most vile principal,] One that knows what we should be ashamed of, even if the knowledge of it rested only in her own breast and that of her paramour, without the participation of any confidant. — But, which is here used for only, renders this passage somewhat obscure. = 11:) "bold'st titles;" — MALONE. = 12:) He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty, || But that he speaks.] Far off guilty, signifies, guilty in a remote degree. But that he speaks — means, in merely speaking. = 13:) — I'll keep my stables where || I lodge my wife;] If Hermione prove unfaithful, I'll never trust my wife out of my sight; I'll always go in couples with her; and, in that respect, my house shall resemble a stable, where dogs are kept in pairs. = 14:) "Then when," &c. MALONE. = 15:) — putter-on,] i. e. one who instigates. = 16:) — land-damu him:] Mr. Steevens, after giving various opinions on this expression, says, After all these awkward struggles to obtain a meaning, we might, I think, not unsafely read — "I'd laudanum him," i. e. poison him with laudanum. = 17:) — I see't, and feel't, || As you feel doing thus; and see withal || The instruments that feel.] Some stage direction seems necessary in this place; but what that direction should be, it is not easy to decide. Sir T. Hanmer gives — *Laying hold of his arm: Dr. Johnson — striking his brows.* Mr. Henley thinks that *Leontes*, perhaps, touches the forehead of *Antigonus* with his fore and middle fingers forked in imitation of a SNAIL'S HORNS; for these, or imaginary horns of his own like them, are the instruments that feel, to which he alluded. Mr. Malone reads "but I do see't," &c. = 18:) "Relish a truth," — MALONE. = 19:) — nought for approbation,] Approbation is put for proof. = 20:) — stuff'd sufficiency:] i. e. of abilities more than enough. = 21:) These dangerous unsafe lunes o' the king!] I have no where, but in our author, observed this word adopted in our tongue, to signify frenzy, lunacy. But it is a mode of expression with the French — *Il y a de la lune*: (i. e. he has got the moon in his head; he is frantic.) Cotgrave. "*Lune, folie. Les femmes ont des lunes dans la tête. Richelet.*" THEOBALD. = 22:) — Leave me solely:] That is, leave me alone. = 23:) "who professes," — MALONE. = 24:) — in comforting your evils,] Comforting is here used in the legal sense of comforting and abetting in a criminal action. = 25:) — the worst about you.] Were I the weakest of your servants, I would yet claim the combat against any accuser. = 26:) A mankind witch!] i. e. masculine. = 27:) — thou art woman-tir'd,] Woman-tir'd, is peck'd by a woman; hen-pecked. = 28:) — thy crone.] i. e. thy old worn-out woman. A croan is an old toothless sheep: thence an old woman. = 29:) Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou || Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness —] Leontes had ordered Antigonus to take up the bastard; Paulina forbids him to touch the princess under that appellation. Forced is false, uttered with violence to truth. JOHNSON. = 30:) No yellow in't;] Yellow is the colour of jealousy. = 31:) And, lozel,] A term of contempt, meaning worthless, dishonest. = 32:) — Swear by this sword,] It was anciently the custom to swear by the cross on the handle of a sword. = 33:) — commend it strangely to some place,] Commit it to some place, as a stranger, without more provision. =

ACT III. = 1:) The time is worth the use on't.] The time is worth the use on't, means, the time which we have spent in visiting Delos, has recompensed us for the trouble of so spending it. = 2:) Even to the guilt, or the purgation.] The word *even* is not to be understood here as an adverb, but as an adjective, signifying equal or indifferent. = 3:) — pretence —] is, in this place, taken for a scheme laid, a design formed. = 4:) — mine integrity, &c.] that is, my virtue being accounted wickedness, my assertion of it will pass but for a lie. Falsehood means both treachery and lie. JOHNSON. = 5:) — For life, I prize it —] Life is now to me only grief, and as such only is considered by me: I would therefore willingly dismiss it. JOHNSON. = 6:) 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,] This sentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Ecclesiasticus*, iii. 11, cannot be too often impressed on the female mind: "The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and a mother in dishonour is a reproach unto her children." STEEVENS. = 7:) I ne'er heard yet, || That any of these bolder vices wanted || Less impudence to gainsay what they did, || Than to perform it first.] It is apparent that according to the proper, or at least, according to the present, use of words, less should be more,

or wanted should be had. But Shakspeare is very uncertain in his use of negatives. It may be necessary once to observe, that in our language, two negatives did not originally affirm, but strengthen the negation. This mode of speech was in time changed, but, as the change was made in opposition to long custom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confusion. JOHNSON. = 8:) *My life stands in the level* — To be in the level is, to be within the reach. = 9:) (Those of your fact are so,) i. e. guilt. = 10:) "For as" — Mr. Malone adds these words to the preceding line. = 11:) *Starr'd most unluckily*, i. e. born under an inauspicious planet. = 12:) — strength of limit.] *Strength to pass the limits* of the child-bed chamber. = 13:) *The flatness of my misery*; that is, how low, how flat I am laid by my calamity. JOHNSON. = 14:) *Of the queen's speed*,] Of the event of the queen's trial: so we still say, he sped well or ill. JOHNSON. = 15:) "to the hazard" — MALONE. = 16:) — commended,] i. e. committed. = 17:) *Does my deeds make the blacker!*] This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt. JOHNSON. = 18:) *Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour*,] How should Paulina know this? No one had charged the king with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten this. = 19:) — *though a devil*] *Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't*:] i. e. a devil would have shed tears of pity o'er the damned, ere he would have committed such an action. = 20:) *I am sorry for't*:] This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds. = 21:) *Thou art perfect then*,] *Perfect* is often used for certain, well assured, or well informed, by almost all our ancient writers. = 22:) — *thy character*:] *thy description*; i. e. the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita. = 23:) — *A boy, or a child*,] I am told, that in some of our inland counties, a female infant, in contradistinction to a male one, is still termed, among the peasantry — *a child*. STEEVENS. = 24:) — *flap-dragon'd it*:] i. e. swallowed it, as our ancient toppers swallowed *flap-dragons*. = 25:) — *a bearing-cloth* —] *A bearing-cloth* is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. PERCY. = 26:) — *some changeling*:] i. e. some child left behind by the fairies in the room of one which they had stolen. = 27:) *You're a made old man*;] i. e. your fortune's made. = 28:) — *the next way*,] i. e. the nearest way. = 29:) — *never curst*,] *Curst*, signifies *mischievous*. =

ACT IV. = 1:) — *and leave the growth untried*] Of that wide gap;] Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is somewhat irregular; but he means, the growth, or progression of the time which filled up the gap of the story between Perdita's birth and her sixteenth year. To leave this growth untried, is, to leave the passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined. *Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON. = 2:) *Is the argument of time*:] *Argument* is the same with *subject*. = 3:) — *Of this allow*,] To allow in our author's time signified to approve. = 4:) *It is fifteen years*,] We should read — *sixteen*, according to several preceding passages. = 5:) — *and my profit therein, the heaping friendships*,] *Friendships* is, I believe, here used, with sufficient licence merely for friendly offices. MALONE. = 6:) — *missingly*,] *Missingly*, i. e. at intervals, not constantly. = 7:) — *some question* —] i. e. some talk. = 8:) *When daffodils begin to peer*, — And *Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way*,] "Two nonsensical songs, by the rogue Autolycus," says Dr. Burney: who subsequently observes, that "This Autolycus is the true ancient Minstrel, as described in the old Fabliaux." I believe, that many of our readers will push the comparison a little further, and concur with me in thinking that our modern minstrels of the opera, like their predecessor Autolycus, are pickpockets as well as singers of nonsensical ballads. STEEVENS. = 9:) *For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale*,] The meaning is, the red, the spring blood now reigns o'er the parts lately under the dominion of winter. The *English pale*, the *Irish pale*, were frequent expressions in Shakspeare's time; and the words *red* and *pale* were chosen for the sake of the antithesis. FARMER. = 10:) — *pugging tooth* —] perhaps *progging*, i. e. thievish. = 11:) — *my aunts*,] *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a bawd. = 12:) — *wore three-pile*;] i. e. rich velvet. = 13:) — *With die, and drab*,] i. e. with gaming and whoring. = 14:) — *the silly cheat*:] Cant term for picking pockets. = 15:) — *tods* —] "Every eleven wether tods; i. e. will produce a tod or twenty-eight pounds of wool: every tod yields a pound and some odd shillings; what then will the wool of fifteen hundred yield?" Mr. Malone considers *tods* as a verb. = 16:) — *three-man song-men all*,] i. e. singers of catches in three parts. = 17:) — *means* —] *Means* are tenors. = 18:) — *warden pies*;] *Wardens* are a species of large pears. = 19:) — *with trol-my dames*:] *Trou-madame*, French. The old English title of this game was *pigeon-holes*; as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, resemble the cavities made for pigeons in a dove house. = 20:) — *motion of the prodigal son*,] i. e. the puppet-show, then called *motions*. A term frequently occurring in our author. = 21:) — *Prig, for my life, prig*:] To prig is to filch. = 22:) — *hent*

the stile-a:] To hent the stile, is to take hold of it. = 23:) — *your extremes*,] That is, the extravagance of his conduct, in obscuring himself "in a swain's wearing," while he "pranked her up most goddess-like." = 24:) *The gracious mark* —] The object of all men's notice. = 25:) — *prank'd up*:] To prank is to dress with ostentation. = 26:) To me, the difference —] i. e. between his rank and hers. = 27:) — *his work, so noble*,] *Filely bound up?*] It is impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The authorship of Shakspeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which, rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor. JOHNSON. = 28:) "O but, sir," — MALONE. = 29:) *For I have* —] *For*, in this place, signifies — *because that*. = 30:) — *dibble* —] An instrument used by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. = 31:) — *violets, dim*,] *But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes*,] I suspect that our author mistakes Juno for Pallas, who was the goddess of blue eyes. Sweeter than an eye-lid is an odd image, but perhaps he uses *sweet* in the general sense for *delightful*. JOHNSON. = 32:) — *Each your doing, &c.*] That is, your manner in each act crowns the act. = 33:) — *we stand, &c.*] That is, we are now on our behaviour. = 34:) — *a worthy feeding*:] I conceive feeding to be a pasture, and a worthy feeding to be a tract of pasturage not inconsiderable, not unworthy of my daughter's fortune. JOHNSON. = 35:) *He looks like sooth*:] *Sooth* is truth. Obsolete. = 36:) — *fadings*:] An Irish dance of this name is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in *The Irish Masque at Court*. It is called *Rince fada*, and is still practised in some parts of Ireland: but here *fading* means the burthen of a song. = 37:) — *unbraided wares?*] By *unbraided wares*, the clown means, has he any thing besides laces which are braided, and are the principal commodity sold by ballad-singing pedlers? = 38:) — *caddisses*,] *Caddis* is, I believe, a narrow worsted galloon. I remember when very young to have heard it enumerated by a pedler among the articles of his pack. There is a very narrow slight serge of this name, now made in France. *Inkle* is a kind of tape also. MALONE. = 39:) — *the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't*,] Perhaps the sleeves and bosom part of a shift. = 40:) — *kiln-hole*,] *Kiln-hole* is the place into which coals are put under a stove, a copper, or a kiln in which lime, &c. are to be dried or burned. To watch the *kiln-hole*, or *stoking-hole*, is part of the office of female servants in farm-houses. = 41:) — *Clamour your tongues*,] Perhaps the meaning is, give one grand peal, and then have done. "A good clam" (as I learn from Mr. Nichols,) in some villages is used in this sense, signifying a grand peal of all the bells at once. MALONE. = 42:) — *you promised me a tawdry lace*,] *Tawdries* were a kind of necklaces worn by country wenches. = 43:) — *sad* —] For *serious*. = 44:) *That doth utter* —] To utter; to vend by retail. = 45:) — *all men of hair*;] *Men of hair*, are hairy men, or satyrs. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. = 46:) — *they call themselves saltiers*:] He means satyrs. = 47:) — *gallimaufry* —] A confused heap of things together. = 48:) — *by the squire*,] i. e. by the foot rule. *Esquierre*, Fr. = 49:) *Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter*,] This is an answer to something which the shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance. = 50:) — *straited* —] i. e. put to difficulties. = 51:) — *or the fann'd snow*,] *That's bolted, &c.*] The fine sieve used by millers to separate flower from bran is called a *bolting* cloth. = 52:) — *dispute his own estate?*] Perhaps for *dispute* we might read *compute*: but *dispute his estate* may be the same with *talk over his affairs*. JOHNSON. = 53:) Mr. Malone reads, "shalt never see." = 54:) *I was not much afeard*: &c.] The character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education. WARBURTON. = 55:) — *and by my fancy*:] It must be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love*. = 56:) *Your discontenting father strive to qualify*,] *Discontenting* is in our author's language the same as *discontented*. = 57:) *But as the unthought-on accident is guilty*] *To what we wildly do*;] *Guilty* to, though it sounds harsh to our ears, was the phraseology of the time, or at least of Shakspeare; and this is one of those passages that should caution us not to disturb his text merely because the language appears different from that now in use. MALONE. = 58:) *But not take in the mind*,] To take in anciently meant to conquer, to get the better of. = 59:) "She is i'the rear our birth," MALONE. = 60:) — *pomander*,] A pomander was a little ball made of perfumes and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. = 61:) — *boot*,] that is, something over and above; or, as we now say, something to boot. = 62:) — *is half flayed already*,] i. e. half stripped already. = 63:) — *what have we twain forgot?*] This is one of our author's dramatic expedients to introduce a conversation apart, account for a sudden exit, &c. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Dr. Caius suddenly exclaims — "Qu'ay-j'oublié?" — and Mrs. Quickly — "Out upon't! what have I forgot?" STEEVENS. = 64:) "If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't." MALONE. = 65:) — *of what having*,] i. e. estate, property. = 66:) — *therefore they do not give us the lie*,] The meaning is, they are paid for lying, therefore they do not give us the lie, they sell it us. = 67:) — *with the manner*,]

In the fact. = 68:) — *insinuate*, or *toze* —] To *insinuate*, and to *teaze*, or *toaze*, are opposite. The former signifies to introduce itself obliquely into a thing, and the latter to get something out that was knotted up in it. = 69:) — *the hottest day prognostication proclaims*,] that is, *the hottest day foretold in the almanac*. = 70:) — *being something gently considered*,] Means, *I having a gentlemanlike consideration given me*, i. e. a bribe, will bring you, &c. =

ACT V. = 1:) Or, from the all that are, took something good,] This is a favourite thought; it is bestowed on Miranda and Rosalind. JOHNSON. = 2:) — *incense me* —] i. e. *instigate me*, set me on. = 3:) *Shou'd rift* —] i. e. *split*. = 4:) “Stars, stars,” — MALONE. = 5:) *Alfront his eye*,] To *af-front*, is to *meet*. = 6:) *Is colder than that theme*,] i. e. than the lifeless body of Hermione, the *theme* or *subject* of your writing. — MALONE. = 7:) “Once more to look on him,” MALONE. = 8:) — *that a king, at friend*,] At friend, perhaps means, at friendship. = 9:) — *in question*,] i. e. *conversation*. = 10:) *The odds for high and low's alike*,] A quibble upon the false dice so called. = 11:) *Remember since you ow'd no more to time*, &c.,] Recollect the period when you were of my age. = 12:) — *if the importance were joy, or sorrow*,] Importance here means, the thing imported. = 13:) — *the affection of nobleness*,] Affection here perhaps means *disposition* or *quality*. = 14:) — *favour*,] i. e. *countenance*, *features*. = 15:) — *with clipping her*,] i. e. *embracing her*. = 16:) — *most marble there*,] i. e. those who had the hardest hearts. = 17:) *Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access?*] It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shown again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and, after the examination of the old shepherd, the young lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators. JOHNSON. = 18:) — *franklins say it*,] Franklin is a *freholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a villain, but not a gentleman. = 19:) — *wrought* —] i. e. *worked*, *agitated*. = 20:) *The fixure of her eye has motion in't*,] The meaning is, though the eye be fixed, [as the eye of a statue always is,] yet it seems to have motion in it: that tremulous motion, which is perceptible in the eye of a living person, how much soever one endeavour to fix it. = 21:) *As we are mock'd with art*,] *As*, is used by our author here as in some other places, for “as if.” *With* has the force of *by*. = 22:) *You precious winners all*,] You who by this discovery have gained what you desired, may join in festivity, in which I, who have lost what never can be recovered, can have no part. = 23:) — *your exultation* || *Partake to every one*,] *Partake* here means *participate*. =

XIV. COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I. = 1:) “Syracusians,” uniformly in Mr. Malone's edit. = 2:) *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence*,] All his hearers understood that the punishment he was about to undergo was in consequence of no private crime, but of the public enmity between two states, to one of which he belonged: but it was a general superstition among the ancients, that every great and sudden misfortune was the vengeance of heaven pursuing men for their secret offences. Hence the sentiment put into the mouth of the speaker was proper. By my past life (says he,) which I am going to relate, the world may understand, that my present death is according to the ordinary course of Providence, [wrought by nature,] and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes. [not by vile offence.] WARBURTON. The real meaning of this passage is much less abstruse than that which Warburton attributes to it. By *nature* is meant *natural affection*. *Ægeon* came to *Ephesus* in search of his son and tells his story, in order to show that his death was in consequence of natural affection for his child, not of any criminal intention. M. MASON. = 3:) “And the great care of goods at random left” — MALONE. = 4:) “wished light,” — MALONE. Next line, “discover'd.” We have not thought it always necessary to notice these trifling variations. Many of them seem accidental, and are not to be found in Mr. Malone's first edition. = 5:) *My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care*,] Shakspeare has here been guilty of a little forgetfulness. *Ægeon* had said, page 282, that the *youngest son* was that which his wife had taken care of: — “My wife, more careful for the *latter-born*,” || “Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast.” He himself did the same by the other; and then each fixing their eyes on whom their care was fixed, fastened themselves at either end of the mast. M. MASON. = 6:) “so his case was like,” — MALONE. = 7:) “farthest” — MALONE. = 8:) *Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia*,] In the northern parts of England this word is still used instead of *quite*, *fully*, *perfectly*, *completely*. = 9:) “if no,” — MALONE. = 10:) — *wend*,] i. e. *go*. An obsolete word. = 11:) *A trusty villain*,] i. e. *servant*. = 12:) — *confounds himself*,] i. e. *destroys himself*. MALONE. = 13:) — *I shall be post indeed*,] || *For she will score your fault upon my pate*,] Perhaps, before writing was a general accomplishment, a kind of rough reckoning, concerning wares issued out of a shop, was kept by chalk or notches on a post, till it could be entered on the books of a trader. = 14:) —

bestow'd —] i. e. *stowed* or *lodged* it. = 15:) — *that merry sounce of yours*,] *Sounce* is head. = 16:) — *o'er-raught* —] That is, *over-reached*. = 17:) *They say, this town is full of cozenage*,] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence *ἑρπύσια ἀλεξίφραγμα* was proverbial amongst them. Thus Menander uses it, and *ἑρπύσια γράμματα*, in the same sense. WARBURTON. = 18:) — *liberties of sin*,] By *liberties of sin*, Shakspeare perhaps means *licensed offenders*, such as mountebanks, fortune-tellers, &c. who cheat with impunity; or it may mean *sinful liberties*. =

ACT II. = 1:) *Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so*, || *Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe*,] Should it not rather be *leash'd*, i. e. coupled like a headstrong hound? Or perhaps the meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the *bridle* must bear the *lash*, and that woe is the punishment of headstrong liberty. Mr. M. Mason inclines to *leashed*. = 2:) “subject” — Mr. Malone reads *subjects*. = 3:) — *start some other where?*] Probably *where* has here the power of a noun. The sense is, *How if your husband fly off in pursuit of some other woman?* = 4:) — *though she pause*,] To *pause* is to rest, to be in quiet. = 5:) *They can be meek, that have no other cause*,] That is, who have no cause to be otherwise. = 6:) *With urging helpless patience* —] By exhorting me to patience which affords no help. = 7:) — *fool-begg'd* —] She seems to mean, by *fool-begg'd* patience, that *patience* which is so near to *idiotical simplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a *fool*, and beg the guardianship of your fortune. = 8:) — *that I could scarce understand them*,] i. e. that I could scarce stand under them. This quibble, poor as it is, seems to have been a favourite with Shakspeare. = 9:) *Am I so round with you, as you with me*,] He plays upon the word *round*, which signifies *spherical*, applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free* in speech or action spoken of his mistress. = 10:) — *case me in leather*,] Still alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather. = 11:) *Of my defeatures*,] By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features* for the worse. At the end of this play the same word is used with a somewhat different signification. = 12:) — *My decayed fair* —] *Fair* for *fairness*. = 13:) — *poor I am but his stale*,] i. e. his pretence. = 14:) “and no man,” — MALONE. = 15:) *I see, the jewel, best enamelled, || Will lose his beauty; and though gold bides still, || That others touch, yet often touching will || Wear gold; and so no man, that hath a name, || But falsehood and corruption doth it shame*,] The sense is this: “Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often touching will wear even gold; just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may, in time, be injured, by the repeated attacks of falsehood and corruption.” WARBURTON. = 16:) *And make a common of my serious hours*,] i. e. intrude on them when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of ground destined to common use, which are thence called *commons*. = 17:) — *know my aspect*,] i. e. study my countenance. = 18:) — *and inscouse it too*,] A *sconce* was a petty fortification. = 19:) — *by fine and recovery?*] This attempt at pleasantry must have originated from our author's clerkship to an attorney. He has other jokes of the same school. STEEVENS. = 20:) — *falsing*,] This word is now obsolete. Spenser and Chaucer often use the verb to *false*. Mr. Heath would read *falling*. STEEVENS. = 21:) “e'en no time,” MALONE. = 22:) — *waits us* —] i. e. *beckons us*. = 23:) “or look'd, or touch'd,” — MALONE. = 24:) — *may'st thou fall* —] To *fall* is here a verb active. = 25:) — *you are from me exempt*,] Johnson says that *exempt* means *separated*, *parted*; yet I think that *Adriana* does not use the word *exempt* in that sense, but means to say, that as he was her husband she had no power over him, and that he was privileged to do her wrong. M. MASON. = 26:) — *idle moss*,] That is *moss* that produces no fruit, but being unfertile is useless. = 27:) *And shrive you* —] That is I will call you to confession, and make you tell your tricks. =

ACT III. = 1:) — *carkanet*,] Seems to have been a necklace, or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. = 2:) *Mome*,] A dull stupid blockhead, a stock, a post; from one of those similar words in many languages, signifying something foolish. It may also owe its original to the French word *momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed; whatever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken. From hence also comes our word *mum*! for silence. HAWKINS, and DOUCE. = 3:) — *patch*,] i. e. *fool*. Alluding to the party-coloured coats worn by the licensed fools or jesters of the age. = 4:) — *I owe?*] i. e. I own, am owner of. = 5:) — *we shall part with neither*,] Mr. Tyrwhitt says, that in our old language, to *part*, signified to have *part*. But *part* does not signify to share or divide, but to depart or go away; and Balthazar means to say, that whilst debating which is best, they should go away without either. = 6:) *Once this*,] *Once this*, may mean, *once for all, at once*. = 7:) — *the doors are made against you*,] To make the door is the expression used to this day in some counties of England, instead of, to bar the door. = 8:) “of it,” MALONE. = 9:) “where it gets possession,” MALONE. = 10:) *And, in despite of mirth*,] Though mirth has withdrawn herself from me, and seems determined

to avoid me, yet in despite of her, and whether she will or not, I am resolved to be merry. = 11:) — “shall, Antipholus, || Even in the spring of love, thy love springs rot? || Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?” MALONE. = 12:) *Being compact of credit.* Means, *being made altogether of credulity.* = 13:) — *vain.* Is *light of tongue, not veracious.* JOHNSON. = 14:) — *sweet mermaid.* Mermaid is only another name for *syren.* = 15:) *Not mad, but mated.* I suspect there is a play upon words intended here. *Mated* signifies not only confounded, but *matched with a wife*: and Antipholus, who had been challenged as a husband by Adriana, which he cannot account for, uses the word *mated* in both these senses. M. MALONE. = 16:) *My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.* When he calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot understand him. Perhaps he means that which he asks of heaven. JOHNSON. Mr. Malone thinks he means “all that I claim from heaven hereafter.” = 17:) — *sir-reverence.* a corruption of *save-reverence, salva-reverentia.* = 18:) *Swart.* i. e. black, or rather of a dark brown. = 19:) “her heir.” — MALONE. = 20:) — *assured to her.* i. e. *affianced to her.* = 21:) “If every one know us,” — MALONE. = 22:) — *at the Porcupine.* It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakspeare's plays, the word *Porpentine* is used instead of *Porcupine*. I have since observed the same spelling in the plays of other ancient authors. STEEVENS. =

ACT IV. 1:) — *want gilders.* — A *gilder* is a coin valued from one shilling and six-pence, to two shillings. = 2:) *Is growing to me.* — i. e. *accruing to me.* = 3:) “And then, sir, she bears away” — MALONE. = 4:) — *thou peevish sheep.* *Peevish is silly.* = 5:) “You sent me for a rope's end as soon.” MALONE. = 6:) “list me” — MALONE. = 7:) — *meteors tilting in his face?* Alluding to those meteors in the sky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock. = 8:) Mr. Malone, in this play, constantly reads *spight*, a word not to be found in our dictionaries. = 9:) — *sere.* That is, *dry, withered.* JOHNSON. = 10:) *Stigmatical in making.* That is, *marked or stigmatized by nature with deformity*, as a token of his vicious disposition. = 11:) *Far from her nest the lapwing, &c.* This expression seems to be proverbial — I have met with it in many of the old comic writers. STEEVENS. = 12:) — *an everlasting garment.* — The sergeants, in those days, were clad in *buff*, as Dromio tells us the man was who arrested Antipholus. *Buff* is also a cant expression for a man's skin, a covering which lasts him as long as his life. Dromio therefore calls *buff* an *everlasting garment*: and in pursuance of this quibble on the word *buff*, he calls the sergeant, in the next scene, the “Picture of old Adam;” that is, of Adam before his fall, whilst he remained unclad. “What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparelled?” = 13:) — *and narrow lands.* Lands in the present instance may mean, what we now call *landing-places* at the water-side. = 14:) *A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well.* To run counter is to run backward, by mistaking the course of the animal pursued; to draw dry-foot is, I believe, to pursue by the track or prick of the foot; to run counter and draw dry-foot well are, therefore, inconsistent. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word *counter*, which means the *wrong way in the chase*, and a *prison* in London. The officer that arrested him was a sergeant of the counter. For the congruity of this jest with the scene of action, let our author answer. JOHNSON. A hound that draws dry-foot, means what is usually called a *blood-hound*, trained to follow men by the scent. = 15:) — *poor souls to hell.* Hell was the cant term for an obscure dungeon in any of our prisons. There was likewise a place of this name under the Exchequer Chamber, where the king's debtors were confined till they had “paid the uttermost farthing.” STEEVENS. An account of the local situation of HELL may be found in the *Journals of the House of Commons*, Vol. X. p. 83. as the Commons passed through it to King William and Queen Mary's Coronation, and gave directions concerning it. In Queen Elizabeth's time the office of Clerk of the Treasury was situated there, as I find in Sir James Dyer's Reports, fol. 245. A, where mention is made of “one Christopher Hole Secondary del Tresurie, et un auncient attorney and practiser in le office del Clerke del Tresurie al HELL.” This I take to be the Treasury of the Court of Common Pleas, of which Sir James Dyer was Chief Justice, and which is now kept immediately under the Court of Exchequer. The office of the Tally-Court of the Chamberlain of the Exchequer is still there, and tallies for many centuries back are piled up and preserved in this office. Two or three adjacent apartments have within a few years been converted to hold the *Vouchers of the public Accounts*, which had become so numerous as to overstock the place in which they were kept at Lincoln's Inn. These, therefore, belong to the *Auditors of public Accounts*. Other rooms are turned into coal-cellars. — There is a pump still standing of excellent water, called *HELL Pump*: — And the place is to this day well known by the name of *Hell*. VAILLANT. = 16:) “But is in,” &c. — MALONE. = 17:) — *was he arrested on a band?* A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a sum of money, was anciently spelt *band*. A *band* is likewise a neckcloth. On this circumstance the humour of the passage turns. = 18:) “bank-rout,” — MALONE. = 19:) — *conceit.* i. e. fanciful conception. = 20:) *What, have you got the picture of Old Adam new*

apparelled? The allusion is to Adam, in his state of innocence, going naked; and immediately after the fall, being clothed in a frock of skins. Thus he was new apparelled: and, in like manner, the sergeants of the counter were formerly clad in buff, or calf's skin, as the author humorously a little lower calls it. These jests on Adam's dress are common among our old writers. Mr. Malone reads thus, “What have you got rid of the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?” = 21:) — *he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.* The rest of a pike was a common term, and signified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the rush of the enemy, A *morris-pike* was a pike used in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great exploits were done, that is, great feats of dexterity were shown. JOHNSON. There is, I believe, no authority for Dr. Johnson's assertion, that the *morris-pike* was used in the *Morris-dance*. Swords were sometimes used upon that occasion. It certainly means the *Moorish-pike*, which was very common in the 16th century. See Grose's *History of the English Army*. Vol. I. p. 135. DOUCE. The phrase — *he that sets up his rest*, in this instance, signifies only, I believe, “he that trusts” is *confident in his expectation*. Thus, Bacon: “Sea-fights have been final to the war, but this is, when princes set up their rest upon the battle.” Again Clarendon: “they therefore resolved to set up their rest upon that stake, and to go through with it, or perish.” This figure of speech is certainly derived from the military exercise, as that was the only kind of rest which was ever set up. HENLEY. = 22:) — *We'll mend our dinner here.* i. e. by purchasing something additional in the adjoining market. MALONE. = 23:) — *if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long-spoon.* i. e. “if you do expect spoon-meat, either stay away, or bespeak a long spoon.” Mr. Malone reads, “Master, if you do expect spoon-meat or bespeak a long spoon.” = 24:) “parings” — MALONE. = 25:) — *will pay them all.* i. e. serve to hit, strike, correct them all. STEEVENS. = 26:) — *by my long ears.* He means, that his master had lengthened his ears by frequently pulling them. STEEVENS. = 27:) — *companion.* — A word of contempt, anciently used as we now use — *fellow*. STEEVENS. = 28:) “Din'd at home!” — MALONE. = 29:) *Perdy.* A corruption of the common French oath — *Pardieu*. Chaucer's personages are frequent in their use of it. = 30:) *Certes.* i. e. *certainly.* = 31:) — *kitchen-vestal.* — Her charge being like that of the vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON. = 32:) — *unhappy strumpet!* Unhappy is here used in one of the senses of *unlucky*; i. e. *mischievous*. STEEVENS. = 33:) — *our stuff.* — i. e. our baggage. In the orders that were issued for the Royal Progresses in the last century, the king's baggage was always thus denominated. MALONE. =

ACT V. = 1:) — *get within him.* i. e. close with him, grapple with him. = 2:) — *take a house.* i. e. go into a house. So, we say — a dog takes the water. = 3:) “And much different,” &c. — MALONE. = 4:) — *the copy.* — i. e. the theme. We still talk of setting copies for boys. STEEVENS. = 5:) (Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;) Kinsman means near relation. Many words are used by Shakspeare with much greater latitude. = 6:) “their heels,” — MALONE. = 7:) — *a formal man again.* i. e. to bring him back to his senses, and the forms of sober behaviour. = 8:) — *sorry execution.* So, in *Macbeth*: “Of sorriest fancies your companions making.” Sorry had anciently a stronger meaning than at present, and seems to have meant *sorrowful*: here perhaps it means *dismal*. = 9:) *At your important letters.* For *important*. = 10:) — *to take order.* — i. e. to take measures. = 11:) *Beaten the maids a-row.* i. e. successively, one after another. = 12:) “My master preaches patience to him, and the while” — MALONE. = 13:) *His man with scissars nicks him like a fool.* The force of this allusion I am unable to explain with certainty. Perhaps it was once the custom to cut the hair of idiots close to their heads. There is a proverbial simile — “Like crop the conjurer;” which might have been ironically applied to these unfortunate beings. STEEVENS. There is a penalty of ten shillings in one of King Alfred's ecclesiastical laws, if one opprobriously shave a common man like a fool. TOLLET. Fools, undoubtedly, were shaved and nicked in a particular manner, in our author's time, as is ascertained by the following passage in *The Choice of Change, containing the Triplicities of Divinitie, Philosophie, and Poetrie*, by S. R. Gent. 4to. 1598: “Three things used by monks, which provoke other men to laugh at their follies: 1. They are shaven and notched on the head like fools.” MALONE. = 14:) *To bestride one in battle* is an act of friendship, or assistance, frequently mentioned in these plays. = 15:) — *with harlots.* Harlot was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men, as well as to wantons among women. = 16:) — *I am advised.* — i. e. I am not going to speak precipitately or rashly, but on reflection and consideration. = 17:) “disturbed” — MALONE, who considers the effect as making only two syllables. = 18:) — *deform'd.* — For *deforming*. = 19:) — *strange defeatures.* — Defeatures are certainly neither more nor less than features; as *de merits* are neither more nor less than merits. Time, says Ægeon, hath placed new and strange features in my face; i. e. given it quite a different appearance: no wonder therefore thou dost not know me. RITSON. = 20:) — *my feeble key of untun'd cares?* i. e. the weak and discordant tone of my voice, that is changed by grief. DOUCE. = 21:) — *this*

grained face—] i. e. furrowed, like the grain of wood. = 22:) *Why, here begins his morning story right;*] “The morning story” is what *Ægeon* tells the duke in the first scene of this play. = 23:) Mr. Malone reads — “until this present hour, || “My heavy burthen not delivered.” = 24:) *After so long grief, such nativity!*] She has just said, that to her, her sons were not born till now. STEEVENS. =

XV. MACBETH.

ACT I. = 1:) i. e. when the storm is over. = 2:) “ere the set of sun.” MALONE. = 3:) — *Graymalkin!*] To understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad, which in the north is called *paddock*. = 4:) *Fair is foul, and foul is fair:*] I believe the meaning is, that to us, perverse and malignant as we are, *fair is foul, and foul is fair*. JOHNSON. = 5:) “Doubtful” — MALONE. = 6:) — to that, &c.] i. e. in addition to that, or, to that end. = 7:) *Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;*] *Kernes and Gallowglasses* are light and heavy armed foot, “*Hinc conjecturæ vigorem etiam adjiciunt arma quædam Hibernica, Gallicis antiquis similia, jacula nimirum peditum levis armaturæ, quos Kernos vocant, nec non secures & lorice ferreæ peditum illorum gravioris armaturæ, quos Galloglassios appellant.*” *Waræi Antiq. Hiber. cap. vi.* = 8:) *And fortune, on his damned quarrel—*] *Quarrel* was formerly used for *cause*, or for the occasion of a quarrel, and is to be found in that sense in Holinshed’s account of the story of Macbeth, who, upon the creation of the Prince of Cumberland, thought, says the historian, that he had a just quarrel to endeavour after the crown. The sense therefore is, *Fortune smiling on his execrable cause*, &c. JOHNSON. = 9:) *As whence the sun’gins his reflexion—*] The thought is expressed with some obscurity, but the plain meaning is this: *As the same quarter, whence the blessing of day-light arises, sometimes sends us, by a dreadful reverse, the calamities of storms and tempests; so the glorious event of Macbeth’s victory, which promised us the comforts of peace, was immediately succeeded by the alarming news of the Norwegian invasion.* = 10:) — *flout the sky,*] The banners may be poetically described as waving in mockery or defiance of the sky. The sense of the passage, however, collectively taken, is this: *Where the triumphant flutter of the Norwegian standards ventilates or cools the soldiers who had been heated through their efforts to secure such numerous trophies of victory.* = 11:) *Till that Bellona’s bridegroom, lapp’d in proof,*] *Lapt in proof*, is, defended by armour of proof. By *Bellona’s bridegroom* we may understand Macbeth, but why, the critics have not told us. = 12:) — *Saint Colmes’ inch,*] *Colmes’ inch*, now called *Inchcomb*, is a small island lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columba; called by Camden, *Inch Colm*, or *The Isle of Columba*. = 13:) “his present death,” — MALONE. = 14:) *Aroint thee, witch!*] *Aroint*, or *avaunt*, be gone. POPE. = 15:) — *the rump-fed ronyon—*] The chief cooks in noblemen’s families, colleges, religious houses, hospitals, &c. anciently claimed the emoluments or kitchen fees of kidneys, fat, trotters, *rumps*, &c., which they sold to the poor. The weird sister in this scene, as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals. *Ronyon* means scabby or mangy-woman. Fr. *rogneux*. = 16:) — *the shipman’s card.*] The card is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot’s needle; or perhaps the sea-chart, so called in our author’s age. = 17:) *He shall live a man forbid:*] i. e. as one under a curse, an interdiction. To bid is originally to pray. As to forbid therefore implies to prohibit, in opposition to the word *bid* in its present sense, it signifies by the same kind of opposition to *curse*, when it is derived from the same word in its primitive meaning. = 18:) *The weird sisters, hand in hand,*] These weird sisters, were the *Fates* of the northern nations; the three hand-maids of Odin. *Hæ nominantur Valkyriæ, quas quodvis ad prælium Odinus mittit. Hæ viros morti destinant, et victoriam gubernant. Gunna, et Rota, et Parcarum minima Skullda: per aëra et maria equitant semper ad morituros eligendos; et cædes in potestate habent.* Bartholinus de Causis et temptatæ à Danis adhuc Gentilibus mortis. It is for this reason that Shakespeare makes them three; and calls them, *Posters of the sea and land*; and intent only upon death and mischief. However, to give this part of his work the more dignity, he intermixes, with this Northern, the Greek and Roman superstitions; and puts Hecate at the head of their enchantments. And to make it still more familiar to the common audience, (which was always his point) he adds, for another ingredient, a sufficient quantity of our own country superstitions concerning witches; their beards, their cats, and their broomsticks. So that his *witch-scenes* are like the *charm* they prepare in one of them; where the ingredients are gathered from every thing shocking in the natural world, as here, from every thing absurd in the moral. But as extravagant as all this is, the play has had the power to charm and bewitch every audience, from that time to this. WARBURTON. The *Valkyriæ*, or *Valkyriur*, were not barely three in number. The learned critic might have found in, Bartholinus, not only *Gunna, Rota, et Skullda*, but also

Scogula, Hilda, Gondula, and Geirosogula. Bartholinus adds, that their number is yet greater, according to other writers who speak of them. They were the *cupbearers* of Odin, and *conductors of the dead*. They were distinguished by the elegance of their forms; and it would be as just to compare youth and beauty with age and deformity, as the *Valkyriæ of the North* with the *Witches of Shakspeare*. STEEVENS. = 19:) — *thane of Glamis!*] The thaneship of Glamis was the ancient inheritance of Macbeth’s family. The castle where they lived is still standing, and was lately the magnificent residence of the earl of Strathmore. = 20:) — *thane of Cawdor!*] Dr. Johnson observes, in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that part of *Calder Castle*, from which Macbeth drew his second title, is still remaining. = 21:) *Are ye fantastical,*] By *fantastical*, he means creatures of *fantasy* or imagination: the question is, Are these real beings, before us, or are we deceived by illusions of fancy? JOHNSON. = 22:) *Of noble having,*] *Having*, is estate, possession, fortune. = 23:) *That he seems wrapt withal;*] *Rapt* is rapturously affected, *extra se raptus*. = 24:) *By Sinel’s death,*] The father of Macbeth. = 25:) — *eaten of the insane root,*] The *insane root* is the root which makes insane, and which the commentators have not discovered. = 26:) *His wonders and his praises do contend,*] *Which should be thine, or his:* &c.] i. e. private admiration of your deeds, and a desire to do them public justice by commendation, contend in his mind for pre-eminence. — Or, — There is a contest in his mind whether he should indulge his desire of publishing to the world the commendations due to your heroism, or whether he should remain in silent admiration of what no words could celebrate in proportion to its desert. = 27:) — *As thick as tale,*] Meaning, that the news came as thick as a tale can travel with the post. = 28:) “Only to herald,” &c. — MALONE. = 29:) Mr. Malone reads, — “Whether he was combin’d || “With those of Norway,” &c. = 30:) — *trusted home,*] i. e. entirely, thoroughly relied on, or perhaps we should read *trusted home*. = 31:) *Might yet enkindle you—*] *Enkindle*, for to stimulate you to seek. = 32:) *Two truths are told, &c.*] How the former of these truths has been fulfilled, we are yet to learn. Macbeth could not become thane of Glamis, till after his father’s decease, of which there is no mention throughout the play. If the hag only announced what Macbeth already understood to have happened, her words could scarcely claim rank as a prediction. = 33:) *This supernatural soliciting—*] *Soliciting* for information. WARBURTON. *Soliciting* is rather, in my opinion, *incitement*, than *information*. JOHNSON. = 34:) — *seated—*] i. e. fixed, firmly placed. = 35:) — *single state of man,*] Dr. Johnson says, that the *single state of man* seems to be used by Shakspeare for an individual, in opposition to a *commonwealth*, or *conjunct body*. But Mr. Steevens thinks that the *single state* of Macbeth may signify his weak and debile state of mind. = 36:) — *function* || *Is smother’d in surmise; and nothing is,* || *But what is not.*] All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence. JOHNSON. = 37:) *Time and the hour runs through the roughest day,*] i. e. time and occasion will carry the thing through, and bring it to some determined point and end, let its nature be what it will. Mrs. MONTAGUE. = 38:) — *favour:*] i. e. indulgence, pardon. = 39:) — *my dull brain was wrought—*] My head was worked, agitated, put into commotion. = 40:) *To find the mind’s construction in the face:*] Dr. Johnson seems to have understood the word *construction* in this place in the sense of *frame* or *structure*; but the school-term was, I believe, intended by Shakspeare. The meaning is — *We cannot construe or discover the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the face*. MALONE. = 41:) — *full of growing,*] is, exuberant, perfect, complete in thy growth. = 42:) — *hence to Inverness,*] Dr. Johnson observes, in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that the walls of the castle of Macbeth, at Inverness, are yet standing. STEEVENS. = 43:) *The prince of Cumberland!*] The crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a successor was declared in the life-time of a king (as was often the case,) the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately bestowed on him as the mark of his designation. *Cumberland* was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief. = 44:) — *missives from the king,*] i. e. messengers. = 45:) — *the golden round,* || *Which fate and metaphysical aid—*] The crown to which fate destines thee, and which preternatural agents endeavour to bestow upon thee. The *golden round* is the *diadem*. *Metaphysical*, which Dr. Warburton has justly observed, means something *supernatural*, seems, in our author’s time, to have had no other meaning. In the *English Dictionary*, by H. C. 1655, *Metaphysics* are thus explained; “*Supernatural arts.*” = 46:) — *The raven himself is hoarse,*] The following is, in my opinion, the sense of this passage: — *Give him tending;* the news he brings are worth the speed that made him lose his breath. [Exit Attendant.] ‘Tis certain now — *the raven himself* is spent, is hoarse by croaking this very message, the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements. Lady Macbeth (for she was not yet unsexed) was likelier to be deterred from her design than encouraged in it by the supposed thought that the message and the prophecy (though equally secrets to the messenger and the raven) had deprived the one of speech, and added harshness to the other’s note.

Unless we absurdly suppose the messenger acquainted with the hidden import of his message, *speed* alone had intercepted his breath, as *repetition* the raven's voice; though the lady considered both as organs of that destiny which hurried Duncan into her meshes. FUSELI. = 47:) — *mortal thoughts*.] This expression signifies not the thoughts of mortals, but murderous, deadly, or destructive designs. = 48:) — *remorse*.] Remorse, in ancient language, signifies pity. = 49:) And pall thee—] i. e. wrap thyself in a pall. To pall, however, in the present instance, (as Mr. Douce observes,) may simply mean — to wrap, to invest. = 50:) That my keen knife—] The word *knife*, which at present has a familiar undignified meaning, was anciently used to express a sword or dagger. = 51:) — *Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor*.] Shakspeare has supported the character of Lady Macbeth by repeated efforts, and never omits any opportunity of adding a trait of ferocity, or a mark of the want of human feelings to this monster of his own creation. The softer passions are more obliterated in her than in her husband, in proportion as her ambition is greater. She meets him here on his arrival from an expedition of danger, with such a salutation as would have become one of his friends or vassals; a salutation apparently fitted rather to raise his thoughts to a level with her own purposes, than to testify her joy at his return, or manifest an attachment to his person: nor does any sentiment expressive of love or softness fall from her throughout the play. While Macbeth himself, amidst the horrors of his guilt, still retains a character less fiend-like than that of his queen, talks to her with a degree of tenderness, and pours his complaints and fears into her bosom, accompanied with terms of endearment. STEEVENS. = 52:) Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men || May read, &c.] that is, thy looks are such as will awaken men's curiosity, excite their attention, and make room for suspicion. = 53:) To alter favour ever is to fear:] Favour is — look, countenance. = 54:) This castle hath a pleasant seat:] This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo observing the martlets' nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented. — This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestic life. Sir J. REYNOLDS. = 55:) — *coigne of vantage*.] Convenient corner. Mr. Malone reads this passage thus: — “no jutty, frieze, || Buttress, nor coin of vantage, but this bird || Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle: || Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, || The air is delicate.” = 56:) The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble, || Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you, || How you shall bid God yield us for your pains, || And thank us for your trouble.] This passage is undoubtedly obscure, and the following is the best explication of it I am able to offer: — Marks of respect, importunately shown, are sometimes troublesome, though we are still bound to be grateful for them, as indications of sincere attachment. If you pray for us on account of the trouble we create in your house, and thank us for the molestations we bring with us, it must be on such a principle. Herein I teach you that the inconvenience you suffer, is the result of our affection; and that you are therefore to pray for us, or thank us, only as far as prayers or thanks can be deserved for kindnesses that fatigue, and honours that oppress. You are, in short, to make your acknowledgments for intended respect and love, however irksome our present mode of expressing them may have proved. — To bid is here used in the Saxon sense — to pray. STEEVENS. = 57:) We rest your hermits.] Hermits, for beadsmen. = 58:) Your servants ever, &c.] The sense is: — We, and all who belong to us, look upon our lives and fortunes not as our own properties, but as things we have received merely for your use, and for which we must be accountable, whenever you please to call us to our audit; when, like faithful stewards, we shall be ready to answer your summons, by returning you what is your own. = 59:) Enter — a Sewer.] A sewer was an officer so called from his placing the dishes upon the table. *Asseour*, French; from *asseoir*, to place. = 60:) — If the assassination, &c.] Of this soliloquy the meaning is not very clear; I have never found the readers of Shakspeare agreeing about it. I understand it thus: — “If that which I am about to do, when it is once done and executed, were done and ended without any following effects, it would then be best to do it quickly: if the murder could terminate in itself, and restrain the regular course of consequences, if its success would secure its surcease, if, being once done successfully, without detection, it could fix a period to all vengeance and enquiry, so that this blow might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to suffer; if this could be my con-

dition, even here in this world, in this contracted period of temporal existence, on this narrow bank in the ocean of eternity, I would jump the life to come, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future state. But this is one of those cases in which judgment is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us here in our present life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example.” JOHNSON. = 61:) Hath borne his faculties so meek,] Faculties, for office, exercise of power, &c. = 62:) Enter Lady—] The arguments by which lady Macbeth persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the housebreaker, and sometimes the conqueror; but this sophism Macbeth has for ever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude in a line and a half; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost: I dare do all that may become a man, || Who dares do more, is none. This topic, which has been always employed with too much success, is used in this scene, with peculiar propriety, to a soldier by a woman. Courage is the distinguishing virtue of a soldier; and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman, without great impatience. She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himself to murder Duncan; another art of sophistry by which men have sometimes deluded their consciences, and persuaded themselves what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them; this argument Shakspeare, whose plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confuted, though he might easily have shown that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter; that obligations laid on us by a higher power, could not be overruled by obligations which we lay upon ourselves. JOHNSON. = 63:) — Would'st thou have that || Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, || And live a coward in thine own esteem;] Do you wish to obtain the crown, and yet would you remain such a coward in your own eyes all your life, as to suffer your paltry fears, which whisper, “I dare not,” to controul your noble ambition, which cries out, “I would?” STEEVENS. = 64:) Like the poor cat i'the adage?] The adage alluded to is, The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet: “Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas.” = 65:) — But screw your courage to the sticking-place.] This is a metaphor from an engine formed by mechanical complication. The sticking-place is the stop which suspends its powers, till they are discharged on their proper object; as in driving piles, &c. = 66:) Will I with wine and wassel so convince, &c.] To convince is, in Shakspeare, to overpower, or subdue. What was anciently called *was-haile*, (as appears from Selden's notes on the ninth Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*) was an annual custom observed in the country on the vigil of the new year; and had its beginning, as some say, from the words which Ronix, daughter of Hengist, used, when she drank to Vortigern, *loved king was-heil*; he answering her, by direction of an interpreter, *drinc-heile*. Afterwards it appears that *was-haile*, and *drinc-heil*, were the usual phrases of quaffing among the English; but *wassel* is sometimes used for general riot, intemperance, or festivity. On the present occasion I believe it means intemperance. STEEVENS. = 67:) — the warder of the brain—] A warder is a guard, a sentinel. = 68:) — the receipt of reason—] i. e. the receptacle. = 69:) A limbeck only:] The limbeck is the vessel through which distilled liquors pass into the recipient. So shall it be with memory; through which every thing shall pass, and nothing remain. = 70:) — who shall bear the guilt || Of our great quell?] Quell is murder, *manquellers* being, in the old language, the term for which murderers is now used. = 71:) Till this instant the mind of Macbeth has been in a state of uncertainty and fluctuation. He has hitherto proved neither resolutely good, nor obstinately wicked. Though a bloody idea had arisen in his mind, after he had heard the prophecy in his favour, yet he contentedly leaves the completion of his hopes to chance. At the conclusion, however, of his interview with Duncan, he inclines to hasten the decree of fate, and quits the stage with an apparent resolution to murder his sovereign. But no sooner is the king under his roof, than, reflecting on the peculiarities of his own relative situation, he determines not to offend against the laws of hospitality, or the ties of subjection, kindred, and gratitude. His wife then assails his constancy afresh. He yields to her suggestions, and, with his integrity, his happiness is destroyed. I have enumerated these particulars, because the waverings of Macbeth have, by some critics, been regarded as unnatural and contradictory circumstances in his character; not remembering that *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, or that (as Angelo observes) — “when once our grace we have forgot, || Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not—” a passage which contains no unapt justification of the changes that happen in the conduct of Macbeth. STEEVENS. =

ACT II. = 1:) Scene I.] The place is not marked in the old edition, nor is it easy to say where this encounter can be. It is not in the hall, as the editors have all supposed it, for Banquo sees the sky; it is not far from the bed-chamber, as the conversation shows: it must be in the inner court of the castle, which Banquo might properly cross in his way to bed. JOHNSON. = 2:) — There's husbandry in hea-

ven.] *Husbandry* here means, *thrift, frugality*. = 3:) — *Merciful powers! &c.*] It is apparent from what Banquo says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking senses were shocked at; and Shakspeare has here most exquisitely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantoms should assail his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder. = 4:) *Sent forth great largess to your offices:]* Offices are the rooms appropriated to servants and culinary purposes. Duncan was pleased with his entertainment, and dispensed his bounty to those who had prepared it. All the modern editors have transferred this largess to the officers of Macbeth, who would more properly have been rewarded in the field, or at their return to court. STEEVENS. Mr. Malone reads, *officers*. = 5:) — *shut up* —] To *shut up*, is to conclude. = 6:) *Being unprepared, &c.*] This is obscurely expressed. The meaning seems to be: — Being unprepared, our entertainment was necessarily defective, and we only had it in our power to show the king our willingness to serve him. Had we received sufficient notice of his coming, our zeal should have been more clearly manifested by our acts. = 7:) *If you shall cleave to my consent, — when 'tis,]* Consent for will. So that the sense of the line is, If you shall go into my measures when I have determined of them, or when the time comes that I want your assistance. WARBURTON. Mr. Malone thinks we should read *content*, and strengthens his opinion by various quotations. = 8:) *And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,]* Though *dudgeon* sometimes signifies a dagger, it more properly means the haft, or handle of a dagger, and is used for that particular sort of handle which has some ornament carved on the top of it. = 9:) — *Now o'er the one half world | Nature seems dead,]* That is, over our hemisphere all action and motion seem to have ceased. This image, which is, perhaps, the most striking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden, in his *Conquest of Mexico*: — “All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead, | “The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head; | “The little birds in dreams their songs repeat, | “And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night-dews sweat. | “Even lust and envy sleep!” These lines, though so well known, I have transcribed, that the contrast between them and this passage of Shakspeare may be more accurately observed. Night is described by two great poets, but one describes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dryden, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep, in that of Shakspeare, nothing but sorcery, lust, and murder, is awake. He that reads Dryden, finds himself lulled with serenity, and disposed to solitude and contemplation. He that peruses Shakspeare, looks round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night of a lover; the other, of a murderer. JOHNSON. = 10:) *And take the present horror from the time, | Which now suits with it.]* i. e. lest the noise from the stones take away from this midnight season that present horror which suits so well with what is going to be acted in it. What was the horror he means? Silence, than which nothing can be more horrid to the perpetrator of an atrocious design. This shows a great knowledge of human nature. WARBURTON. = 11:) — *Whiles I threat, he lives; | Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.]* Here is evidently a false concord; but it must not be corrected, for it is necessary to the rhyme. Nor is this the only place in which Shakspeare has sacrificed grammar to rhyme. = 12:) — *Had he not resembled | My father as he slept, I had done't.]* This is very artful. For, as the poet has drawn the lady and her husband, it would be thought the act should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just; for though ambition had subdued in her all the sentiments of nature towards present objects, yet the likeness of one past, which she had been accustomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural passions, for a moment, give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity. WARBURTON. = 13:) *As they had seen me,]* i. e. as if. = 14:) — *the ravell'd sleeve of care* —] *Sleeve* signifies the ravell'd knotty part of the silk, which gives great trouble and embarrassment to the knitter or weaver. = 15:) *Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor | Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!]* This triple menace, accommodated to the different titles of Macbeth, is too quaint to be received as the natural ebullition of a guilty mind. Introduce the adjuncts of a modern nobleman in the same manner, and the fault of the passage will become yet more conspicuous; as for instance — *Norfolk hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Surrey | Shall sleep no more, Howard shall sleep no more!* = 16:) *The multitudinous seas incarnardine,]* To *incarnardine* is to stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red. *Carnardine* is the old term for *carnation*. By multitudinous, the poet is supposed to mean seas of every denomination: or, the seas which swarm with inhabitants; or, perhaps alludes to the multitude of waves. The commentators are not agreed on this point. = 17:) “*Making the green one red.*” — MALONE. = 18:) “*I would thou could'st!*” — MALONE. = 19:) — *he should have old turning the key.]* i. e. frequent, more than enough. = 20:) — *till the second cock:]* Cockerowing, i. e. as Mr. Malone thinks, till three

o'clock. = 21:) *For 'tis my limited service.]* Limited, for appointed. = 22:) “*Goes the king hence to-day?*” — MALONE. = 23:) He does: — *he did appoint so.]* The words — *he does* — are omitted by Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton. But perhaps Shakspeare designed Macbeth to shelter himself under an immediate falsehood, till a sudden recollection of guilt restrained his confidence, and unguardedly disposed him to qualify his assertion; as he well knew the king's journey was effectually prevented by his death. = 24:) — *Here lay Duncan, | His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;]* It is not improbable that Shakspeare put these forc'd and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth, as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy, and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antithesis and metaphor. Yet some of these metaphors are to be found in old plays. JOHNSON. = 25:) *Unmannerly breech'd with gore:]* According to Mr. Steevens, the expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood quite to their breeches, i. e. their hilts, or handles. The lower end of a cannon is called the breech of it; and it is known that both to breech and to unbreech a gun are common terms; but Dr. Farmer says that the sense is, in plain language, *Daggers filthily — in a foul manner, — sheath'd with blood, —* and has given an example where *sheaths* are called *breeches*. = 26:) “*Here, where our fate, hid in an augre hole,*” — MALONE. = 27:) — “*Nor are strong sorrow | “Upon the foot of motion.”* MALONE. = 28:) *And when we have our naked frailties hid, | That suffer in exposure,]* i. e. when we have clothed our half-drest bodies, which may take cold from being exposed to the air. It is possible that, in such a cloud of words, the meaning might escape the reader. STEEVENS. = 29:) *In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence, | Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight | Of treasonous malice.]* Pretence is intention, design, a sense in which the word is often used by Shakspeare. Banquo's meaning is, — in our present state of doubt and uncertainty about this murder, I have nothing to do but to put myself under the direction of God; and relying on his support, I here declare myself an eternal enemy to this treason, and to all its further designs that have not yet come to light. STEEVENS. = 30:) — *the near in blood, | The nearer bloody.]* Meaning, that he suspected Macbeth to be the murderer; for he was the nearest in blood to the two princes, being the cousin-german of Duncan. STEEVENS. = 31:) *This murderous shaft that's shot, | Hath not yet lighted;]* The design to fix the murder upon some innocent person has not yet taken effect; or, the end for which the murder was committed is not yet attained. = 32:) — *they pretend?* i. e. intend, or design. = 33:) — *Colmes-kill;]* Or *Colm-kill*, is the famous Iona, one of the western isles, which Dr. Johnson visited, and describes in his *Tour*. It is now called *Icolm-kill*. *Kill*, in the Erse language, signifies a burying place. =

ACT III. = 1:) “*Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men | Our pleasure?*” — MALONE. = 2:) — *royalty of nature* —] *Royalty*, in the present instance, signifies nobleness, supreme excellence. = 3:) — *to —]* i. e. in addition to. = 4:) *For Banquo's issue have I fil'd —]* i. e. defiled. = 5:) — *the common enemy of man,]* It is always an entertainment to an inquisitive reader, to trace a sentiment to its original source; and therefore, though the term *enemy of man*, applied to the devil, is in itself natural and obvious, yet some may be pleased with being informed, that Shakspeare probably borrowed it from the first lines of *The Destruction of Troy*; a book which he is known to have read. This expression, however, he might have had in many other places. The word *fiend* signifies enemy. = 6:) — *come, fate, into the list, | And champion me to the utterance!]* This passage will be best explained by translating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la destinée se rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un défi à l'outrance.* A challenge or a combat à l'outrance, to extremity, was a fixed term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum*, an intention to destroy each other, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. The sense therefore is: *Let fate, that has foredoomed the exaltation of the sons of Banquo, enter the lists against me with the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.* JOHNSON. = 7:) “*Now go to the door,*” — MALONE. = 8:) — *pass'd in probation with you, | How you were borne in hand; &c.]* *Pass'd in probation* is, perhaps, only a bulky phrase, employed to signify — *proved*. — *To bear in hand* is, to delude by encouraging hope and holding out fair prospects, without any intention of performance. = 9:) — *Are you so gospell'd,]* Are you of that degree of precise virtue? *Gospeller* was a name of contempt given by the Papists to the Lollards, the puritans of early times, and the precursors of protestantism. JOHNSON. = 10:) *Shoughs,]* *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *shocks*, demiwolves, *lyciscæ*; dogs bred between wolves and dogs. = 11:) — *the valued file —]* In this speech the word *file* occurs twice. *The valued file* is the file or list where the value and peculiar qualities of every thing is set down, in contradistinction to what he immediately mentions, *the bill that writes them all alike.* *File*, in the second instance, is used in the same sense as in this,

and with a reference to it: *Now if you belong to any class that deserves a place in the valued file of man, and are not of the lowest rank, the common herd of mankind, that are not worth distinguishing from each other.* = 12:) — *in such bloody distance,*] By *bloody distance* is here meant, such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other, when their quarrel must be determined by the sword. This sense seems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute of his being* is represented as *thrusting at the nearest part where life resides.* = 13:) For certain friends—] For, in the present instance, signifies because of. = 14:) *Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,*] *The moment on't;*] i. e. in ancient language, “acquaint yourselves” with the exact time most favourable to your purposes; for such a moment must be *spied* out by you, be selected by your own attention and scrupulous observation. — *You* is ungrammatically employed, instead of *yourselves.* = 15:) — *always thought,*] *That I require a clearness;*] i. e. you must manage matters so, that throughout the whole transaction I may stand clear of suspicion. = 16:) — *sorriest fancies—*] i. e. worthless, ignoble, vile. = 17:) “without all remedy,” — MALONE. = 18:) — *scotch'd—*] i. e. cut slightly. = 19:) “But let the frame of things disjoint,”] “Both the worlds suffer,” — MALONE. = 20:) *In restless ecstasy,*] *Ecstasy*, for madness, or agony. = 21:) *Present him eminence,*] i. e. do him the highest honours. = 22:) — *“unsafe the while, that we Must lave,”* &c. — MALONE. = 23:) — *nature's copy's not eterne.*] *The copy*, the lease by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited. JOHNSON. = 24:) *The shard-borne beetle,*] *The shard-borne beetle* is the beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or *scaly wings.* = 25:) — *Come, seeling night,*] *Seeling*, i. e. blinding. It is a term in falconry. = 26:) “to their preys,” &c. — MALONE. = 27:) — *lated—*] i. e. belated, benighted. = 28:) — *the note of expectation,*] i. e. they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper. = 29:) *Fleance, &c. escape.*] *Fleance*, after the assassination of his father, fled into Wales, where, by the daughter of the prince of that country, he had a son named *Walter*, who afterwards became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from thence assumed the name of *Walter Steward*. From him, in a direct line, King James I. was descended; in compliment to whom our author has chosen to describe *Banquo*, who was equally concerned with *Macbeth* in the murder of *Duncan*, as innocent of that crime. = 30:) *Was't not the way?*] i. e. the best means we could take to evade discovery; or, perhaps, to effect our purpose. = 31:) *Our hostess keeps her state, &c.*] i. e. continues in her chair of state at the head of the table. = 32:) — *trenched gashes—*] *Trencher*, to cut. Fr. = 33:) — *the feast is sold, &c.*] The meaning is, — *That which is not given cheerfully, cannot be called a gift, it is something that must be paid for.* = 34:) “Here, my good lord,” — MALONE. = 35:) — *upon a thought—*] i. e. as speedily as thought can be exerted. = 36:) — *O, these flaws, and starts,*] (*Impostors to true fear*) *would well become, &c.*] *Flaws* are sudden gusts. *Impostors to true fear*, mean impostors when compared with true fear. Such is the force of the preposition *to* in this place. = 37:) *Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;*] *The gentle weal*, is, the peaceable community, the state made quiet and safe by human statutes: or rather that state of innocence which did not require the aid of human laws to render it quiet and secure. = 38:) — *to all, and him, we thirst,*] *We thirst*, perhaps, means we desire to drink. = 39:) *And all to all.*] i. e. all good wishes to all; such as he had named above, *love, health, and joy.* = 40:) *If trembling I inhibit—*] i. e. forbid. = 41:) *Can such things be, And overcome us like a summer's cloud,*] *Without our special wonder?*] The meaning is, can such wonders as these pass over us without wonder, as a casual summer cloud passes over us? = 42:) — *You make me strange*] *Even to the disposition that I owe,*] Mr. Steevens explains these words thus: — *You prove to me that I am a stranger even to my own disposition, when I perceive that the very object which steals the colour from my cheek, permits it to remain in yours.* In other words — *You prove to me how false an opinion I have hitherto maintained of my own courage, when yours, on the trial, is found to exceed it.* = 43:) *Augurs, and understood relations, &c.*] Perhaps we should read, *auguries*, i. e. prognostications by means of omens and prodigies. These, together with the connection of effects with causes, being understood, (says he,) have been instrumental in divulging the most secret murders. *Magot pie* is the original name of the bird; *magot* being the familiar appellation given to pies, of which the modern *mag* is the abbreviation. = 44:) *How say'st thou, &c.*] i. e. *What do you think of this circumstance, that Macduff denies to come at our great bidding? What do you infer from thence? What is your opinion of the matter?* The circumstance on which this question is founded, took its rise from the old history. *Macbeth* sent to *Macduff* to assist in building the castle of *Dunsinane*. *Macduff* sent workmen, &c. but did not choose to trust his person in the tyrant's power. From that time he resolved on his death. STEEVENS. = 45:) — *be scann'd.*] *To scan* is to examine nicely. = 46:) *You lack the season of all natures, sleep.*] i. e. you stand in need of the time or season of sleep, which all natures require. = 47:) “Unto a dismal and a fatal end,” — MALONE. = 48:) — *vaporous drop profound;*] This *vaporous drop* seems to have been meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to have shed on particular

herbs, or other objects when strongly solicited by enchantment. = 49:) — *slights,*] *Arts*; subtle practices. = 50:) “upon his aid” — MALONE. = 51:) *Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;*] The construction is — *Free our feasts and banquets from bloody knives.* = 52:) — *and receive free honours,*] *Free* may be either honours *freely bestowed*, not purchased by crimes; or honours *without slavery*, without dread of a tyrant. JOHNSON. = 53:) — *the king,*] i. e. *Macbeth.* = 54:) “I'll send my prayers with him.” MALONE. =

ACT IV. = 1:) *Harper cries;*] *Harper* may be a misspelling, or misprint for *harpy*. The word *cries* likewise seems to countenance this supposition. *Crying* is one of the technical terms appropriated to the noise made by birds of prey. = 2:) — *maw, and gulf,*] *The gulf* is the *swallow*, the *throat.* = 3:) — *ravin'd salt sea-shark;*] *Ravin'd* is glutted with prey. = 4:) *Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;*] *Sliver* is a common word in the North, where it means to cut a piece or a slice. = 5:) *Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;*] These ingredients, in all probability, owed their introduction to the detestation in which the *Turks* were held, on account of the *holy wars*. So solicitous, indeed, were our neighbours, the *French*, (from whom most of our prejudices, as well as customs, are derived,) to keep this idea awake, that even in their military-sport of the *quintain*, their soldiers were accustomed to point their lances at the figure of a *Saracen*. STEEVENS. = 6:) *Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,*] *Chaudron*, i. e. *entrails.* = 7:) — *yesty waves—*] that is, *foaming*, or *frothy waves.* = 8:) *Though bladed corn be lodg'd—*] *Corn*, prostrated by the wind, in modern language, is said to be *lay'd*; but *lodg'd* had anciently the same meaning. = 9:) *Though castles topple—*] *Topple* is used for *tumble.* = 10:) *Of nature's germins—*] *Germins* are seeds which have begun to *germinate* or *sprout.* *Germen*, Lat. *Germe*, Fr. = 11:) — *deftly—*] i. e. with adroitness, dexterously. *Deft* is a North country word. = 12:) *An Apparition of an armed Head rises.*] The armed head represents symbolically *Macbeth's* head cut off and brought to *Malcolm* by *Macduff*. The bloody child is *Macduff* untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal *Malcolm*, who ordered his soldiers to hew them down a bough, and bear it before them to *Dunsinane.* = 13:) *Thou hast harp'd—*] *To harp*, is to touch on a passion as a harper touches a string. = 14:) “speak not to't.” MALONE. = 15:) *Who can impress the forest;*] i. e. who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impressed. = 16:) — *what noise—*] *Noise*, in our ancient poets, is often literally synonymous for *music.* = 17:) “And thy air,” — MALONE. = 18:) — *to the crack of doom?*] i. e. the dissolution of nature. *Crack* has now a mean signification. It was anciently employed in a more exalted sense. = 19:) *That two-fold balls and treble scepter carry;*] This was intended as a compliment to King James the First, who first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head; whose house too was said to be descended from *Banquo.* = 20:) Mr. Malone omits *ay.* = 21:) — *the blood-bolter'd Banquo—*] *To bolter*, in *Warwickshire*, signifies to *daub*, *dirty*, or *begrime.* = 22:) — *cheer we up his sprights,*] i. e. *spirits.* = 23:) *That trace his line.*] i. e. follow, succeed in it. Mr. Malone reads “trace him in his line.” = 24:) — *natural touch;*] *Natural sensibility.* He is not touched with natural affection. JOHNSON. = 25:) *The fits o'the season.*] What is most fitting to be done in every conjuncture. = 26:) — *when we are traitors,*] *And do not know ourselves;*] When we are considered by the state as traitors, while at the same time we are *unconscious* of guilt; when we appear to others so different from what we really are, that we seem not to know ourselves. = 27:) — *when we hold rumour—*] i. e. *believe rumour.* = 28:) — *in your state of honour I am perfect.*] i. e. I am perfectly acquainted with your rank of honour. = 29:) *Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom;*] The allusion is to a man from whom something valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground, and stands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, or birthright, says he, lies on the ground; let us, like men who are to fight for what is dearest to them, not abandon it, but stand over it and defend it. This is a strong picture of obstinate resolution. = 30:) — *to friend,*] i. e. to befriend. = 31:) — *and wisdom—*] That is, and 'tis wisdom. = 32:) *A good and virtuous nature may recoil,*] *In an imperial charge.*] A good mind may recede from goodness in the execution of a royal commission. JOHNSON. = 33:) “But I shall crave your pardon;” — MALONE. = 34:) *Though all things foul, &c.*] This is not very clear. The meaning, perhaps, is this: *My suspicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villainy.* JOHNSON. = 35:) *Why in that rawness—*] Without previous provision, without due preparation, without maturity of counsel. = 36:) *Thy title is affect'd!*] *Affect'd*, a law term for confirm'd. = 37:) — *grows with more pernicious root*] *Than summer-seeding lust;*] The allusion is to plants; and the sense is, — “*Avarice* is a perennial weed: it has a deeper and more pernicious root than *lust*, which is a mere annual, and lasts but for a summer, when it sheds its seed and decays.” BLACKSTONE. But Mr. Malone reads, “summer-seeming.” = 38:) — *foysons, plenty—* = 39:) *All these are por-*

table,] *Portable*, i. e. bearable. = 40:) *From over-credulous haste*:] *From over-hasty credulity*. = 41:) — *convincing* —] i. e. *overpowers, subdues*. = 42:) *The mere despair of surgery, he cures*:] Dr. Percy, in his notes on *The Northumberland Household Book*, says, "that our ancient kings even in those dark times of superstition, do not seem to have affected the cure of the king's evil. — This miraculous gift was left to be claimed by the Stuarts: our ancient Plantagenets were humbly content to cure the cramp." In this assertion, however, the learned editor of the above curious volume has been betrayed into a mistake, by relying too implicitly on the authority of Mr. Anstis. The power of curing the king's evil was claimed by many of the Plantagenets. = 43:) — *a golden stamp, &c.*] This was the coin called an *angel*, of the value of ten shillings. = 44:) *My countryman; but yet I know him not*:] Malcolm discovers Rosse to be his countryman, while he is yet at some distance from him, by his dress. This circumstance loses its propriety on our stage, as all the characters are uniformly represented in English habits. STEEVENS. = 45:) — *should not latch them*:] *To latch* any thing, is to lay hold of it. = 46:) — *fee-grief*:] A peculiar sorrow; a grief that hath a single owner. The expression is, at least to our ears, very harsh. It must be allowed that, in both the foregoing instances, the attorney has been guilty of a flat trespass on the poet. = 47:) *Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer*:] *Quarry* is a term used both in *hunting* and *falconry*. In both sports it means the game after it is killed. = 48:) *At one fell swoop*:] *Swoop* is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry. = 49:) *Cut short all intermission*:] i. e. *all pause, all intervening time*. = 50:) — *if he's scape*:] *Heaven forgive him too*:] That is, if he escape my vengeance, let him escape that of Heaven also. =

ACT V. = 1:) *Since his majesty went into the field*:] This is one of Shakspeare's oversights. He forgot that he had shut up Macbeth in Dunsinane, and surrounded him with besiegers. = 2:) "are shut." MALONE. = 3:) — *Hell is murky*:] *Murky* is *dark*. Lady Macbeth is acting over, in a dream, the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband as when awake. She, therefore, would not have even hinted the terrors of hell to one whose conscience she saw was too much alarmed already for her purpose. She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who, (she supposes,) had just said, *Hell is murky*, (i. e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed,) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice. = 4:) — *you mar all with this starting*:] Alluding to the terrors of Macbeth, when the ghost broke in on the festivity of the banquet. = 5:) *My mind she has mated*:] i. e. *amated, dismayed*. = 6:) *Excite the mortified man*:] i. e. *a religious, an ascetic*. = 7:) — *unrough youths*:] i. e. *smooth-faced, unbearded*. = 8:) *When all that is within him does condemn*:] *Itself, for being there*:] That is, when all the faculties of the mind are employed in self-condemnation. = 9:) — *the medecin* —] i. e. *physician*. = 10:) "All mortal consequences have pronounced," &c. — MALONE. = 11:) "upon thee." — MALONE. = 12:) *Shall never sag with doubt*:] *To sag, or swag*, is to sink down by its own weight, or by an overload. = 13:) — *loon*:] At present this word is only used in Scotland, and signifies a base fellow. = 14:) *I have liv'd long enough: my way of life, &c.*] As there is no relation between the *way of life*, and *fallen into the sear*, I am inclined to think that the *W* is only an *M* inverted, and that it was originally written: — *my May of life* || *I am now passed from the spring to the autumn of my days: but I am without those comforts that should succeed the sprightliness of bloom, and support me in this melancholy season*. The author has *May* in the same sense elsewhere. JOHNSON. This opinion, however, has been ably controverted by some of the commentators. = 15:) — *the sear*:] *Sear* is *dry*. = 16:) — *skirr the country round*:] *To skirr*, signifies to *scour*, to ride hastily. = 17:) — *cast* || *The water of my land*:] *To cast the water* was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine. = 18:) — *arbitrate*:] i. e. *determine*. = 19:) — *fell of hair* —] *My hairy part, my capillitium*. *Fell* is *skin*. = 20:) "do't." — MALONE. = 21:) *Till famine cling thee*:] *Clung*, in the Northern counties, signifies any thing that is shrivelled or shrunk up. = 22:) *Seems bruited*:] *From bruit, Fr.* *To bruit* is to report with clamour; to noise. = 23:) *As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air* —] That is, air which cannot be cut. = 24:) — *palter with us in a double sense*:] That *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions. = 25:) "And so," &c. — MALONE. = 26:) — *thy kingdom's pearl*:] *Thy kingdom's pearl* means *thy kingdom's wealth*, or rather ornament. = 27:) "Hail, king of Scotland!" — MALONE. =

XVI. KING JOHN.

ACT I. = 1:) — *Salisbury*:] Son to King Henry II. by Rosamond Clifford. = 2:) *In my behaviour*:] *In my behaviour* means, I think, in the words and action that I am now going to use. MALONE. = 3:) — *the manage* —] i. e. *conduct, administration*. = 4:) *But whe'r* —] *Whe'r* for *whether*. = 5:) *He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face*:] By a *trick*, in this

place, is meant some peculiarity of look or motion. = 6:) *With that half-face* —] The poet sneers at the meagre sharp visage of the elder brother, by comparing him to a silver groat, that bore the king's face in profile, so showed but half the face: the groats of all our kings of England, and indeed all their other coins of silver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crowned; till Henry VII. at the time above-mentioned, coined groats, and half-groats, as also some shillings, with half-faces, i. e. faces in profile, as all our coin has now. = 7:) — *took it on his death*:] i. e. *entertained it as his fixed opinion, when he was dying*. = 8:) *Lord of thy presence, and no land besides*:] *Lord of his presence* apparently signifies, *great in his own person*, and is used in this sense by king John in one of the following scenes. = 9:) *And I had his, sir Robert his, like him*:] This is obscure and ill-expressed. The meaning is — *If I had his shape, sir Robert's — as he has*. = 10:) — *my face so thin*:] *That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose*:] *Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes*:] In this very obscure passage our poet is anticipating the date of another silver coin; humorously to rally a thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full-blown rose. We must observe, to explain this allusion, that queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only prince, who coined in England three-half-pence, and three-farthing pieces. = 11:) *And, to his shape, were heir to all this land*:] "To his shape," means, in addition to the shape he had been just describing. = 12:) *I would not be sir Nob* —] *Sir Nob* is used contemptuously for *sir Robert*. = 13:) "but rise more great;" — MALONE. = 14:) *Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet*:] It is a common opinion, that *Plantagenet* was the surname of the royal house of England, from the time of King Henry II., but it is, as Camden observes, in his *Remaines*, 1614, a popular mistake. *Plantagenet* was not a family name, but a nickname, by which a grandson of Geoffrey, the first Earl of Anjou, was distinguished, from his wearing a *broom stalk* in his bonnet. But this name was never borne either by the first Earl of Anjou, or by King Henry II., the son of that earl by the Empress Maude; he being always called *Henry Fitz-Empress*; his son, *Richard Cœur-de-lion*; and the prince who is exhibited in the play before us, *John sans-terre, or lack-land*. MALONE. = 15:) *Something about, a little from the right, &c.*] This speech, composed of allusive and proverbial sentences, is obscure. *I am*, says the sprightly knight, *your grandson*, a little *irregularly*, but every man cannot get what he wishes the legal way. He that *dares not go about his designs by day*, must make his motions in the night; he, to whom the door is shut, must climb the window, or leap the hatch. This, however, shall not depress me; for the world never inquires how any man got what he is known to possess, but allows that *to have is to have*, however it was caught, and that he *who wins, shot well*, whatever was his skill, whether the arrow fell near the mark, or far off it. JOHNSON. = 16:) *Good den*:] i. e. *a good evening*. = 17:) "Tis too respective, and too sociable, for your conversion." *Respective*, is *respectful, formal*. *Conversion* seems to mean, his late change of condition from a private gentleman to a knight. STEEVENS. = 18:) *My picked man of countries*:] i. e. *my travell'd fop*. = 19:) — *like an ABC-book*:] An *ABC-book*, or, as they spoke and wrote it, an *absey book*, is a *catechism*. = 20:) *For he is but a bastard to the time, &c.*] He is accounted but a mean man in the present age. = 21:) *Colbrand* —] *Colbrand* was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan. = 22:) *Good leave, &c.*] *Good leave* means a *ready assent*. = 23:) *Philip? — sparrow!*] A sparrow is called *Philip*. = 24:) *There's toys abroad; &c.*] i. e. *rumours, idle reports*. = 25:) *Knight, knight, good mother, — Basilisco-like*:] *Faulconbridge's* words here carry a concealed piece of satire on a stupid drama of that age, printed in 1599, and called *Soliman and Perseda*. In this piece there is a character of a bragging cowardly knight, called *Basilisco*. =

ACT II. = 1:) *At our importance* —] *At our importunity*. = 2:) *To cull the plots of best advantages*:] i. e. *to mark such stations as might over-awe the town*. = 3:) — *expedient* —] *Immediate, expeditious*. = 4:) "the king's deceased;" — MALONE. = 5:) — *scath* —] *Destruction, harm*. = 6:) — *underwrought* —] i. e. *underworked, undermined*. = 7:) — *this brief* —] *A brief* is a short writing, abstract, or description. = 8:) — *an if thou wert his mother*:] *Constance* alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband, Lewis the Seventh, when they were in the Holy Land; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards (1151) married our king Henry II. = 9:) *One that will play the devil, sir, with you*:] *An 'a may catch your hide and you alone*:] The story is, that Austria, who killed king Richard Cœur-de-lion, wore, as the spoil of that prince, a lion's hide, which had belonged to him. = 10:) *I have but this to say, — That he's not only plagued for her sin, But God hath made her sin and her the plague, &c.*] The commentators have laboured hard to make out a meaning in this passage. The following by Mr. Henley seems as satisfactory as any. Young Arthur is here represented as not only suffering from the guilt of his grandmother; but also, by her, in person, she being made the very instrument of his sufferings. As he was not her immediate, but *removed issue* — the *second generation from her sin-conceiving womb* — it might have been expected, that the evils to which, upon her account,

he was obnoxious, would have *incidentally* befallen him; instead of his being punished for them all, by *her* immediate infliction. — He is not only plagued on account of her sin, according to the threatening of the commandment, but she is preserved alive to her *second generation*, to be the instrument of inflicting on her grand-child the penalty annexed to her sin; so that *he is plagued on her account*, and *with her plague*, which is, *her sin*, that is [taking, by a common figure, the cause for the consequence] the *penalty entailed upon it*. His *injury*, or *the evil he suffers*, her *sin brings upon him*, and *her injury*, or, *the evil she inflicts*, he *suffers from her*, as the *beadle to her sin*, or *executioner of the punishment annexed to it*. = 11:) *It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim* —] To *cry aim* is borrowed probably from archery, and means to incite notice, or raise attention. = 12:) — *your winking gates*;] i. e. gates hastily closed from an apprehension of danger. = 13:) *Forwearied* —] i. e. worn out, Sax. = 14:) *To him that owes it*;] i. e. *owns it*. = 15:) *'Tis not the roundure*, &c.] *Roundure* means the same as the French *rondure*, i. e. the circle. = 16:) — *cannot be censur'd*;] i. e. cannot be *estimated*. Our author ought rather to have written — whose *superiority*, or whose *inequality*, cannot be censured. = 17:) *"roam on?"* — MALONE. = 18:) *"mousing the flesh,"* &c. — MALONE. = 19:) *You equal potents*,] *Potents*, for *potentates*. = 20:) *King'd of our fears*;] i. e. ruled by our fears. = 21:) — *these scroyles of Angiers* —] *Escroulles*, Fr. i. e. scabby, scrophulous fellows. = 22:) *Do like the mutines of Jerusalem*,] *The mutines* are the *mutineers*, the *seditions*. = 23:) *Till their soul-fearing clamours* —] i. e. *soul-appalling*. = 24:) — *the lady Blanch*,] The lady *Blanch* was daughter to Alphonso the Ninth, king of Castile, and was niece to king John by his sister Eleanor. = 25:) — — *at this match*,] *With swifter spleen*, &c.] Our author uses *spleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed. = 26:) *Here's a stay*,] Some of the commentators think that *stay* means a *hinderer*, and others, a *supporter*, or *partizan*. = 27:) *Drawn in the flattering table of her eye*,] *Table* is picture, or rather, the board or canvas on which any object is painted. *Tableau*, Fr. = 28:) — *Volquessen*,] This is the ancient name for the country now called *the Vexin*; in Latin, *Pagus Velocassinus*. That part of it called the *Norman Vexin*, was in dispute between Philip and John. = 29:) — — *I am well assur'd*,] *That I did so, when I was first assur'd*,] *Assur'd* is here used both in its common sense, and in an uncommon one, where it signifies *affianced*, *contracted*. = 30:) *She is sad and passionate* —] *Passionate*, in this instance, does not signify *disposed to anger*, but a *prey to mournful sensations*. = 31:) — *departed with a part*;] To *part* and to *depart* were formerly synonymous. = 32:) — *rounded in the ear* —] i. e. *whispered in the ear*. = 33:) *Commodity, the bias of the world*;] *Commodity* is interest. = 34:) *But for* —] i. e. *because*. =

ACT III. = 1:) *For I am sick, and capable of fears*;] i. e. I have a strong *sensibility*; I am tremblingly alive to apprehension. = 2:) — *sightless* —] The poet uses *sightless* for that which we now express by *unsightly*, disagreeable to the eyes. = 3:) — *swart*,] *Swart* is brown, inclining to black. = 4:) — *prodigious*,] That is, *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil*. = 5:) — *and makes its owner stoop*, — MALONE. = 6:) *To me, and to the state of my great grief*,] *Let kings assemble*;] In *Much Ado about Nothing*, the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief, that a *thread may lead him*. How is it that grief, in Leonato and lady Constance, produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn; angry alike at those that injure, and at those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions. JOHNSON. = 7:) — *here I and sorrows sit*; — MALONE. = 8:) — *high tides*,] i. e. solemn seasons. = 9:) — *prodigiously be cross'd*;] i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster. = 10:) *But on this day*,] that is, *except on this day*. = 11:) *O Lymoges! O Austria!*] The propriety or impropriety of these titles, which every editor has suffered to pass unnoted, deserves a little consideration. Shakspeare has, on this occasion, followed the old play, which at once furnished him with the character of Faulconbridge, and ascribed the death of Richard I. to the duke of Austria. In the person of Austria he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison, in a former expedition [in 1193]; but the castle of Chaluz, before which he fell [in 1199] belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges; and the archer who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. The editors seem hitherto to have understood *Lymoges* as being an appendage to the title of Austria, and therefore enquired no further about it. STEEVENS. = 12:) *What earthly name to interrogatories*,] *Can task the free breath*, &c.] i. e. What earthly name *subjoined* to interrogatories, can force a king to *speak* and answer them? = 13:) — *a new untrimmed bride*,] i. e. *undressed*. = 14:) — *this kind regret?*] A *regret* is an exchange of salutation. = 15:) *Is not amiss when it is truly done*;] i. e. *that*, which you have sworn to do *amiss*, is not

amiss, (i. e. becomes right) when it is *done truly* (that is, as he explains it, not done at all); and being *not done*, where it would be a *sin to do it*; the *truth is most done* when you *do it not*: Other parts of this speech have puzzled the commentators, who have, in turn, puzzled their readers. = 16:) — *be measures* —] The *measures*, it has already been more than once observed, were a species of solemn dance in our author's time. = 17:) *I muse*,] i. e. *I wonder*. = 18:) *Bell, book, and candle* —] In an account of the Romish curse given by Dr. Grey, it appears that three candles were extinguished, one by one, in different parts of the execration. = 19:) — *full of gawds*,] *Gawds* are any showy ornaments. = 20:) *"Sound one into,"* &c. — MALONE. = 21:) — *using conceit alone*,] *Conceit* here, as in many other places, signifies *conception*, thought. = 22:) *Remember*,] This is one of the scenes to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection; no change in dramatic taste can injure it; and time itself can subtract nothing from its beauties. STEEVENS. = 23:) *"For England, cousin, go."* — MALONE. = 24:) — *of convicted sail* —] Overpowered, baffled, destroyed. = 25:) *No, I defy, &c.*] *To defy* anciently signified *to refuse*. = 26:) *Misery's love, &c.*] *Thou, death, who art courted by misery*, to come to his relief, O come to me. = 27:) — *modern invocation*,] i. e. *trite*, common. = 28:) *Bind up those tresses*;] It was necessary that Constance should be interrupted, because a passion so violent cannot be borne long. I wish the following speeches had been equally happy; but they only serve to show how difficult it is to maintain the pathetic long. JOHNSON. = 29:) — *but yesterday suspire*,] i. e. *breathe*. = 30:) — *a gracious creature born*,] *Gracious*, i. e. *graceful*. = 31:) — — *had you such a loss as I*,] *I could give better comfort* —] This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness. JOHNSON. = 32:) *There's nothing in this, &c.*] The young prince feels his defeat with more sensibility than his father. Shame operates most strongly in the earlier years; and when can disgrace be less welcome than when a man is going to his bride? JOHNSON. = 33:) *"sweet word's taste,"* — MALONE: who says that the *sweet word* is *life*. = 34:) *"strange actions:"* — MALONE. =

ACT IV. = 1:) *Northampton*,] The fact is, that Arthur was first confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen, in Normandy, where he was put to death. — Our author has deviated, in this particular, from the history, and brought king John's nephew to England; but there is no circumstance, either in the original play, or in this of Shakspeare, to point out the particular castle in which he is supposed to be confined. The castle of Northampton has been mentioned, in some modern editions, as the place, merely because, in the first Act, King John *seems* to have been in that town. In the old copy there is no where any notice of place. = 2:) *"I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's."* MALONE. = 3:) — *tarre him on*,] i. e. *stimulate*, set him on. Supposed to be derived from *ταρτίτω*, excito. = 4:) — *Go closely in with me*,] i. e. *secretly*, *privately*. = 5:) *To guard* —] i. e. *to fringe*, or *lace*. = 6:) *They do confound their skill in covetousness*;] i. e. not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intense desire of excelling. = 7:) *To sound the purposes* —] *To declare*, to *publish* the desires of all those. = 8:) — *good exercise?*] In the middle ages, the whole education of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c. These could not be easily had in a prison, where mental improvements might have been afforded as well as any where else; but this sort of education never entered into the thoughts of our active, warlike, but illiterate nobility. PERCY. = 9:) *How wildly then walks my estate in France!*] i. e. how ill my affairs go in France! — The verb, to *walk*, is used with great license by old writers. = 10:) *I was amaz'd* —] i. e. *stunned*, *confounded*. = 11:) *And here's a prophet*,] This man was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event is said to have fallen out as he had prophesied, the poor fellow was inhumanly dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and, together with his son, who appears to have been even more innocent than his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet. See *Holinshed's Chronicle*, under the year 1213. = 12:) *Deliver him to safety*,] That is, *Give him into safe custody*. = 13:) — *five moons were seen to-night*: &c.] This incident is mentioned by few of our historians. I have met with it no where but in Matthew of Westminster and Polydore Virgil, with a small alteration. These kind of appearances were more common about that time than either before or since. GREY. = 14:) — — *slippers, (which his nimble haste* || *Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,*)] Dr. Johnson says, "I know not how the commentators understand this important passage, which, in Dr. Warburton's edition, is marked as eminently beautiful, and, on the whole, not without justice. But Shakspeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frightened or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes." The commentators have produced many passages to prove the shoe, boot, &c. were right and left legged, as they are now. = 15:) *It is the curse of kings, &c.*] This plainly hints at Davison's case, in the affair of Mary queen of Scots. = 16:) — *advis'd respect*,] i. e.

deliberate consideration. = 17:) *Quoted*—] i. e. observed, distinguished. = 18:) *Hadst thou but shook thy head, &c.*] There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches, vented against Hubert, are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with a consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another. This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn *ab ipsis recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind, particularly that line in which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale in express words, would have struck him dumb*; nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges. JOHNSON. = 19:) “*And bid,*” &c. — MALONE. = 20:) *The dreadful motion of a murd’rous thought,*] Nothing can be falser than what Hubert here says in his own vindication; for we find, from a preceding scene, *the motion of a murd’rous thought had entered into him*, and that very deeply; and it was with difficulty that the tears, the entreaties, and the innocence of Arthur had diverted and suppressed it. WARBURTON. = 21:) *Whose private, &c.*] i. e. whose private account of the Dauphin’s affection to our cause is much more ample than the letters. = 22:) — *distemper’d*—] i. e. ruffled, out of humour. = 23:) — *reason now.*] *To reason*, in Shakspeare, is not so often to argue, as to talk. = 24:) — *a holy vow*; || *Never to taste the pleasures of the world,*] This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry. = 25:) — *true defence*;] *Honest defence*; defence in a good cause. = 26:) *Do not prove me so*; || *Yet, I am none*;] Do not make me a murderer, by compelling me to kill you; I am hitherto not a murderer. = 27:) *Like rivers of remorse*—] *Remorse* here, as almost every where in these plays, and the contemporary books, signifies *pity*. = 28:) *I am amaz’d,*] i. e. confounded. = 29:) *To tug and scramble,*] *Scramble* and *scramble* have the same meaning. = 30:) *The unwowed interest*—] i. e. the interest which has no proper owner to claim it. = 31:) *The imminent decay of wrested pomp.*] i. e. greatness obtained by violence; or rather, greatness wrested from its possessor. =

ACT V. = 1:) — *a gentle convertite,*] A *convertite* is a *convert*. = 2:) — *the precede-it, &c.*] i. e. the rough draught of the original treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords. = 3:) — *the spot of this enforced cause,*] *Spot* probably means, *stain* or *disgrace*. = 4:) — *clippeth thee about,*] i. e. *embraceth*. = 5:) *Between compulsion, and a brave respect*] This compulsion was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury’s opinion, (who, in his speech preceding, calls it an *enforced cause*), could only be procured by foreign arms: and the *brave respect* was the love of his country. = 6:) — *as I have bank’d their towns?*] i. e. sailed along the banks of the river. = 7:) “*No, no, on my soul, &c.*” — MALONE. = 8:) — *drew this gallant head of war,*] i. e. assembled it, drew it out into the field. = 9:) — *outlook*—] i. e. face down, bear down by a show of magnanimity. = 10:) — *take the hatch*;] *To take the hatch*, is to *leap the hatch*. *To take a hedge* or *a ditch* is the hunter’s phrase. = 11:) — *in concealed wells*;] *Concealed wells* are wells in concealed or obscure situations; viz. in places secured from public notice. = 12:) — *of your nation’s crow,*] i. e. at the crowing of a cock; *gallus* meaning both a cock and a Frenchman. = 13:) — *his airy towers,*] An *airy* is the nest of an eagle. = 14:) *Their needs to lances,*] i. e. *needles*. = 15:) — *Swinstead,*] i. e. *Swineshead*. = 16:) — *Richard*—] *Sir Richard Faulconbridge*; — and yet the king, a little before, (Act III. sc. ii.) calls him by his original name of *Philip*. STEEVENS. = 17:) *He means*—] The Frenchman, i. e. Lewis, means, &c. = 18:) — *even as a form of wax* || *Resolveth, &c.*] This is said in allusion to the images made by witches. Holinshed observes, that it was alleged against dame Eleanor Cobham and her confederates, “that they had devised an *image of wax*, representing the king, which, by their sorcerie, by little and little consumed, intending thereby, in conclusion, to waste and destroy the king’s person.” = 19:) — *rated treachery,*] i. e. The Dauphin has rated your treachery, and set upon it a *fine*, which your lives must pay. = 20:) — *happy newness, &c.*] Happy innovation, that purposed the restoration of the ancient rightful government. = 21:) “*tattering*” — MALONE. = 22:) — *keep good quarter,*] i. e. keep in your allotted posts. = 23:) *The king, I fear, is poison’d by a monk*;] Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years after the death of king John, mentions this very improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poisoned a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself, to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first, who relates it in his *Chronicle* as a report, but a more particular account may be seen in Fox’s “*Acts and Monuments*,” vol. i. According to the best accounts, John died at Newark, of a fever. = 24:) “*Leaves them invisible*,” — MALONE. = 25:) — *so strait,*] i. e. narrow, avaricious; an unusual sense of the word. = 26:) *And module of confounded royalty,*] i. e. *model*. = 27:) *Were in the washes, all unwarily, &c.*] This untoward accident really happened to king John himself. As he passed

from Lynn to Lincolnshire, he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia. = 28:) *At Worcester must his body be interr’d*;] A stone coffin, containing the body of king John, was discovered in the cathedral church of Worcester, July 17, 1797. STEEVENS. =

XVII. KING RICHARD II.

ACT I. = 1:) *Duke of Aumerle,*] *Aumerle*, or *Aumale*, is the French for what we now call *Albemarle*, which is a town in Normandy. The old historians generally use the French title. STEEVENS. = 2:) *Earl Berkley,*] It ought to be *Lord Berkley*. There was no *Earl Berkley* till some ages after. STEEVENS. = 3:) *Lord Ross,*] Now spelt *Roos*, one of the duke of Rutland’s titles. STEEVENS. = 4:) Our ancestors appear to have considered men as old, whom we should esteem middle-aged. John of Gaunt was at this time only 58 years old. = 5:) — *thy oath and band,*] i. e. *bond*. = 6:) — *right-drawn*—] Drawn in a right or just cause. = 7:) — *inhabitable*—] That is, *not habitable, uninhabitable*. = 8:) — *that can inherit us, &c.*] *To inherit* is no more than to *possess*, though such a use of the word may be peculiar to Shakspeare. = 9:) — *for lew’d*—] *Lewd*, in our author, sometimes signifies *wicked*, and sometimes *idle*. = 10:) Suggest—] i. e. prompt. = 11:) — *this slander of his blood,*] i. e. reproach to the king’s ancestry. = 12:) — *my scepter’s awe,*] The reverence due to my scepter. = 13:) “*no month to bleed.*” — MALONE. = 14:) — *no boot.*] That is, *no use in delay, or refusal*. = 15:) — *Lions make leopards tame.*] There is a peculiar allusion here which has not been noticed. The Norfolk crest was a golden leopard. MALONE. In the next line Mr. Malone reads “*his spots.*” = 16:) — *atone you,*] i. e. *reconcile you*. = 17:) *Justice design*—] i. e. *mark out*. = 18:) “*Lord Marshal,*” — MALONE. = 19:) — *Duchess of Gloster.*] The Duchess of Gloster was Eleanor Bohun, widow of duke Thomas, son of Edward III. = 20:) — *the part*—] That is, my relation of consanguinity to Gloster. = 21:) — *thou dost consent, &c.*] i. e. *assent*. = 22:) *A caitiff*—] *Caitiff* originally signified a *prisoner*; next a *slave*, from the condition of prisoners; then a *scoundrel*, from the qualities of a slave. = 23:) — *Lord Marshal,*] Shakspeare has here committed a slight mistake. The office of lord marshal was executed on this occasion by Thomas Holland, duke of Surrey. Our author has inadvertently introduced that nobleman as a distinct person from the marshal, in the present drama. Mowbray duke of Norfolk was the earl marshal of England; but being himself one of the combatants, the duke of Surrey officiated as earl marshal for the day. = 24:) — *Aumerle.*] Edward duke of Aumerle, so created by his cousin german, King Richard II., in 1397. He was the eldest son of Edward of Langley duke of Norfolk, fifth son of Edward the Third, and was killed in 1415, at the battle of Agincourt. He officiated at the lists of Coventry, as high constable of England. = 25:) “*As so,*” i. e. as you hope that heaven and your valour may defend you. MALONE. = 26:) — *waxen coat,*] The object of Bolingbroke’s request is, that the temper of his lance’s point might as much exceed the mail of his adversary, as the iron of that mail was harder than wax. = 27:) *Fall like amazing thunder on the casque*—] *To amaze*, in ancient language, signifies to *stun*, to *confound*. = 28:) *As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,*] *To jest* sometimes signifies in old language to *play a part in a mask*. = 29:) — *hath thrown his warder*—] A *warder* appears to have been a kind of truncheon carried by the person who presided at these single combats. = 30:) [And for we think the eagle-winged pride, &c.] These five verses are omitted in some editions, and restored from the first of 1598. PORE. = 31:) “*The sly-slow hours*” — MALONE. = 32:) — *compassionate*;] for *plaintive*. = 33:) (*Out part, &c.*) It is a question much debated amongst the writers of the law of nations, whether a banished man may be still tied in his allegiance to the state which sent him into exile. Tully and lord chancellor Clarendon declare for the affirmative: Hobbes and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, seems to be of the same opinion. WARBURTON. = 34:) — *advised*—] i. e. concerted, deliberated. = 35:) *Norfolk, so far, &c.*] Perhaps the author intended that Hereford, in speaking this line, should show some courtesy to Mowbray; — and the meaning may be: So much civility as an enemy has a right to, I am willing to offer to thee. = 36:) *And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow*;] It is matter of very melancholy consideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good. JOHNSON. = 37:) — *Upon good advice,*] Upon great consideration. = 38:) *A partial slander*—] That is, the *reproach* of *partiality*. This is a just picture of the struggle between principle and affection. = 39:) — *the presence strew’d*;] An allusion to the ancient practice of strewing rushes over the floor of the *presence chamber*. = 40:) — *measure,*] A *measure* was a formal court dance. = 41:) — *yet a trueborn Englishman.*] Here the first Act ought to end, that between the first and second Acts there may be time for John of Gaunt to accompany his son, return, and fall sick. Then the first scene of the second Act begins with a natural conversation, interrupted by a message from John of Gaunt, by which the king is called to visit him, which visit is paid in the following scene. As the play is now divided, more time passes between the two last scenes of the first Act, than between the first Act and

the second. JOHNSON. = 42:) "Faith, none for me," i. e. none on my part. MALONE. = 43:) — *the tribute of his supple knee.*] To illustrate this phrase, it should be remembered that *courtesying*, (the act of reverence now confined to women,) was anciently practised by men. = 44:) *Expedient* — i. e. *expeditious*. = 45:) — *for our coffers* — i. e. because. =

ACT II. = 1:) — *the Duke of York,*] was Edmund, son of Edward III. = 2:) *Report of fashions in proud Italy;*] Our author, who gives to all nations the customs of England, and to all ages the manners of his own, has charged the times of Richard with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in Shakspeare's time, and much lamented by the wisest and best of our ancestors. = 3:) *Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.*] Where the will rebels against the notices of the understanding. = 4:) "Against infestation," — MALONE. = 5:) *Fear'd by their breed,*] i. e. by means of their breed. = 6:) *With inky blots,*] *Inky blots* are written restrictions. = 7:) — *rotten parchment bonds;*] Alluding to the circumstances of Richard having actually *farmed* out his royal realm. And it afterwards appears that the person who *farmed* the realm was the earl of Wiltshire, one of his own favourites. = 8:) — *Queen;*] Shakspeare, as Mr. Walpole suggests, has deviated from historical truth in the introduction of Richard's queen as a woman in the present piece; for Anne, his first wife, was dead before the play commences, and Isabella, his second wife, was a child at the time of his death. = 9:) — *Aumerle,*] was Edward, eldest son of Edmund duke of York, whom he succeeded in the title. He was killed at Agincourt. = 10:) — *Ross,*] was William lord Ross, (and so should be printed,) of Hamlake, afterwards lord treasurer to Henry IV. = 11:) — *Willoughby,*] was William lord Willoughby of Eresby, who afterwards married Joan, widow of Edmund duke of York. = 12:) *Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.*] *Possess'd*, in this second instance, was probably designed to mean — afflicted with madness, occasioned by the internal operation of a demon. = 13:) *Love they —*] That is, *let them love*. = 14:) "I do beseech" — MALONE. = 15:) — *Northumberland.*] Henry Percy, earl of Northumberland. = 16:) "What says he?" — MALONE. = 17:) — *where no venom else.*] This alludes to a tradition that St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from venomous reptiles of every kind. = 18:) *Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke* || *About his marriage,*] When the duke of Hereford, after his banishment, went into France, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match. = 19:) *Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;*] i. e. when he was of thy age. = 20:) — *deny his offer'd homage,*] that is, *refuse to admit the homage*, by which he is to hold his lands. = 21:) "And quite lost their hearts:" — MALONE. = 22:) *And yet we strike not,*] *To strike the sails,* is, *to contract them* when there is too much wind. = 23:) — *but securely perish.*] We perish with too great confidence in our security. = 24:) *And unavoided —*] for *unavoidable*. = 25:) [The son of Richard earl of Arundel,] || *That late broke from the duke of Exeter,*] I suspect that some of these lines are transposed, as well as that the poet has made a blunder in his enumeration of persons. No copy that I have seen, will authorize me to make an alteration, though according to Holinshed, whom Shakspeare followed in great measure, more than one is necessary. STEEVENS. For the insertion of the line included within crotchets, Mr. Malone is answerable; it not being found in the old copies. = 26:) — *archbishop late of Canterbury,*] Thomas Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, brother to the earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign, had been banished by the parliament, and afterwards deprived by the pope of his see, at the request of the king; whence he is here called, *late of Canterbury*. = 27:) *Imp out —*] As this expression frequently occurs in our author, it may not be amiss to explain the original meaning of it. When the wing feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called, *to imp a hawk*. = 28:) — *gilt,*] i. e. gilding; superficial display of gold. = 29:) *Like perspectives,* &c.] The *perspectives*, here mentioned, were not pictures, but round crystal glasses, the convex surface of which was cut into faces, like those of the rose-diamond; the concave left uniformly smooth. These crystals — which were sometimes mounted on tortoise-shell box-lids, and sometimes fixed into ivory cases — if placed as here represented, would exhibit the different appearances described by the poet. The word *shadows* is here used in opposition to substance, for reflected images, and not as the dark forms of bodies, occasioned by their interception of the light that falls upon them. HENLEY. = 30:) — *might have retir'd his power,*] *Might have drawn it back.* A French sense. = 31:) "And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?" MALONE. = 32:) "the commons they are cold," — MALONE. = 33:) *Get thee to Plashy,*] The lordship of *Plashy*, was a town of the duchess of Gloster's in Essex. Its history and antiquities were published some years ago by Mr. Gough; but this work does not appear to have been consulted by the commentators. = 34:) — *untruth —*] that is, *disloyalty, treachery*. = 35:) *The king had cut off my head with my brother's.*] None of York's brothers had his head cut off, either by the king or any one else. The duke of Gloster, to whose death he probably alludes, was secretly murdered at Calais, being smo-

thered between two beds. = 36:) "What, are there no posts," &c. — MALONE. = 37:) *Come, sister, — cousin, I would say;*] This is one of Shakspeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen his cousin, but the recent death of his sister is uppermost in his mind. = 38:) "Thus disorderly thrust" — MALONE. = 39:) "Gentlemen, go," &c. — MALONE. = 40:) "Will the hateful commons" — MALONE. = 41:) "gracious regent" — MALONE. = 42:) — *the absent time,*] i. e. *time of the king's absence*. = 43:) *But then more why;*] But, to add more questions. = 44:) *And ostentation of despised arms?*] The meaning of this probably — *a boastful display of arms which we despise*. = 45:) — *indifferent eye;*] i. e. with an *impartial eye*. = 46:) *To rouse his wrongs,*] i. e. *the persons who wrong him*. = 47:) — *to sue my livery here,*] A law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures. = 48:) *It stands your grace upon, to do him right.*] i. e. it is your interest, it is matter of consequence to you. = 49:) Mr. Malone adds "In thee" to the preceding line. = 50:) *The bay-trees,* &c.] This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking. JOHNSON. =

ACT III. = 1:) *Dispark'd my parks,*] *To dispark* is to throw down the hedges of an enclosure, or to divest a park of its name and character by destroying the inclosures, and laying it open. = 2:) *From my own windows torn my household coat,*] It was the practice when coloured glass was in use, of which there are still some remains in old seats and churches, to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the house. = 3:) *Raz'd out my impress,* &c.] The *impress* was a device or motto. = 4:) "call they," — MALONE. = 5:) "After your late tossing" — MALONE. = 6:) "rebellion's arms." — MALONE. = 7:) *He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,*] It is not easy to point out an image more striking and beautiful than this, in any poet whether ancient or modern. STEEVENS. = 8:) *Mine ear is open,* &c.] It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude, the virtue of a confessor, rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious. JOHNSON. = 9:) *Of double-fatal yew —*] From some of the ancient statutes it appears that every Englishman, while archery was practised, was obliged to keep in his house either a bow of yew or some other wood. It should seem therefore that *yews* were not only planted in church-yards to defend the churches from the wind, but on account of their use in making bows; while by the benefit of being secured in enclosed places, their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to cattle. STEEVENS. = 10:) — *there the antic sits,*] Here is an allusion to the *antic* or *fool* of old farces, whose chief part is to deride and disturb the graver and more splendid personages. JOHNSON. = 11:) *Tradition,*] This word seems here used for *traditional practices*: that is, *established, or customary homage*. = 12:) "wise men ne'er sit and wait their woes," — MALONE. = 13:) — *I'll hate him everlastingly,* || *That bids me be of comfort —*] This sentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without a remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than those petty and conjectured comforts which unskillful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer. = 14:) *To ear —*] i. e. *to plough it*. = 15:) *For taking so the head,*] *To take the head* is, to act without restraint, to take undue liberties. = 16:) — "and oppose not myself" || "Against their will." — MALONE. = 17:) — *the flower of England's face;*] Dr. Warburton says, by *the flower of England's face* is meant the choicest youths of England, who shall be slaughtered in this quarrel, or have bloody crowns. *The flower of England's face*, to design her choicest youth, is a fine and noble expression, but Mr. Steevens is of opinion that *the flower of England's face*, means *England's flowery face*, the *flowery surface of England's soil*. = 18:) *With words of sooth!*] *Sooth* is sweet as well as true. In this place *sooth* means *sweetness* or softness, a signification yet retained in the verb *to sooth*. JOHNSON. = 19:) — *on their sovereign's head;*] Shakspeare is very apt to deviate from the pathetic to the ridiculous. Had the speech of Richard ended at this line, it had exhibited the natural language of submissive misery, conforming its intention to the present fortune, and calmly ending its purposes in death. JOHNSON. = 20:) — *base court —*] *Bas cour*, Fr. = 21:) *Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe.*] The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to forerun calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending. The sense is, that public evils are always presignified by public pensiveness, and plaintive conversation. JOHNSON. = 22:) *Her knots disorder'd,*] *Knots* are figures planted in box, the lines of which frequently intersect each other. = 23:) "O, I am press'd to death, through want of speaking!" || *Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,* || *How dares thy harsh-rude,* &c. — MALONE. = 24:) "Here did she fall a tear;" — MALONE. =

ACT IV. = 1:) — *Surrey,*] Thomas Holland, earl of Kent. He was brother to John Holland duke of Exeter, and was created duke of Surrey in the 21st year of king Richard the Second, 1397. = 2:) Thus pointed by Mr. Malone. "If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest:" = 3:)

"I task the earth," &c. — MALONE. = 4:) "'Tis very true:" — MALONE. = 5:) — *in this new world.*] In this world where I have just begun to be an actor. Surrey, a few lines above, called him *boy*. = 6:) — *nobless* — i. e. *nobleness*; a word now obsolete, but used both by Spenser and Ben Jonson. = 7:) "O, forbend it, God," — MALONE. = 8:) "If you raise" — MALONE. = 9:) — *his conduct.*] i. e. *conductor*. = 10:) "And little look for" — MALONE. = 11:) "bend my limbs:" — MALONE. = 12:) *The favours, &c.*] *The countenances, the features.* = 13:) "on this side, my hand: and on that side, thine." — MALONE. = 14:) *The emptier ever dancing* — This is a comparison not easily accommodated to the subject, nor very naturally introduced. The best part is this line, in which he makes the usurper the empty bucket. JOHNSON. = 15:) *My care is — loss of care, by old care done;*] Shakspeare often obscures his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to say here, that *his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares*; for this reason, that *his care is the loss of care*, — his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, by the cessation of the care to which he had been accustomed. JOHNSON. = 16:) — *my balm,*] The oil of consecration. He has mentioned it before. JOHNSON. = 17:) "all duty's rites:" — MALONE. = 18:) "unbroke, that swear to thee!" — MALONE. = 19:) "look upon" — MALONE. = 20:) — *a sort* —] A pack, a company. WARBURTON. = 21:) — *haught,*] i. e. *haughty*. = 22:) Mr. Malone omits *why*. = 23:) — *Conveyers are you all,*] To convey is a term often used in an ill sense, and so Richard understands it here. Pistol says of *stealing*, convey the *wise it call*; and to convey is the word for sleight of hand, which seems to be alluded to here. *Ye are all*, says the deposed prince, *jugglers*, who rise with this nimble dexterity by the fall of a good king. JOHNSON. = 24:) To bury —] To conceal, to keep secret. = 25:) "but also to effect" — MALONE. =

ACT V. = 1:) To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,] The Tower of London is traditionally said to have been the work of Julius Cæsar. By — *ill-erected*, perhaps, is meant — erected for bad purposes. = 2:) *Join not with grief,*] Do not thou unite with grief against me; do not, by thy additional sorrows, enable grief to strike me down at once. My own part of sorrow I can bear, but thy affliction will immediately destroy me. JOHNSON. = 3:) "and the king of beasts?" — MALONE. = 4:) — *to quit their grief,*] To retaliate their mournful stories. = 5:) — *Hallowmas,*] *All-hallows, or all-hallow-tide*; the first of November. = 6:) *Better far off, than — near, be ne'er the near.*] The meaning is, it is better to be at a great distance, than being near each other, to find that we yet are not likely to be peaceably and happily united. = 7:) *With painted imag'ry, had said at once,*] Our author probably was thinking of the painted clothes that were hung in the streets, in the pageants that were exhibited in his own time; in which the figures sometimes had labels issuing from their mouths, containing sentences of gratulation. = 8:) *As in a theatre, &c.*] "The painting of this description (says Dryden, in his preface to *Troilus and Cressida*), is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read any thing comparable to it, in any other language." = 9:) *Aumerle that was;*] The dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter, were, by an act of Henry's first parliament, deprived of their dukedoms, but were allowed to retain their earldoms of Rutland, Kent, and Huntingdon. = 10:) "thou wouldst" — MALONE. = 11:) "If on the first," i. e. if your first stand only on intention. MALONE. = 12:) *Thou sheer, immaculate, &c.*] *Sheer* is pellucid, transparent. = 13:) — *digressing son,*] deviating from what is right. = 14:) — *The Beggar and the King.*] *The King and the Beggar* seems to have been an interlude or song, well known in the time of our author, who has alluded to it more than once. = 15:) — *pardonnez moy,*] That is, *excuse me*, a phrase used when any thing is civilly denied. The whole passage is such as I could well wish away. JOHNSON. = 16:) *But for our trusty brother-in-law,*] The brother-in-law was John duke of Exeter and earl of Huntingdon (own brother to king Richard II.) and who had married with the lady Elizabeth, sister of Henry Bolingbroke. = 17:) — *people this little world;*] i. e. his own frame; — "the state of man;" which in our author's *Julius Cæsar* is said to be "like to a little kingdom." = 18:) — — *the word itself*] *Against the word:*] By the word, probably, is meant, the holy word. = 19:) *For now hath time made me his num'ring clock;*] *My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar*] *Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch, &c.*] It should be recollected, that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time; viz. by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these, the king, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the jarring of the pendulum, which, at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial or outward-watch, to which the king compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or, (to use an expression of Milton,) *minute drops*: his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the dial's point: — his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour. = 20:) — *his Jack o' the clock.*] That is, I strike for him. One of these automats is alluded to in *King Richard III.* = 21:) *Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.*] i. e. is as strange and uncommon as a brooch which

is now no longer worn. = 22:) — sometimes *master's face.*] Sometimes was used for formerly, as well as sometime, which the modern editors have substituted. Mr. Malone reads, "sometimes royal master's face." = 23:) — *by jauncing Bolingbroke.*] *Jaunce* and *jaunt* were synonymous words. =

XVIII. KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

ACT I. = 1:) *Prince John of Lancaster.*] The persons of the drama were originally collected by Mr. Rowe, who has given the title of *Duke of Lancaster* to *Prince John*, a mistake which Shakspeare has been no where guilty of in the first part of this play, though in the second he has fallen into the same error. *King Henry IV.* was himself the last person that ever bore the title of *Duke of Lancaster*. But all his sons, (till they had peerages, as *Clarence, Bedford, Gloucester,*) were distinguished by the name of the royal house, as *John of Lancaster, Humphrey of Lancaster, &c.* and in that proper style, the present John (who became afterwards so illustrious by the title of *Duke of Bedford*), is always mentioned in the play before us. STEEVENS. = 2:) *Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,*] *And breathe short-winded accents of new broils* —] That is, let us soften peace to rest awhile without disturbance, that she may recover breath to propose new wars. JOHNSON. = 3:) *No more the thirsty Erinnyes* —] The fury of discord; but Mr. Malone prefers "the thirsty entrance," a reading which is argued with insufferable tediousness by the commentators. = 4:) *Therefore we meet not now;*] i. e. not on that account do we now meet; — we are not now assembled, to acquaint you with our intended expedition. = 5:) — *this dear expedience.*] For *expedition*. = 6:) *And many limits* —] *Limits* for *estimates*; or perhaps, *outlines, rough sketches, or calculations*. = 7:) "A thousand," &c. — MALONE. = 8:) — *Archibald,*] *Archibald Douglas, earl Douglas.* = 9:) *Stain'd with the variation of each soil* —] No circumstance could have been better chosen to mark the expedition of sir Walter. It is used by Falstaff in a similar manner: "As it were to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me, but to stand stained with travel." = 10:) *Balk'd in their own blood,*] Either bath'd, or piled together in a heap. = 11:) "Mordake earl of Fife," — MALONE. = 12:) "to so blest a son:" — MALONE. = 13:) — *the prisoners,*] Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom, at his pleasure. = 14:) *Malevolent to you in all aspects;*] An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star that influenced the conduct of Hotspur. = 15:) *Which makes him prune himself,*] The metaphor is taken from a cock, who in his pride prunes himself; that is, picks off the loose feathers to smooth the rest. To *prune* and to *plume*, spoken of a bird, is the same. = 16:) *Than out of anger can be uttered.*] That is, "more is to be said than anger will suffer me to say: more than can issue from a mind disturbed like mine." = 17:) — *got with swearing* — lay by;] i. e. swearing at the passengers they robbed, lay by your arms; or rather, lay by was a phrase that then signified stand still, addressed to those who were preparing to rush forward. To lay by, is a phrase adopted from navigation, and signifies, by slackening sail to become stationary = 18:) — *and spent with crying* — bring in:] i. e. more wine. = 19:) — *And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?*] To understand the propriety of the prince's answer, it must be remarked that the sheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So that when Falstaff asks, whether *his hostess is not a sweet wench*, the prince asks in return whether it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison by running in debt to this sweet wench. = 20:) *For obtaining of suits?*] *Suit*, spoken of one that attends at court, means a petition; used with respect to the hangman, means the clothes of the offender. = 21:) — *a gib cat,*] A gib cat means, old cat, or perhaps an he-cat. = 22:) — *Lincolnshire bagpipe.*] By the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe, is meant the dull croak of a frog, one of the native musicians of that waterish county. In the neighbourhood of Boston, in Lincolnshire, the noisy frogs are still humourously denominated "the Boston waits." = 23:) — *a hare* —] The Egyptians in their hieroglyphics expressed a melancholy man by a hare sitting in her form. = 24:) — *the melancholy of Moor-ditch?*] It appears from Stowe's Survey, that a broad ditch, called Deep ditch, formerly parted the hospital from Moor-fields; and what has a more melancholy appearance than stagnant water? = 25:) — *damnable iteration;*] i. e. a wicked trick of citation or recitation. = 26:) — *have set a match.*] i. e. made an appointment. = 27:) — *if thou dar'st not stand, &c.*] Falstaff is quibbling on the word royal. The real or royal was of the value of ten shillings. Almost the same jest occurs in a subsequent scene. = 28:) — *All-hallow summer.*] *All-hallows* is *All-hallow-tide*, or *All-saints' day*, which is the first of November. Shakspeare's allusion is designed to ridicule an old man with youthful passions. = 29:) — *for the nonce,*] For the nonce is an expression in daily use amongst the

common people in Suffolk, to signify on purpose; for the turn. = 30:) — *reproof* —] *Reproof* is *confutation*. = 31:) — *shall I falsify men's hopes?*] To falsify hope is to exceed hope, to give much where men hoped for little. This speech is very artfully introduced to keep the prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them for his future reformation; and, what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself, and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forsake. = 32:) *I will from henceforth rather be myself, || Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;*] i. e. I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the resentment of an injured king, than still continue in the inactivity and mildness of my natural disposition. = 33:) *"I do see"* — MALONE. = 34:) *The moody frontier* —] *Frontier* was anciently used for *forehead*. = 35:) *You have good leave* —] i. e. our ready assent. = 36:) *A pouncet box,*] A small box for musk or other perfumes then in fashion: the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name; from *poinsoner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave. = 37:) *Took it in snuff;*] *Snuff* is equivocally used for anger, and a powder taken up the nose. = 38:) *To be so pester'd with a popinjay,*] i. e. a parrot. = 39:) — *grief* —] i. e. pain. = 40:) — *and indent with fears,*] i. e. bargain and article with fears. = 41:) — *hardiment* —] An obsolete word, signifying hardness, bravery, stoutness. Spenser is frequent in his use of it. = 42:) — *three times did they drink,*] It is the property of wounds to excite the most impatient thirst. The poet therefore hath with exquisite propriety introduced this circumstance, which may serve to place in its proper light the dying kindness of sir Philip Sydney; who, though suffering the extremity of thirst from the agony of his own wounds, yet, notwithstanding, gave up his own draught of water to a wounded soldier. HENLEY. = 43:) — *his crisp head* —] *Crisp* is *curled*. = 44:) *"Art thou not ashamed?"* — MALONE. = 45:) — *an eye of death,*] that is, an eye menacing death. = 46:) — *this canker, Bolingbroke?*] The canker-rose is the dog-rose, the flower of the cynosbaton. = 47:) — *disdain'd* —] for *disdainful*. = 48:) *But out upon this half fac'd fellowship!*] A coat is said to be *faced* when part of it, as the sleeves or bosom, is covered with something finer or more splendid than the main substance. The mantua makers still use the word. *Half-fac'd fellowship* is then "partnership but half-adorned, partnership which yet wants half the show of dignities and honours." JOHNSON. = 49:) — *a world of figures here,*] *Figures* mean shapes created by Hotspur's imagination. = 50:) *And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,*] A royster or turbulent fellow, that fought in taverns, or raised disorders in the streets, was called a swash-buckler. In this sense *sword-and-buckler* is here used. = 51:) *"Why, what a wasp-tongue"* — MALONE. = 52:) *"be granted you—My lord,"* — MALONE. = 53:) *I speak not this in estimation,*] *Estimation* for conjecture. = 54:) — *let's slip,*] To *let slip*, is to loose the greyhound. = 55:) — *by raising of a head;*] A head is a body of forces. = 56:) *The king will always, &c.*] This is a natural description of the state of mind between those that have conferred, and those that have received obligations too great to be satisfied. = 57:) *Cousin,*] This was a common address in our author's time to nephews, nieces, and grandchildren. =

ACT II. = 1:) — *Charles' wain* —] *Charles's wain* is the vulgar name given to the constellation called the Bear. It is a corruption of the *Chorles* or *Churls* wain. (Sax. ceorl, a countryman.) = 2:) — *Cut's saddle,*] *Cut* is the name of a horse in *The Witches of Lancashire*, 1634, and, probably, a common one. = 3:) — *out of all cess,*] i. e. out of all measure: the phrase being taken from a cess, tax, or subsidy. = 4:) — *as dank* —] i. e. wet, rotten. = 5:) — *bots;*] are worms in the stomach of a horse. = 6:) — *breeds fleas like a loach,*] i. e. as a loach breeds. The loach is a very small fish, but so exceedingly prolific, that it is seldom found without spawn in it. = 7:) — *Gadshill,*] This thief receives his title from a place on the Kentish road, where many robberies have been committed. = 8:) *At hand, quoth pick-purse,*] This is a proverbial expression often used by Green, Nashe, and other writers of the time, in whose works the cant of low conversation is preserved. = 9:) — *franklin* —] is a little gentleman, perhaps an opulent freeholder. Fortescue, says the editor of *The Canterbury Tales*, vol. iv. p. 202. (de L. L. Aug. c. xxix.) describes a *franklain* to be *pater familias — magnis ditatus possessionibus*. He is classed with (but after) the miles and armiger; and is distinguished from the *Libere tenentes* and *valecti*; though, as it should seem, the only real distinction between him and other freeholders, consisted in the largeness of his estate. Spelman, in *voce Franklein*, quotes the following passage from Trivet's *French Chronicle*. (MSS. Bibl. R. S. n. 56.) "Thomas de Brotherton filius Edwardi I. marescallus Angliæ, apres la mort de son pere esposa la fille de un Franchelyn apelee Alice." The Historian did not think it worth his while even to mention the name of the Frankleian. REED. = 10:) — *saint Nicholas' clerks,*] St. Nicholas was the patron saint of scholars; and Nicholas, or old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, *St. Nicholas' clerks*. = 11:) — *other Trojans* —] *Trojan* had a cant signification, and perhaps was only a more creditable term for a thief. = 12:) *I am joined with no foot land-rakers, &c.*] that is, with no padders, no wanderers on foot. No long staff six-

penny strikers, — no fellows that infest the road with long staffs, and knock men down for sixpence. None of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms, — none of those whose faces are red with drinking ale. JOHNSON. = 13:) — *burgomasters, and great oneyers;*] Perhaps public accountants. Some read *monyers*, or *bankers*. = 14:) — *such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink, &c.*] Perhaps the meaning may be, — Men who will knock the traveller down sooner than speak to him; who yet will speak to him and bid him stand, sooner than drink; (to which they are sufficiently well inclined;) and lastly, who will drink sooner than pray. = 15:) *She will, she will; justice hath liquored her.*] A satire on chicanery in courts of justice; which supports ill men in their violations of the law, under the very cover of it. = 16:) — *as in a castle,*] Perhaps Shakespeare means, we steal with as much security as the ancient inhabitants of castles, who had those strong holds to fly to for protection and defence against the laws. = 17:) — *we have the receipt of fern-seed,*] The ancients, who often paid more attention to received opinions than to the evidence of their senses, believed that fern bore no seed. Our ancestors imagined that this plant produced seed which was invisible. Hence, from an extraordinary mode of reasoning, founded on the fantastic doctrine of signatures, they concluded that they who possessed the secret of wearing this seed about them would become invisible. = 18:) — *purchase,*] anciently the cant term for stolen goods. = 19:) — *four foot by the squire* —] Dr. Warburton extracts humour out of this expression; but Dr. Johnson and the other commentators think that *by the squire* means no more than *by a rule*. = 20:) — *to colt* —] is to fool, to trick; but the prince taking it in another sense, opposes it by *uncolt*, that is, *unhorse*. = 21:) — *dole,*] The portion of alms distributed at Lambeth palace gate is at this day called the *dole*. = 22:) — *gorbelied* —] i. e. fat and corpulent. = 23:) — *ye fat chuffs;*] This term of contempt is always applied to rich and avaricious people. = 24:) — *the true men;*] In the old plays a *true man* is always set in opposition to a *thief*. = 25:) — *argument for a week,*] *Argument* is subject matter for conversation or a drama. = 26:) *Enter Hotspur, reading a letter,*] This letter was from George Dunbar, earl of March, in Scotland. = 27:) *Of basilisks,*] A basilisk is a cannon of a particular kind. = 28:) *And all the 'currents* —] i. e. the occurrences. In old language *occurrent* was used instead of *occurrence*. = 29:) — *esperance!*] This was the motto of the Percy family. = 30:) *"What say'st thou, my lady?"* — MALONE. = 31:) *"Why, my horse, my love, my horse."* — MALONE. = 32:) — *mammets,*] Puppets. = 33:) — *Corinthian,*] A wench. A cant expression, common in old plays. = 34:) — *under-skinker;*] A tapster; an under-drawer. *Skink* is *drink*, and a *skinker* is one that serves drink at table. = 35:) *Enter Francis,*] This scene, helped by the distraction of the drawer, and grimaces of the prince, may entertain upon the stage, but affords not much delight to the reader. The author has judiciously made it short. JOHNSON. = 36:) *Look down into the pomegranate,*] To have windows or loop-holes looking into the rooms beneath them, was anciently a general custom. = 37:) *Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, &c.*] The prince intends to ask the drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by many contemptuous distinctions. JOHNSON. = 38:) — *caddis-garter,*] *Caddis* was worsted galloon. MALONE. = 39:) — *brown bastard* —] *Bastard* was a kind of sweet wine. The prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing, to understand his instigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away. JOHNSON. = 40:) — *I am not yet of Percy's mind,*] The drawer's answer had interrupted the prince's train of discourse. He was proceeding thus: *I am now of all humours, that have showed themselves humours;* — *I am not yet of Percy's mind;* that is, I am willing to indulge myself in gaiety and frolic, and try all the varieties of human life. *I am not yet of Percy's mind,* — who thinks all the time lost that is not spent in bloodshed, forgets decency and civility, and has nothing but the talk of a soldier. JOHNSON. = 41:) — *Rivo,*] This was perhaps the cant of the English taverns. = 42:) — *nether-stocks,*] *Nether-stocks* are stockings. = 43:) *"sweet tale of the sons!"* MALONE. = 44:) *Fal. Their points being broken,* —] *Poins.* Down fell their hose.] To understand Poins's joke, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered, which signifies the sharp end of a weapon, and the lace of a garment. = 45:) — *Kendal* —] *Kendal*, in Westmoreland, is a place famous for making cloths, and dyeing them with several bright colours. *Kendal green* was the livery of Robert earl of Huntingdon and his followers, while they remained in a state of outlawry, and their leader assumed the title of Robin Hood. = 46:) — *tallow-keech,*] A keech of tallow is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. It is the proper word in use now. = 47:) — *there is a nobleman* —] Give him as much as will make him a royal man.] Perhaps here is a kind of jest intended. He that received a noble was, in cant language, called a *nobleman*: in this sense the prince catches the word, and bids the landlady give him as much as will make him a royal man, that is, a real, or royal man, and send him away. The royal went for 10s. — the noble only for 6s. and 8d. = 48:) — *taken with the manner,*] *Taken with the manner* is a law phrase, and then in common use, to signify taken in the fact. = 49:) *Hot livers, and cold purses,*] That is, drunkenness and poverty. To drink was, in the language of

those times, to *heat the liver*. = 50:) *Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.* || *P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.* The reader who would enter into the spirit of this repartee, must recollect the similarity of sound between *collar* and *choler*. = 51:) — *bombast*?) is the stuffing of clothes. = 52:) — *upon the cross of a Welsh hook.* A *Welsh hook* appears to have been some instrument of the offensive kind. = 53:) — *pistol* —] Shakspeare never has any care to preserve the manners of the time. *Pistols* were not known in the age of Henry. *Pistols* were, about our author's time, eminently used by the Scots. Sir Henry Wotton somewhere makes mention of a *Scottish pistol*. But Beaumont and Fletcher are still more inexcusable. In *The Humorous Lieutenant*, they have equipped Demetrius Poliorcetes, one of the immediate successors of Alexander the Great, with the same weapon. = 54:) — *blue-caps* —] A name of ridicule given to the Scots from their *blue bonnets*. = 55:) — *you may buy land, &c.* In former times the prosperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of stocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it safe to serve the king regnant, it was the practice at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiscate the estates of those that opposed, and perhaps of those who did not assist him. Those, therefore, that foresaw the change of government, and thought their estates in danger, were desirous to sell them in haste for something that might be carried away. JOHNSON. = 56:) — *This chair shall be my state.* A *state* is a chair with a canopy over it. = 57:) — *this cushion my crown.* Dr. Letherland, in a MS. note, observes that the country people in Warwickshire use a *cushion* for a *crown*, at their harvest-home diversions. = 58:) — *king Cambyzes* —] The banter is here upon a play called, *A lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of pleasant Mirth, containing the Life of Cambises, King of Persia*. By Thomas Preston. [1570.] THEOBALD. = 59:) — *my leg.* That is, my obeisance to my father. = 60:) — *tickle-brain.* This appears to have been the nick-name of some strong liquor. = 61:) — *though the camomile, &c.* This whole speech is supremely comic. The simile of camomile used to illustrate a contrary effect, brings to my remembrance an observation of a late writer of some merit, whom the desire of being witty has betrayed into a like thought. Meaning to enforce with great vehemence the mad temerity of young soldiers, he remarks, that "though Bedlam be in the road to Hogsden, it is out of the way to promotion." JOHNSON. = 62:) — *a micher*,] i. e. truant; A *micher*, means a lurking thief distinguished from one more daring. = 63:) — *rabbit-sucker, &c.* is, I suppose, a *sucking rabbit*. The jest is in comparing himself to something thin and little. So a *poulterer's hare*; a hare hung up by the hind legs without a skin, is long and slender. JOHNSON. = 64:) — *bolt-ing-hutch* —] is the wooden receptacle into which the meal is bolted. STEEVENS. = 65:) — *that huge bombard of sack.* A *bombard* is a *barrel*. = 66:) — *Manningtree ox* —] *Manningtree* in Essex, and the neighbourhood of it, are famous for richness of pasture. The farms thereabouts are chiefly tenanted by graziers. Some ox of an unusual size was, probably, roasted there on an occasion of public festivity, or exposed for money to public show. = 67:) — *take me with you.* that is, go no faster than I can follow. Let me know your meaning. = 68:) This speech Mr. Malone gives to prince Henry. = 69:) — *hide thee behind the arras.*] The bulk of Falstaff made him not the fittest to be concealed behind the hangings: but every poet sacrifices some thing to the scenery. If Falstaff had not been hidden, he could not have been found asleep, nor had his pockets searched. JOHNSON. When arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the bare walls of houses and castles. But this practice was soon discontinued; for after the damp of the stone or brickwork had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such a distance from the wall, as prevented the latter from being injurious to the former. In old houses, therefore, long before the time of Shakspeare, there were large spaces left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. STEEVENS. = 70:) *The man, I do assure you, is not here.*] Every reader must regret that Shakspeare would not give himself the trouble to furnish prince Henry with some more pardonable excuse; without obliging him to have recourse to an absolute falsehood, and that too uttered under the sanction of so strong an assurance. = 71:) — *I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score.*] i. e. it will kill him to march so far as twelve-score yards. =

ACT III. = 1:) — *induction* —] that is, entrance; beginning. = 2:) *Of burning cressets.*] A *cresset* was a great light set upon a beacon, light-house, or watch-tower: from the French word *croisette*, a little cross, because the beacons had anciently crosses on the top of them. = 3:) *Diseased nature* —] The poet has here taken, from the perverseness and contrariousness of Hotspur's temper, an opportunity of raising his character, by a very rational and philosophical confutation of superstitious error. JOHNSON. = 4:) — *and topples down* —] To *topple* is to *tumble*. = 5:) *Me-thinks, my moiety.*] The division is here into three parts. — A *moiety* was frequently used by the writers of Shakspeare's age, as a portion of any thing, though not divided into two equal parts. = 6:) — *cantle out.*] A *cantle* is a corner, or piece of any thing. = 7:) *For I was train'd up in the English court.*] The real name of Owen Glendower was *Vaughan*,

and he was originally a barrister of the Middle Temple. = 8:) — *the tongue* —] The English language. = 9:) — *a brazen canstick turn'd.*] The word *candlestick* which destroys the harmony of the line, is written *canstick* in the quartos, 1598, 1599, and 1608; and so it was pronounced. Heywood and several of the old writers, constantly spell it in this manner. = 10:) *I'll haste the writer.*] He means the writer of the articles. Mr. Malone reads "I'll in and haste," &c. = 11:) — *of the moldwarp and the ant.*] This alludes to an old prophecy, which is said to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms against king Henry. The *moldwarp* is the *mole*, so called because it renders the surface of the earth unlevel by the hillocks which it raises. = 12:) "He held me, last night," &c. — MALONE. = 13:) — *profited* || *In strange concealments.*] skilled in wonderful secrets. = 14:) — *opinion.*] means here *self-opinion*, or conceit. = 15:) "One that no persuasion" — MALONE. = 16:) — *a feeling disposition.*] i. e. a contest of sensibility, a reciprocation in which we engage on equal terms. = 17:) *With ravishing division, to her lute.*] *Divisions* were very uncommon in vocal music during the time of Shakspeare. BURNEY. = 18:) "She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down," — MALONE. = 19:) *Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep.*] She will lull you by her song into soft tranquillity, in which you shall be so near to sleep as to be free from perturbation, and so much awake as to be sensible of pleasure; a state partaking of sleep and wakefulness, as the twilight of night and day. JOHNSON. = 20:) — *our book.*] our paper of conditions. = 21:) "And straight" — MALONE. = 22:) *As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.*] Open walks and fields near Chiswell-street, London-wall, by Moorgate; the common resort of the citizens, as appears from many of our ancient comedies. = 23:) — *velvet-guards.*] To such as have their clothes adorned with shreds of velvet, which was, I suppose, the finery of cockneys. JOHNSON. = 24:) — *our book's drawn.*] i. e. our articles. Every composition, whether play, ballad, or history, was called a *book*, on the registers of ancient publications. = 25:) "some private conference." — MALONE. = 26:) *Yet such extenuation let me beg, &c.*] The construction is somewhat obscure. Let me beg so much extenuation, that, upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some that are true. I should read *on reproof*, instead of *in reproof*; but concerning Shakspeare's particles there is no certainty. JOHNSON. = 27:) *Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost.*] Our author has, I believe, here been guilty of an anachronism. The prince's removal from council, in consequence of his striking the lord chief justice Gascoigne, was some years after the battle of Shrewsbury (1403.) His brother, Thomas duke of Clarence, was appointed president of the council in his room, and he was not created a duke till the 13th year of king Henry IV. (1411.) MALONE. = 28:) — *loyal to possession.*] True to him that had then possession of the crown. JOHNSON. = 29:) — *rash bavin wits.*] *Rash*, is heady, thoughtless: *bavin* is brushwood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is soon out. = 30:) — *carded his state.*] The metaphor seems to be taken from mingling coarse wool with fine, and carding them together, whereby the value of the latter is diminished. The king means, that Richard mingled and carded together his royal state with capering fools, &c. = 31:) *And gave his countenance, against his name.*] i. e. favoured and encouraged things that were contrary to his dignity and reputation. = 32:) *Of every beardless vain comparative.*] *Comparative* means here, one who affects wit, a dealer in comparisons: what Shakspeare calls, somewhere else, a *simile-monger*. = 33:) *Enfeoff'd himself to popularity.*] To *enfeoff* is a law term, signifying to invest with possession. = 34:) *Capitulate* —] i. e. make head. So, to *articulate*, in a subsequent scene, is to form articles. = 35:) — *dearest* —] *Dearest* is most fatal, most mischievous. = 36:) Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,] There was no such person as lord Mortimer of Scotland; but there was a lord March of Scotland, (George Dunbar,) who having quitted his own country in disgust, attached himself so warmly to the English, and did them such signal services in their wars with Scotland, that the parliament petitioned the king to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of saving his life at the battle of Shrewsbury, as is related by Holinshed. This, no doubt, was the lord whom Shakspeare designed to represent in the act of sending friendly intelligence to the king. = 37:) *Advantage feeds him fat.*] i. e. feeds himself. = 38:) — *while I am in some liking.*] while I have some flesh, some substance. We have had *well-liking* in the same sense in a former play. MALONE. = 39:) — *Thou art our admiral, &c.*] Decker, in his *Wonderful Yeare*, 1603, has the same thought. He is describing the host of a country inn: "An antiquary might have pickt rare matter out of his nose. — The Hamburgers offered I know not how many dollars for his companie in an East-Indian voyage, to have stode a nightes in the Poop of their Admirall, onely to save the charges of candles." = 40:) — *dame Partlet* —] *Dame Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old story-book of *Reynard the Fox*: and in Chaucer's tale of *The Cock and the Fox*, the favourite hen is called *dame Pertelote*. = 41:) — *the prince is a Jack.*] This term of contempt occurs frequently in our author. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, Katharine calls her music-master, in derision, a twangling *Jack*. = 42:) — *maid Marian may be, &c.*] *Maid Marian* is a man dressed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris. = 43:) — *impudent, embossed* —] *Embossed* is

swoln, puffy. = 44:) — *do it with unwashed hands too.*] i. e. do it immediately, or the first thing in the morning, even without staying to wash your hands. Mr. Mason thinks it means, do it without retracting or repenting of it. =

ACT IV. = 1:) — *I defy* —] To *defy* means here to *disdain*. = 2:) *But I will beard him.*] To *beard* is to *oppose face to face* in a hostile or daring manner. = 3:) *On any soul remov'd.*] On any *less near* to himself; on any whose interest is *remote*. = 4:) — *no quailing* —] To *quail* is to languish, to sink into dejection. = 5:) *The very list.*] The *list* is the *selvage*; figuratively, the utmost line of circumference, the utmost extent. = 6:) *Where now remains* —] *Where*, is used here for *whereas*. It is often used with that signification by our author and his contemporaries. = 7:) *A comfort of retirement* —] A support to which we may have recourse. = 8:) *The quality and hair* —] The *hair* seems to be the *complexion*, the *character*. The metaphor appears harsh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our author's time. We still say something is *against the hair*, as *against the grain*, i. e. against the natural tendency. = 9:) — *we of the offering side* —] The *offering side* may mean simply the *assailant*, in opposition to the *defendant*: and it is likewise true of him that *offers* war, or makes an invasion, that his cause ought to be kept clear from all objections. = 10:) *This absence of your father's draws a curtain.*] To *draw* a curtain had anciently the same meaning as to *undraw* one has at present. = 11:) *All plum'd like estridges, that wing the wind; Bated like eagles, &c.*] i. e. all dressed like the prince himself, the *ostrich-feather* being the cognizance of the prince of Wales. To *bate* is, in the style of falconry, to *beat the wing*, from the French, *battre*, that is, to flutter in preparation for flight. = 12:) *His cuisses* —] *Cuisses*, French. Armour for the thighs. = 13:) *And witch* —] for *bewitch*, *charm*. = 14:) — *souced gurnet*.] *Souced gurnet* is an appellation of contempt very frequently employed in the old comedies. A *gurnet* is a fish resembling a piper. = 15:) — *ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient*.] An *old faced ancient*, is an old standard mended with a different colour. It should not be written in one word, as *old* and *faced* are distinct epithets. = 16:) — *gyves on*; i. e. shackles. = 17:) — *of Dainty*;] i. e. *Daventry*. = 18:) — *good enough to toss*;] that is, to toss upon a pike. = 19:) — *Scot that this day lives*. — MALONE. = 20:) — *such great leading*.] Such conduct, such experience in martial business. Malone reads — “such great leading as you are.” = 21:) — *half of himself*. — MALONE. = 22:) — *of our quality*.] *Quality*, in our author's time, was frequently used in the sense of *fellowship* or *occupation*. = 23:) — *of your griefts*;] That is, *grievances*. = 24:) *To sue his livery*.] This is a law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures; meaning to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands from those persons who, on the death of any of the tenants of the crown, seized their lands, till the heir *sued out his livery*. = 25:) *The more and less* —] i. e. the *greater* and the *less*. = 26:) — *task'd the whole state*;] *Task'd* is here used for *taxed*; it was once common to employ these words indiscriminately. = 27:) *This head of safety*;] This army, from which I hope for protection. = 28:) — *sealed brief*.] A *brief* is simply a letter. = 29:) — *in the first proportion*.] Whose quota was larger than that of any other man in the confederacy. = 30:) — *rated sinew too*.] A *rated sinew* signifies a strength on which we reckoned; a help of which we made account. = 31:) — *And lord Mortimer*. — MALONE. =

ACT V. = 1:) — *busky hill*!] *Busky* is *woody*. (*Bosquet*, Fr.) Milton writes the word perhaps more properly, *bosky*. = 2:) — *to his purposes*;] That is, to the sun's, to that which the sun portends by his unusual appearance. = 3:) *Peace, chewet, peace*.] A *chewet*, or *chuet*, is a noisy, chattering bird, a pie. = 4:) — *the injuries of a wanton time*;] i. e. the injuries done by king Richard in the wantonness of prosperity. = 5:) *As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird*.] The cuckoo's chicken who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckoo's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurse. = 6:) — *we stand opposed, &c.*] We stand in opposition to you. = 7:) — *articulated*.] i. e. exhibited in articles. = 8:) — *starving for a time* —] i. e. impatiently expecting a time, &c. = 9:) — *set off his head*.] i. e. taken from his account. = 10:) — *Honour is a mere scutcheon*.] The reward of brave actions formerly was only some honourable bearing in the shields of arms bestowed upon deservors. But Falstaff having said that *honour* often came not till after death, he calls it very wittily a *scutcheon*, which is the painted heraldry borne in funeral processions; and by *mere scutcheon* is insinuated that whether alive or dead, honour was but a name. = 11:) — *Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes*. — MALONE. = 12:) — *Deliver up* || *My lord of Westmoreland*.] He was “impawned as a surety for the safe return” of Worcester. = 13:) *He made a blushing cital* —] Mr. Pope observes, that by *ital* is meant *taxation*; but perhaps rather *recital*. = 14:) *Of any prince, so wild, at liberty*;] Of any prince that played such pranks, and was not confined as a madman. = 15:) *Now*. — *Esperance*!] This was the word of battle on Percy's side, and has always been the motto of the Percy family. = 16:) *For, heaven to earth*.] i. e. one might wager heaven to earth. = 17:) *Semblably furnish'd, &c.*] i. e. in resemblance, alike. = 18:) — *lend me thy sword*. — MALONE. =

= 19:) — *Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms*.] Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. = 20:) — *I prythee lend me thy sword*. — MALONE. = 21:) — *a carbonado of me*.] A *carbonado* is a piece of meat cut cross-wise for the grid-iron. = 22:) *O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth*.] Shakspeare has chosen to make Hotspur fall by the hand of the prince of Wales; but there is, I believe, no authority for the fact. Holinshed says, “The king slew that day with his own hand six and thirty persons of his enemies. The other [i. e. troops] of his party, encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly, and slew the lord Percy, called Henry Hotspur.” Speed says Percy was killed by an unknown hand. MALONE. = 23:) — *those proud titles thou hast won of me; &c.*] Hotspur in his last moments endeavours to console himself. The glory of the prince *wounds his thoughts*; but *thought*, being dependent on *life*, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end. *Life*, on which *thought* depends, is itself of no great value, being the *fool* and *sport of time*; of *time*, which with all its dominion over sublunary things, must itself at last be stopped. JOHNSON. = 24:) *But let my favours hide thy mangled face*;] He covers his face with a scarf, to hide the ghastliness of death. = 25:) — *so fat a deer* —] There is in these lines a very natural mixture of the serious and ludicrous, produced by the view of Percy and Falstaff. = 26:) — *On the ground*. — MALONE. = 27:) — *a double man*.] That is, I am not Falstaff and Percy together, though, having Percy on my back, I seem double. = 28:) — *Hath shown us*. — MALONE. =

XIX. KING HENRY IV.

PART II.

ACT I. = 1:) See note 1. of the First Part of this Play. STEEVENS. = 2:) *Enter Rumour*.] This speech of Rumour is not inelegant or unpoetical, but it is wholly useless, since we are told nothing which the first scene does not clearly and naturally discover. The only end of such prologues is to inform the audience of some facts previous to the action, of which they can have no knowledge from the persons of the drama. JOHNSON. = 3:) — *some stratagem*.] Some *stratagem* means here some great, important, or dreadful event. = 4:) — *forspent* —] To *forspent* is to waste, to exhaust. = 5:) — *silken point* —] A *point* is a string tagged, or lace. = 6:) — *some hilding fellow*.] For *hilding*, i. e. base, degenerate. = 7:) — *like to a title leaf*.] It may not be amiss to observe, that, in the time of our poet, the title-page to an elegy, as well as every intermediate leaf, was totally black. I have several in my possession, written by Chapman, the translator of Homer, and ornamented in this manner. STEEVENS. = 8:) — *a witness'd usurpation*.] i. e. an attestation of its ravage. = 9:) *Your spirit* —] The impression upon your mind, by which you conceive the death of your son. = 10:) — *hold'st it fear, or sin*.] *Fear* for danger. = 11:) — *faint quittance*.] *Quittance* is return. = 12:) — *Gan vail his stomach*.] Began to fall his courage, to let his spirits sink under his fortune. From *avaler*, Fr. to cast down, or to let fall down. = 13:) — *buckle* —] Bend; yield to pressure. = 14:) — *nice* —] i. e. trifling. = 15:) — *And darkness be the burier of the dead*!] The conclusion of this noble speech is extremely striking. There is no need to suppose it exactly philosophical; *darkness*, in poetry, may be absence of eyes, as well as privation of light. Yet we may remark, that by an ancient opinion it has been held, that if the human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole system of sublunary nature would cease. JOHNSON. = 16:) — *more, and less*.] *More* and *less* mean *greater* and *less*. = 17:) — *to gird at me*;] i. e. to gibe. = 18:) — *mandrake*.] *Mandrake* is a root supposed to have the shape of a man; it is now counterfeited with the root of briony. = 19:) — *I was never manned with an agate till now*;] That is, I never before had an agate for my man. Alluding to the little figures cut in *agates*, and other hard stones, for seals; and therefore he says, *I will set you neither in gold nor silver*. = 20:) — *to bear* —] in hand,] is, to keep in expectation. = 21:) — *if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up*.] That is, if a man by taking up goods is in their debt. To be *thorough* seems to be the same with the present phrase, — to be *in with* a tradesman. = 22:) *I bought him in Paul's*.] At that time the resort of idle people, cheats, and knights of the post. = 23:) — *Lord Chief Justice*.] This judge was Sir Wm. Gascoigne, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. = 24:) — *hunt-counter*.] *Hunt-counter* means, *base tyke*, or *worthless dog*. = 25:) *A wassel candle, &c.*] A *wassel candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feast. There is a poor quibble upon the word *wax*, which signifies increase as well as the matter of the honey-comb. = 26:) — *I cannot go, I cannot tell*.] I cannot be taken in a reckoning; I cannot pass current, as the coin called an *angel*, if good, would. = 27:) — *in these coster-monger times*.] In these times when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanness that rates the merit of every thing by money. JOHNSON. = 28:) — *Pregnancy* —] *Pregnancy* is readiness. = 29:) — *your wit single?* or *small*. = 30:) — *antiquity?*] To use the word *an-*

tiquity for old age, is not peculiar to Shakspeare. = 31:) — *you are too impatient to bear crosses.*] A quibble seems here intended. Falstaff had just asked his lordship to lend him a *thousand pound*, and he tells him in return that he is not to be entrusted with money. A *cross* is a coin so called, because stamped with a cross. = 32:) — *fillip me with a three-man beetle.*] A *three-man beetle* is an implement used for driving piles; it is made of a log of wood about eighteen or twenty inches diameter, and fourteen or fifteen inches thick, with one short and two long handles. A man at each of the long handles manages the fall of the beetle, and a third man, by the short handle, assists in raising it to strike the blow. Such an implement was, without doubt, very suitable for *filliping* so corpulent a being as Falstaff. = 33:) — *prevent my curses.*] To *prevent* means, in this place, to *anticipate*. = 34:) — *to commodity.*] i. e. *profit, self-interest.* = 35:) *Consent upon a sure foundation;*] i. e. *agree.* = 36:) — *one power against the French.*] During this rebellion of Northumberland and the archbishop, a French army of twelve thousand men landed at Milford Haven, in Wales, for the aid of Owen Glendower. STEEVENS. =

ACT II. = 1:) *Where is your yeoman?*] A bailiff's follower was, in our author's time, called a serjeant's *yeoman*. = 2:) — *an a' come but within my vice;*] *Vice* or *grasp*; a metaphor taken from a smith's vice. = 3:) — *lubbar's head.*] This is, I suppose, a colloquial corruption of the Libbard's head. JOHNSON. = 4:) — *honey suckle villain!* — *honey-seed rogue!*] The landlady's corruption of homicidal and homicide. = 5:) — *rampallian!* — *fustilarian!*] The first of these terms may mean a *ramping* riotous strumpet. *Fustilarian* is, probably, a made word, from *fusty*. = 6:) — *parcel-gilt goblet.*] A *parcel-gilt goblet* is a goblet gilt only on such parts of it as are embossed. = 7:) — *"Wheeson-week,"* — MALONE. = 8:) — *goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife,*] A *keech* is the fat of an ox rolled up by the butcher into a round lump. = 9:) — *this sneap.*] A Yorkshire word for *rebuke*, or *check*. = 10:) — *answer in the effect of your reputation.*] That is, answer in a manner suitable to your character. = 11:) — *in water-work,*] i. e. in *water colours*. = 12:) — *that bawl out the ruins of thy linen,*] I suspect we should read — *that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen;* i. e. his bastard children wrapt up in his old shirts. The subsequent words confirm this emendation. = 13:) — *all ostentation of sorrow.*] *Ostentation* is here not boastful show, but simple show. = 14:) — *proper fellow of my hands;*] A tall or proper fellow, means a good looking, well made, personable man. = 15:) — *through a red lattice,*] i. e. from an ale-house window. = 16:) *Althea dreamed, &c.*] Shakspeare is here mistaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's fire-brand with Hecuba's. The fire-brand of Althea was real: but Hecuba, when she was big with Paris, dreamed that she was delivered of a fire-brand that consumed the kingdom. JOHNSON. = 17:) — *the martlemas, your master?*] That is, the autumn, or rather the latter spring. The old fellow with juvenile passions. = 18:) — *this wen.*] This swoln excrescence of a man. = 19:) — *the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap;*] A man that goes to borrow money, is of all others the most complaisant; his cap is always at hand. = 20:) *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity;*] I suppose by the *honourable Roman* is intended Julius Cæsar, whose *veni, vidi, vici*, seems to be alluded to in the beginning of the letter: *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee.* The very words of Cæsar are afterwards quoted by Falstaff. HEATH. = 21:) — *frank?*] Frank is sty. = 22:) *Ephesians,*] *Ephesian* was a term in the cant of these times, perhaps, a toper. = 23:) — *What pagan may that be?*] *Pagan* seems to have been a cant term, implying irregularity either of birth or manners. = 24:) *Did seem defensible;*] *Defensible* does not in this place mean *capable of defence*, but *bearing strength, furnishing the means of defence;* — the passive for the active participle. = 25:) *To rain upon remembrance.*] Alluding to the plant *rosemary*, so called, and used in funerals. = 26:) The Boar's Head was near the prince's residence, a mansion called Cold-harbour, near All-hallow's church, Upper Thames-street. = 27:) — *Sneak's noise;*] *Sneak* was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen if he can hear him in the neighbourhood. JOHNSON. = 28:) — *here will be old utis;*] *Utis*, an old word yet in use in some counties, signifying a merry festival, from the French *huit, octo*. = 29:) *When Arthur first in court.*] The entire ballad is published in the first volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. = 30:) *Sick of a calm;*] Perhaps she means to say of a *qualm*. = 31:) *You make fat rascals,*] Falstaff alludes to a phrase of the forest. *Lean deer* are called *rascal deer*. He tells her she calls him wrong, being *fat*, he cannot be a *rascal*. JOHNSON. = 32:) — *the charged chambers.*] To understand this quibble, it is necessary to say, that a *chamber* signifies not only an apartment, but a piece of ordnance. = 33:) — *rheumatic.*] *Rheumatic*, in the cant language of the times, signified capricious, humoursome. In this sense it appears to be used in many other old plays. = 34:) — *as two dry toasts;*] Which cannot meet but they grate one another. = 35:) — *ancient Pistol.*] Is the same as *ensign Pistol*. Falstaff was captain; Peto, lieutenant; and Pistol, ensign, or *ancient*. = 36:) — *there comes no swaggerers here.*] A *swaggerer* was a roaring, bullying, blustering, fighting fellow. = 37:) — *a tame cheater,*] *Gamester* and *cheater* were, in Shakspeare's age, synonymous terms. = 38:) — *I*

will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater;] The humour of this consists in the woman's mistaking the title of *cheater*, (which our ancestors gave to him whom we now, with better manners, call a *gamester*;) for that office of the exchequer called an *escheator*, well known to the common people of that time; and named, either corruptly or satirically, a *cheater*. = 39:) — *with two points.*] As a mark of his commission. = 40:) — *much!*] *Much* was a common expression of disdain at that time, of the same sense with that more modern one, *Marry, come up.* = 41:) — *down, failors!*] i. e. traitors, rascals. = 42:) — *Have we not Hiren.*] A cant word for a *harlot*. = 43:) — *Cannibals,*] By a blunder for *Hannibal*. = 44:) — *feed and be fat, my fair Calypolis;*] This is a burlesque on a line in an old play *The Battle of Alcazar*, &c. printed in 1594, in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword: "Feed then, and faint not, my fair Calypolis." = 45:) *Come we to full points here;* &c.] That is, shall we stop here, shall we have no further entertainment? JOHNSON. = 46:) *Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif;*] i. e. kiss thy fist. = 47:) — *Gallow-way nags?*] That is, common hacknies. = 48:) — *like a shove-groat shilling;*] Perhaps a piece of polished metal made use of in the play of shovel-board. *Slide-thrift*, or *shove-groat*, is one of the games prohibited by statute 33 Henry VIII. c. 9. = 49:) — *nave of a wheel.*] *Nave* and *knave* are easily reconciled, but why *nave of a wheel*? I suppose from his roundness. He was called *round man*, in contempt, before. JOHNSON. = 50:) — *the fiery Trigon, &c.*] *Trigonum igneum* is the astronomical term when the upper planets meet in a fiery sign. = 51:) — *a kirtle of?*] A woman's kirtle, or rather, upper kirtle, (as distinguished from a petticoat, which was sometimes called a kirtle,) was a long mantle which reached to the ground, with a head to it that entirely covered the face; and it was, perhaps, usually red. A half-kirtle was a similar garment, reaching only somewhat lower than the waist. = 52:) *Ha! a bastard, &c.*] The improbability of this scene is scarcely balanced by the humour. JOHNSON. = 53:) — *if you take not the heat.*] Alluding, perhaps, to the proverb, "Strike while the iron is hot." = 54:) — *for suffering flesh to be eaten, &c.*] By several statutes made in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. for the regulation and observance of fish-days, *victuallers* were expressly forbidden to utter *flesh in Lent*, and to these Falstaff alludes. =

ACT III. = 1:) "O sleep, O gentle sleep," — MALONE. = 2:) *That, with the hurly,*] *Hurly* is noise, derived from the French *hurler*, to howl, as *hurly-burly* from *hurluberlu*, Fr. = 3:) — *But which of you was by, &c.*] He refers to *King Richard II.* Act IV. sc. ii. But whether the king's or the author's memory fails him, so it was, that Warwick was not present at that conversation. Neither was the king himself present, so that he must have received information of what passed from Northumberland. His memory, indeed, is singularly treacherous, as, at the time of which he is now speaking, he had actually ascended the throne. Besides Shakspeare has mistaken the name of the present nobleman. The earldom of Warwick was at this time in the family of *Beauchamp*, and did not come into that of the *Nevils* till many years after. = 4:) — *I had no such intent,*] He means, "I should have had no such intent, but that necessity," &c. or Shakspeare has here also forgotten his former play, or has chosen to make Henry forget his situation at the time mentioned. He had then actually accepted the crown. = 5:) — *that Glendower is dead.*] *Glendower* did not die till after King Henry IV. Shakspeare was led into this error by Holinshed, who places Owen Glendower's death in the tenth year of Henry's reign. = 6:) — *by the rood.*] i. e. the cross. = 7:) — *swinge-bucklers.*] *Swinge-bucklers* and *swash-bucklers* were words implying rakes or rioters in the time of Shakspeare. = 8:) — *bona-robas.*] i. e. ladies of pleasure. *Bona Roba*, Ital. = 9:) — *Skogan's head.*] This was *John Scogan*, jester to king Edward IV. and not *Henry*, the poet, who lived long before, but is frequently confounded with him. Our author, no doubt, was well read in John's *Jests*, "gathered by Andrew Boorde, doctor of physie," and printed in 4to. and black letter, but without date. = 10:) — *a crack,*] This is an old Islandic word, signifying a *boy* or *child*. = 11:) — *clapped i' the clout.*] i. e. hit the white mark: *at twelve score;* i. e. of yards. = 12:) — *Master Sure-card, as I think.*] It is observable, that many of Shakspeare's names are invented, and characteristic. *Master Porth-right*, the tilter; *Master Shoe tie*, the traveller; *Master Smooth*, the silkman; *Mrs. Over-done*, the bawd; *Kate Keep-down*, *Jane Night-work*, &c. *Sure-card* was used as a term for a *boon companion*, so lately as the latter end of the last century, by one of the translators of *Suetonius*. MALONE. = 13:) *Here is two more called than your number;*] *Five* only have been called, and the number required is *four*. Some name seems to have been omitted by the transcriber. The restoration of this sixth man would solve the difficulty that occurs below: for when Mouldy and Bull-calf are set aside, Falstaff, as Dr. Farmer has observed, gets but *three* recruits. Perhaps our author himself is answerable for this slight inaccuracy. MALONE. = 14:) "Stay at home till you are past service;" — MALONE. = 15:) — *the thewes,*] i. e. the muscular strength or appearance of manhood. In ancient writers this term usually implies manners, or behaviour only. = 16:) — *foeman.*] An obsolete term for an *enemy in war*. = 17:) — *caliver.*] A *caliver* was less and lighter than a musquet, as is evident from its being fired without a rest.

= 18:) — *traverse*;] An ancient term in military exercise. = 19:) — *I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show*;] *Arthur's show*, here supposed to have been presented at Clement's inn, was probably an interlude, or masque, which actually existed, and was very popular in Shakspeare's age: and seems to have been compiled from Mallory's *Morte Arthur*, or the History of King Arthur, then recently published, and the favourite and most fashionable romance. But some think Arthur's show was an exhibition of archery on Mile-end green. = 20:) — *a little quiver fellow*;] *Quiver* is nimble, active, &c. = 21:) — *about Turnbull-street*;] *Turnbull* or *Turnmill-street*, is near Cow-cross, West Smithfield. = 22:) — *"invincible"* — MALONE. = 23:) — *over-scuted* —] that is, whipt, carted. = 24:) — *fancies, or his good-nights*;] *Fancies* and *Good-nights* were the titles of little poems. = 25:) — *And now is this Vice's dagger* —] By *Vice* here the poet means that droll character in the old plays equipped with ass's ears and a wooden dagger. The word *vice* is an abbreviation of *device*, but the commentators are not agreed on this important point. = 26:) — *beat his own name*;] that is, beat gaunt, a fellow so slender, that his name might have been gaunt. =

ACT IV. = 1:) — *well-appointed* —] i. e. *completely accoutred*. = 2:) — *guarded with rage*;] *Guarded* is an expression taken from dress; it means the same as *faced, turned up*. = 3:) — *graves*;] For *graves* Dr. Warburton very plausibly reads *glaives*, and is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer. But we might perhaps as plausibly read *greaves*, i. e. armour for the legs, a kind of boots. = 4:) — *our griefs* —] i. e. our grievances. = 5:) — *commotion's bitter edge*?] i. e. the edge of bitter strife and commotion; the sword of rebellion. = 6:) — *My brother general, &c.* —] *I make my quarrel in particular*;] The sense is this — "My brother general, the commonwealth, which ought to distribute its benefits equally, is become an enemy to those of his own house, to *brothers born*, by giving all to some, and others none; and this (says he) I make my quarrel or grievance that honours are unequally distributed;" the constant birth of malecontents, and the source of civil commotions. WARBURTON. Other senses have been attempted by other commentators, but none more probable. = 7:) — *Construe the times to their necessities*;] that is, — Judge of what is done in these times, according to the exigencies that over-rule us. = 8:) — *Either from the king, &c.* —] Whether the faults of government be imputed to the *time* or the *king*, it appears not that you have, for your part, been injured either by the *king* or the *time*. = 9:) — *Their armed staves in charge, &c.* —] An armed staff is a lance. To be in charge, is to be fixed in the rest for the encounter. = 10:) — *their beavers down*;] *Beaver* meant properly that part of the helmet which let down, to enable the wearer to drink; but is confounded both here and in *Hamlet* with *visiere*, or used for *helmet* in general. = 11:) — *sights of steel*;] i. e. the perforated part of their helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim. = 12:) — *The earl of Hereford* —] This is a mistake of our author's. He was *duke* of Hereford. = 13:) — *substantial form*;] that is, by a pardon of due form and legal validity. = 14:) — *awful banks again*;] i. e. the proper limits of reverence. = 15:) — *consist upon*;] Perhaps the meaning is, as our conditions shall *stand upon*, shall make the foundation of the treaty. A Latin sense. = 16:) — *nice*;] i. e. *trivial*. = 17:) — *That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love*;] *Royal faith* means the faith due to a king. = 18:) — *picking grievances*;] *Picking* means piddling, insignificant. = 19:) — *wipe his tables clean*;] Alluding to a table-book of slate, ivory, &c. = 20:) — *an iron man*;] i. e. clad in armour. = 21:) — *workings*;] i. e. labours of thought. = 22:) — *You have taken up*;] To take up is to levy, to raise in arms. = 23:) — *in common sense*;] *Common sense* is the general sense of general danger. JOHNSON. = 24:) — *Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep*;] Alluding to the dragon charmed to rest by the spells of Medea. = 25:) — *And so, success of mischief* —] *Success* for *succession*. = 26:) — *and do allow* —] i. e. *approve*. = 27:) — *Against ill chances, men are ever merry*;] Thus the poet describes Romeo as feeling an *unaccustomed* degree of cheerfulness just before he hears the news of the death of Juliet. = 28:) — *let our trains, &c.* —] that is, our army on each part, that we may both see those that were to have opposed us. = 29:) — *Fondly brought here, &c.* —] *Fondly* is *foolishly*. = 30:) — *Exeunt*;] It cannot but raise some indignation to find this horrid violation of faith passed over thus slightly by the poet, without any note of censure or detestation. JOHNSON. = 31:) — *The heat is past*;] That is, the violence of resentment, the eagerness of revenge. = 32:) — *cinders of the element*;] A ludicrous term for the stars. = 33:) — *stand my good lord*;] i. e. *stand my good friend*. = 34:) — *I, in my condition*;] *Condition* is, perhaps, the same with temper of mind: or it may mean, *I, in my condition*, i. e. in my place as commanding officer, who ought to represent things merely as they are, shall speak of you better than you deserve. = 35:) — *your dukedom*;] He had no dukedom. = 36:) — *this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh*;] Falstaff here speaks like a veteran in life. The young prince did not love him, and he despaired to gain his affection, for he could not make him laugh. Men only become friends by community of pleasures. He who cannot be softened into gaiety, cannot easily be melted into kindness. = 37:) — *to any proof*;] i. e. any confirmed state of manhood. The

allusion is to armour hardened till it abides a certain trial. = 38:) — *apprehensive*;] i. e. quick to understand. = 39:) — *forgetive*;] *Forgetive* from *forge*; inventive, imaginative. = 40:) — *kept by a devil*;] It was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, &c. were guarded by evil spirits. = 41:) — *till sack commences it*;] i. e. till sack gives it a beginning, brings it into action: or perhaps, Shakspeare alludes to the Cambridge Commencement; and in what follows to the Oxford Act: for by those different names our two universities have long distinguished the season, at which each of them gives to her respective students a complete authority to use those *hoards of learning* which have entitled them to their several degrees in arts, law, physic, and divinity. = 42:) — *I have him already tempering, &c.* —] A very pleasant allusion to the old use of sealing with soft wax. = 43:) — *Our navy is address'd*;] i. e. Our navy is ready, prepared. = 44:) — *if he be observ'd*;] i. e. if he has respectful attention shown to him. = 45:) — *humorous as winter*;] That is, changeable as the weather of a winter's day. = 46:) — *congealed in the spring of day*;] Alluding to the opinion of some philosophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold, (which is most intense towards the morning,) and being afterwards rarified and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flaws*. WARBURTON. = 47:) — *Mingled with venom of suggestion*;] Though their blood be inflamed by the temptations to which youth is peculiarly subject. = 48:) — *rash gunpowder*;] *Rash* is quick, violent, sudden. This representation of the prince is a natural picture of a young man, whose passions are yet too strong for his virtues. JOHNSON. = 49:) — *his affections* —] His passions; his inordinate desires. = 50:) — *'Tis seldom, when the bee, &c.* —] As the bee having once placed her comb in a carcase, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company, will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him. JOHNSON. = 51:) — *in his particular*;] *His* is used for *its*, very frequently in the old plays. = 52:) — *Hath wrought the mure, &c.* —] i. e. the wall. = 53:) — *The people fear me*;] i. e. make me afraid. = 54:) — *Unfather'd heirs*;] That is, equivocal births; animals that had no animal progenitors; productions not brought forth according to the stated laws of generation. JOHNSON. = 55:) — *as the year* —] i. e. as if the year, &c. = 56:) — *The river hath thrice flow'd*;] This is historically true. It happened on the 12th of October, 1411. = 57:) — *Unless some dull* —] *Dull* signifies melancholy, gentle, soothing, or, producing dullness or heaviness; and consequently sleep. = 58:) — *Set me the crown upon my pillow here*;] It is still the custom in France to place the crown on the king's pillow when he is dying. = 59:) — *the ports* —] Are the gates of slumber. *Ports* is the ancient military term for gates; and is yet used in this sense in Scotland. = 60:) — *homely biggin* —] A kind of cap, at present worn only by children; but so called from the cap worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns. = 61:) — *this golden rigol* —] *Rigol* means a circle. = 62:) — *tolling* —] *Tolling* is taking toll. = 63:) — *Yield his engrossments* —] His accumulations. = 64:) — *determin'd* —] i. e. ended; it is still used in this sense in legal conveyances. = 65:) — *seal'd up my expectation*;] Thou hast confirmed my opinion. = 66:) — *in medicine portable*;] There has long prevailed an opinion that a solution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that the incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. = 67:) — *soil* —] is spot, dirt, turpitude, reproach. = 68:) — *supposed peace*;] Counterfeited, imagined, not real. = 69:) — *all these bold fears*;] *Fear* is here used in the active sense, for that which causes fear. = 70:) — *Changes the mode*;] *Mode* is the form or state of things. = 71:) — *for what in me was purchas'd*;] *Purchas'd*, in this place, signifies acquired by unjust and indirect methods. *Purchase*, in Shakspeare, frequently means *stolen goods*, or goods dishonestly obtained. = 72:) — *successively*;] By order of succession. Every usurper snatches a claim of hereditary right as soon as he can. = 73:) — *To lead out many to the Holy Land*;] The sense is: of those who assisted my usurpation, some I have cut off, and many I intended to lead abroad. This journey to the Holy Land, of which the king very frequently revives the mention, had two motives, religion and policy. He durst not wear the ill-gotten crown without expiation, but in the act of expiation he contrives to make his wickedness successful. JOHNSON. = 74:) — *How I came, &c.* —] This is a true picture of a mind divided between heaven and earth. He prays for the prosperity of guilt while he deprecates its punishment. JOHNSON. =

ACT V. = 1:) — *those precepts cannot be served*;] *Precept* is a justice's warrant. To the offices which Falstaff gives Davy in the following scene, may be added that of justice's clerk. Davy has almost as many employments as Scrub in *The Stratagem*. = 2:) — *Let it be cast*;] that is, *cast up, computed*. = 3:) — *bearded hermit's staves* —] He had before called him the starved justice. His want of flesh is a standing jest. = 4:) — *near their master*;] i. e. admitted to their master's confidence. = 5:) — *two actions*;] There is something humorous in making a spendthrift compute time by the operation of an action for debt. = 6:) — *fellow that never had the ache* —] that is, a young fellow, one whose disposition to merriment time and pain have not yet impaired. = 7:) — *not the Turkish court*;] Not the court where the prince that mounts the throne puts his brothers

to death. = 8:) — *Was this easy?*] that is, was this not grievous? Shakspeare has *easy* in this sense elsewhere. JOHNSON. = 9:) *To trip the course of law,*] to defeat the process of justice; a metaphor taken from the act of tripping a runner. = 10:) *And mock your workings in a second body.*] To treat with contempt your acts executed by a representative. = 11:) — *and propose a son:*] i. e. image to yourself a son, contrive for a moment to think you have one. = 12:) — *in your state,*] in your regal character and office, not with the passion of a man interested, but with the impartiality of a legislator. JOHNSON. = 13:) — *remembrance,*] that is, *admonition.* = 14:) *My father is gone wild* — The meaning is — My wild dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildness are interred in the same grave. = 15:) — *with his spirit sadly I survive,*] *Sadly* is the same as soberly, seriously, gravely. *Sad* is opposed to wild. JOHNSON. = 16:) — *the state of floods,*] i. e. dignity of floods, or of the ocean. = 17:) — *and females dear, &c.*] This very natural character of Justice Silence is not sufficiently observed. He would scarcely speak a word before, and now there is no possibility of stopping his mouth. = 18:) — *pro-face!*] Italian from *pro faccia*; a cant term in Italy, that is, much good may it do you. = 19:) — *The heart's all.*] That is, the intention with which the entertainment is given. The humour consists in making Davy act as master of the house. JOHNSON. = 20:) — *wife has all;* — MALONE. = 21:) — *leather-coats* — The apple commonly denominated russetine, in Devonshire, is called the *buff-coat.* = 22:) — *cavaleroes* — This was the term by which an airy, splendid, irregular fellow was distinguished. The soldiers of king Charles were called cavaliers from the gaiety which they affected in opposition to the sour faction of the parliament. = 23:) *Do me right,*] *To do a man right,* and *to do him reason,* were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths. He who drank a bumper, expected that a bumper should be drunk to his toast. = 24:) *And dub me knight:*] It was the custom of the good fellows of Shakspeare's days to drink a very large draught of wine, and sometimes a less palatable potation, on their knees, to the health of their mistress. He who performed this exploit was dubb'd a knight for the evening. = 25:) *Samingo.*] *Samingo*, that is, *San Domingo*, as some of the commentators have rightly observed. But what is the meaning and propriety of the name here, has not yet been shown. = 26:) — *but goodman Puff of Barson.*] A little before, William Visor of Woucot is mentioned. Woodmancot and Barton (says Mr. Edwards's MSS.), which I suppose are these two places, and are represented to be in the neighbourhood of Justice Shallow, are both of them in Berkeley hundred in Glostershire. This, I imagine, was done to disguise the satire a little: for Sir Thomas Lucy, who, by the coat of arms he bears, must be the real Justice Shallow, lived at Charlecot, near Stratford, in Warwickshire. STEEVENS. = 27:) — *Bezonian?*] A term of reproach, frequent in the writers contemporary with our poet. *Bisognoso*, a needy person; thence metaphorically, a base scoundrel. = 28:) — — *fig me, like || The bragging Spaniard.*] To *fig*, in Spanish, *higas dar*, is to insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger. From this Spanish custom we yet say in contempt, "a fig for you." JOHNSON. = 29:) *Fal. What! is the old king dead?* || *Pist. As nail in door:*] This proverbial expression is oftener used than understood. The *door nail* is the nail on which in ancient doors the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison to any one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte*, i. e. with abundant death, such as reiteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce. = 30:) *Nut-hook, &c.*] *Nut-hook* seems to have been in those times a term of reproach for a catchpoll; or, as some think, a cant word for a thief, or rogue. = 31:) — *a dozen of cushions* — that is, to stuff her out that she might counterfeit pregnancy. = 32:) — *thou thin man in a censer!*] An embossed figure in the middle of the pierced convex lid of the *censer.* = 33:) — *blue bottle rogue!*] A name, I suppose, given to the beadle, from the colour of his livery; and an allusion to the flesh-fly so called. = 34:) — *half-kirtles.*] From the description of a kirtle given by the commentators, a half-kirtle should seem to be a *short cloak.* Perhaps a cloak, without sleeves, was here meant. = 35:) *More rushes, &c.*] It has been already observed, that at ceremonial entertainments, it was the custom to strew the floor with rushes. Chambers, and indeed all apartments usually inhabited, were formerly strewed in this manner. As our ancestors rarely washed their floors, disguises of uncleanness became necessary things. = 36:) — *'Tis all in every part.*] The sentence alluded to is: — "'Tis all in all, and all in every part." And so doubtless it should be read. "'Tis a common way of expressing one's approbation of a right measure to say, 'tis all in all. = 37:) — *most royal imp of fame!*] The word *imp* is perpetually used by ancient writers, for progeny. = 38:) — *profane;*] In our author it often signifies *love of talk*, without the particular idea now given it. = 39:) — *hence,*] i. e. henceforward, from this time, in the future. = 40:) *Not to come near our person by ten mile.*] Mr. Rowe observes, that many readers lament to see Falstaff so hardly used by his old friend. But if it be considered, that the fat knight has never uttered one sentiment of generosity, and with all his power of exciting mirth, has nothing in him that can be esteemed, no great pain will be suffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honestly, and maintained by the king, with a promise of ad-

vancement when he shall deserve it. I think the poet more blameable for Poius, who is always represented as joining some virtues with his vices, and is therefore treated by the prince with apparent distinction, yet he does nothing in the time of action: and though after the bustle is over, he is again a favourite, at last vanishes without notice. Shakspeare certainly lost him by heedlessness, in the multiplicity of his characters, the variety of his action, and his eagerness to end the play. JOHNSON. This circumstance was originally mentioned by Hall, and is thus recorded by Holinshed, who was certainly Shakspeare's historian: "Immediately after that he was invested kyng, and had receyved the crowne, he determined with himselfe to putte upon him the shape of a new man, turning insolence and wildness into gravitie and sobernesse: and whereas he had passed his youth in wanton pastime and riotous disorder, with a sorte of misgoverned mates, and unthrifitie playfeers, he now banished them from his presence, (not unrewarded nor yet unpreferred,) *inhibiting them upon a great payne, not once to approche, lodge, or sojourne within ten miles of his courte or mansion:* and in their places he elected and chose men of gravitie, witte, and hygh policie, by whose wise counsell he might at all times rule to his honoure: — whereas if he should have reteined the other lustie companions aboute him, he doubted least they might have allured him into such lewde and lighte partes, as with them before tyme he had youthfully used." = 41:) — *to the Fleet;*] I do not see why Falstaff is carried to the Fleet. We have never lost sight of him since his dismissal from the king; he has committed no new fault, and therefore incurred no punishment; but the different agitations of fear, anger, and surprize in him and his company, made a good scene to the eye; and our author, who wanted them no longer on the stage, was glad to find this method of sweeping them away. JOHNSON. = 42:) This epilogue was merely occasional, and alludes to some theatrical transaction. JOHNSON. = 43:) — *All the gentlewomen, &c.*] The trick of influencing one part of the audience by the favour of the other, has been played already in the epilogue to *As you like it.* JOHNSON. = 44:) — *where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.*] Shakspeare, I think, meant to say, that "Falstaff may perhaps die of his debaucheries in France," — (having mentioned Falstaff's death, he then, with his usual licence, uses the word in a metaphorical sense, adding,) — "unless he be already killed by the hard and unjust opinions" of those who imagined that the knight's character (like his predecessor) was intended as a ridicule on Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham. This our author disclaims, reminding the audience that there can be no ground for such a supposition. I call them, (says he) *hard and unjust opinions* "for Sir John Oldcastle was no debauchee, but a protestant martyr, and our Falstaff is not the man;" i. e. is no representation of him, has no allusion whatsoever to him. Shakspeare seems to have been pained by some report that his inimitable character, like the despicable buffoon of the old play of Henry V. whose dress and figure resembled that of Falstaff, was meant to throw an imputation on the memory of Lord Cobham; which, in the reign of so zealous a friend in the Protestant cause as Elizabeth, would not have been easily pardoned at court. Our author, had he been so inclined, (which we have no ground for supposing,) was much too wise to have ever directed any ridicule at the great martyr for that cause which was so warmly espoused by his queen and patroness. The former ridiculous representations of Sir John Oldcastle on the stage were undoubtedly produced by papists, and probably often exhibited, in inferior theatres, to crowded audiences, between the years 1580 and 1590. MALONE. = 45:) — *to pray for the queen.*] It was the custom of the old players at the end of the performance, to pray for their patrons. Almost all the ancient interludes I have met with conclude with some solemn prayer for the king or queen, house of commons, &c. Hence, perhaps, the *Vivant Rex et Regina*, at the bottom of our modern play-bills. STEEVENS. =

XX. KING HENRY V.

ACT I. = 1:) *O, for a muse of fire, &c.*] This goes, says Warburton, upon the notion of the Peripatetic system, which imagines several heavens one above another; the last and highest of which was one of fire. It alludes likewise to the aspiring nature of fire, which, by its levity, at the separation of the chaos, took the highest seat of all the elements. JOHNSON. But these remarks are perhaps too fanciful. = 2:) — — *princes to act, || And monarchs to behold* — Shakspeare does not seem to set distance enough between the performers and spectators. = 3:) *Within this wooden O,*] An allusion to the theatre where this history was exhibited, being, from its circular form, called *The Globe.* = 4:) — *the very casques,*] The helmets. = 5:) — *imaginary forces* — *Imaginary* for *imaginative*, or your powers of fancy. Active and passive words are by this author frequently confounded. JOHNSON. = 6:) *And make imaginary puissance:*] This shows that Shakspeare was fully sensible of the absurdity of showing battles on the theatre, which, indeed, is never done, but tragedy becomes farce. Nothing can be represented to the

eye, but by something like it, and *within a wooden O* nothing very like a battle can be exhibited. = 7:) — of Canterbury.] Henry Chicheley, a Carthusian monk, recently promoted to the see of Canterbury. = 8:) — *Ely*.] John Fordham, consecrated 1388; died 1426. = 9:) *Never came reformation in a flood*.] Alluding to the method by which Hercules cleaved the famous stables, when he turned a river through them. Hercules still is in our author's head, when he mentions the hydra. JOHNSON. = 10:) *The air, &c.*] This line is exquisitely beautiful. = 11:) *So that the art and practice part of life*.] He discourses with so much skill on all subjects, that the art and practice of life must be the mistress or teacher of his theory; that is, that his theory must have been taught by art and practice; which, says he, is strange, since he could see little of the true art or practice among his loose companions, nor ever retired to digest his practice into theory. Art is used by the author for practice, as distinguished from science, or theory. JOHNSON. = 12:) — companies. —] is here used for companions. It is used by other authors of Shakspeare's age in the same sense. = 13:) — popularity. —] i. e. *plebeian intercourse*; an unusual sense of the word. = 14:) — *crescive in his faculty*.] Increasing in its proper power. = 15:) *The severals, and unhidden passages*.] This line I suspect of corruption, though it may be fairly enough explained: the passages of his titles are the lines of succession by which his claims descend. *Unhidden is open, clear*. JOHNSON. = 16:) — *task*. —] Keep busied with scruples and laborious disquisitions. = 17:) *Or nicely charge your understanding soul*. —] Take heed, lest by nice and subtle sophistry you burthen your knowing soul, or knowingly burthen your soul, with the guilt of advancing a false title, or of maintaining, by specious fallacies, a claim which, if shown in its native and true colours, would appear to be false. = 18:) — *miscreate*.] Ill-begotten, illegitimate, spurious. = 19:) — *in approbation*. —] i. e. in proving and supporting that title which shall be now set up. = 20:) — *gloze*.] expound, explain, and sometimes comment upon. = 21:) *To fine his title, &c.*] To fine his title, is to make it showy or specious by some appearance of justice. STEEVENS. = 22:) *Convey'd himself*. —] Derived his title. = 23:) — *imbare their crooked titles*. —] i. e. to lay open, to display to view. = 24:) *They of those marches*.] The marches are the borders, the limits, the confines. Hence the lords marchers, i. e. the lords presidents of the marches, &c. = 25:) — *the main intendment*. —] *Intendment* is here perhaps used for intention, which in our author's time signified extreme exertion. The main intendment may, however, mean, the general disposition. = 26:) — "at the bruit thereof." — MALONE. = 27:) — *fear'd*. —] i. e. frightened. = 28:) — *in one concert*.] I learn from Dr. Burney, that concert is connected harmony, in general, and not confined to any specific consonance. Thus, (says the same elegant and well-informed writer,) *concentio* and *concentus* are both used by Cicero for the union of voices or instruments in what we should now call a chorus, or concert. STEEVENS. = 29:) *Setting endeavour in continual motion*.] To which is fixed, as an aim or butt, *Obedience*.] Neither the sense nor the construction of this passage is very obvious. The construction is, *endeavour — as an aim or butt to which endeavour, obedience is fixed*. The sense is, that all endeavour is to terminate in obedience, to be subordinate to the public good and general design of government. = 30:) — *and officers of sorts*.] Officers of sorts means officers of different degrees. = 31:) — *civil*. —] i. e. *sober, grave*. = 32:) — *to executors*. —] *Executors* is here used for executioners. = 33:) — *empery*.] This word, which signifies dominion, is now obsolete, though formerly in general use. = 34:) — "a paper epitaph." MALONE. = 35:) — *a nimble galliard won*.] A galliard was an ancient dance, now obsolete. = 36:) — *chaces*.] Chace is a term at tennis. = 37:) — *this poor seat of England*.] By the seat of England, the king means the throne. = 38:) *And therefore, living hence*.] *Living hence* means, withdrawing from the court, the place in which he is now speaking. = 39:) *For that I have laid by*. —] To qualify myself for this undertaking, I have descended from my station, and studied the arts of life in a lower character. JOHNSON. = 40:) — *his balls to gun-stones*.] When ordnance was first used, they discharged balls, not of iron, but of stone. =

ACT II. = 1:) — *the gilt of France*.] *Gilt*, which, in our author, generally signifies a display of gold, in the present instance, means golden money. = 2:) — *while we force a play*.] To force a play, is to produce a play by compelling many circumstances into a narrow compass. = 3:) — *and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France*.] The humour of sworn brothers should be opened a little. In the time of adventure, it was usual for two chiefs to bind themselves to share in each other's fortune, and divide their acquisitions between them. So, in the Conqueror's expedition, Robert de Oily, and Roger de Ivery, were *fratres jurati*; and Robert gave one of the honours he received to his sworn brother Roger. So these three scoundrels set out for France, as if they were going to make a conquest of the kingdom. = 4:) — *O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now*.] This is omitted by Mr. Malone. = 5:) *I am not Barbason*.] *Barbason* is the name of a dæmon mentioned in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The unmeaning tumour of Pistol's speech very naturally reminds Nym of the sounding nonsense uttered by conjurors. = 6:) *Therefore exhale*.] *Exhale*, perhaps here signifies draw, or in Pistol's language, *hale*,

or *lug out*: but more probably it means — therefore breathe your last, or die, a threat common enough among dramatic heroes of a higher rank than Pistol, who only expresses this idea in the fantastic language peculiar to his character. = 7:) Mr. Malone's punctuation is, "for, lambkins we will live." = 8:) *For which we have in head assembled them?* In head seems synonymous with the modern military term in force. = 9:) — *hearts create*. —] Hearts compounded or made up of duty and zeal. = 10:) — *more advice*.] On his return to more coolness of mind. = 11:) — *proceeding on distemper*.] It has been just said by the king, that it was excess of wine that set him on, and distemper may therefore mean intoxication. *Distemper'd in liquor* is still a common expression. = 12:) — *how shall we stretch our eye*.] If we may not wink at small faults, how wide must we open our eyes at great. = 13:) *Who are the late commissioners?* that is, as appears from the sequel, who are the persons lately appointed commissioners? = 14:) — *quick*. —] that is, living. = 15:) — *though the truth of it stands off as gross*.] As black from white.] Though the truth be as apparent and visible as black and white contiguous to each other. To stand off is *être relevé*, to be prominent to the eye, as the strong parts of a picture. = 16:) — *so grossly — that admiration, &c.* Palpably; with a plain and visible connection of cause and effect, that they excited no expression of surprize. = 17:) — *he, that temper'd thee*.] i. e. rendered thee pliable to his will. = 18:) — *vasty Tartar*. —] i. e. *Tartarus*, the fabled place of future punishment. = 19:) *O, how hast thou with jealousy infected*.] The sweetness of affiance. Shakspeare uses this aggravation of the guilt of treachery with great judgment. One of the worst consequences of breach of trust is the diminution of that confidence which makes the happiness of life, and the dissemination of suspicion, which is the poison of society. JOHNSON. = 20:) *Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement*.] Complements, in the age of Shakspeare, meant the same as accomplishments in the present one. = 21:) *Not working with the eye, without the ear*.] The king means to say of Scroop, that he was a cautious man, who knew that *fronti nulla fides*, that a specious appearance was deceitful, and therefore did not work with the eye, without the ear, did not trust the air or look of any man till he had tried him by enquiry and conversation. = 22:) — *and so finely bolted*.] Bolted is the same with sifted, and has consequently the meaning of refined. = 23:) *Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice*.] Cambridge means to say, at which prevention, or, which intended scheme that it was prevented, I shall rejoice. Shakspeare has many such elliptical expressions. The intended scheme that he alludes to, was the taking off Henry, to make room for his brother-in-law. = 24:) — "into desolation." MALONE. = 25:) — *let me bring thee to Staines*.] i. e. let me attend, or accompany thee. = 26:) — *an it had been any christom child*.] i. e. child that has wore the chrysom, or white cloth, put on a new baptised child. = 27:) — *turning o'the tide*.] It has been a very old opinion, which Mead, *de imperio solis*, quotes, as if he believed it, that nobody dies but in the time of ebb: half the deaths in London confute the notion; but we find that it was common among the women of the poet's time. JOHNSON. = 28:) — *cold as any stone*.] Such is the end of Falstaff, from whom Shakspeare had promised us, in his epilogue to *King Henry IV.* that we should receive more entertainment. It happened to Shakspeare, as to other writers, to have his imagination crowded with a tumultuary confusion of images, which, while they were yet unsorted and unexamined, seemed sufficient to furnish a long train of incidents, and a new variety of merriment: but which, when he was to produce them to view, shrunk suddenly from him, or could not be accommodated to his general design. That he once designed to have brought Falstaff on the scene again, we know from himself; but whether he could contrive no train of adventures suitable to his character, or could match him with no companions likely to quicken his humour, or could open no new vein of pleasantry, and was afraid to continue the same strain lest it should not find the same reception, he has here for ever discarded him, and made haste to despatch him, perhaps for the same reason for which Addison killed Sir Roger, that no other hand might attempt to exhibit him. Let meaner authors learn from this example, that it is dangerous to sell the bear which is yet not hunted; to promise to the public what they have not written. This disappointment probably inclined queen Elizabeth to command the poet to produce him once again, and to show him in love or courtship. This was, indeed, a new source of humour, and produced a new play from the former characters. JOHNSON. = 29:) — *rheumatic*.] This word is elsewhere used by our author for peevish, or spleenetic, as *scorbutico* is in Italian. Mrs. Quickly however probably means *lunatic*. = 30:) — *clear thy chrystals*.] Dry thine eyes. = 31:) — *so dull a kingdom*.] i. e. render it callous, insensible. = 32:) *How modest in exception*.] How diffident and decent in making objections. = 33:) — *strain*.] lineage. = 34:) *That haunted us*. —] To haunt is a word of the utmost horror, which shows that they dreaded the English as goblins and spirits. = 35:) — *fate of him*.] His fate is what is allotted him by destiny, or what he is fated to perform. = 36:) — *spend their mouths*.] that is, bark; the sportsman's term. = 37:) — *memorable line*.] This genealogy; this deduction of his lineage. = 38:) *Shall chide your trespass*.] To chide is to resound, to echo. =

ACT III. = 1:) — rivage,] The bank or shore. = 2:) — to sternage of this navy;] The stern being the hinder part of the ship, the meaning is, let your minds follow close after the navy. Stern, however, appears to have been anciently synonymous to rudder. = 3:) — linstock —] The staff to which the match is fixed when ordnance is fired. = 4:) — jutty —] The force of the verb to jutty, when applied to a rock projecting into the sea, is not felt by those who are unaware that this word anciently signified a mole raised to withstand the encroachment of the tide. Jutty-heads, in sea language, are platforms standing on piles, near the docks, and projecting without the wharfs, for the more convenient docking and undocking ships. = 5:) — his confounded base,] His worn or wasted base. = 6:) — “you noble English.” — MALONE. = 7:) — argument,] Is matter, or subject. = 8:) — like greyhounds in the slips,] Slips are a contrivance of leather, to start two dogs at the same time. = 9:) — Fluellen,] This is only the Welsh pronunciation of Lluetlyn. Thus also Flloyd instead of Lloyd. = 10:) — to men of mould! —] To men of earth, to poor mortal men. = 11:) — best men;] that is, bravest; so in the next lines, good deeds are brave actions. = 12:) — the men would carry coals —] It appears that, in Shakspeare’s age, to carry coals, was, I know not why, to endure affronts. = 13:) — is dight himself four yards under the countermines;] Fluellen means, that the enemy had digged himself countermines four yards under the mines. = 14:) — will plow up all,] that is, he will blow up all. = 15:) — I sall quit you —] That is, I shall, with your permission, requite you, that is, answer you, or interpose with my arguments, as I shall find opportunity. = 16:) — there is an end,] It were to be wished, that the poor merriment of this dialogue had not been purchased with so much profaneness. JOHNSON. = 17:) — — fell-seats —] Enlink’d to waste and desolation! All the savage practices naturally concomitant to the sack of cities. = 18:) — Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace —] O’erblows the filthy and contagious clouds —] This is a very harsh metaphor. To overblow is to drive away, or to keep off. = 19:) — are we adrest,] i. e. prepared. = 20:) — Scene IV,] This scene is mean enough, when it is read; but the grimaces of two French women, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, made it divert upon the stage. It may be observed, that there is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon her knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. Throughout the whole scene there may be found French servility, and French vanity. JOHNSON. = 21:) — “may foy” — MALONE. = 22:) — our fathers’ luxury,] In this place, as in others, luxury means lust. = 23:) — savage —] is here used in the French original sense, for silvan, uncultivated, the same with wild. = 24:) — In that nook-shotten isle of Albion,] Shotten signifies any thing projected: so nook-shotten isle, is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain. = 25:) — A drench for sur rein’d jades,] Sur-rein’d means overworked or ridden; and is perhaps derived from the reins of the back. = 26:) — lavoltas high,] A dance in which there was much turning and much capering. = 27:) — With pennons —] Pennons armorial were small flags, on which the arms, device, and motto of a knight were painted. = 28:) — melted snow —] The poet has here defeated himself by passing too soon from one image to another. To bid the French rush upon the English as the torrents formed from melted snow stream from the Alps, was at once vehement and proper, but its force is destroyed by the grossness of the thought in the next line. = 29:) — Of buxom valour,] i. e. valour under good command, obedient to its superiors. = 30:) — For he hath stol’n a pix,] A pix, or little chest, (from the Latin word *pix*, a box,) in which the consecrated host was used to be kept. = 31:) — The fig of Spain! —] Mr. Steevens thinks this is an allusion to the custom of giving poisoned figs to those who were the objects either of Spanish or Italian revenge. = 32:) — a sconce,] appears to have been some hasty, rude, inconsiderable kind of fortification. = 33:) — a beard of the general’s cut,] It appears from an old ballad inserted in a Miscellany, entitled *Le Prince d’Amour*, 8vo. 1660, that our ancestors were very curious in the fashion of their beards, and that a certain cut or form was appropriated to the soldier, the bishop, the judge, the clown, &c. The spade-beard, and perhaps the stiletto-beard also, was appropriated to the first of these characters. It is observable that our author’s patron, Henry Earl of Southampton, who spent much of his time in camps, is drawn with the latter of these beards; and his unfortunate friend, Lord Essex, is constantly represented with the former. = 34:) — his fire’s out,] This is the last time that any sport can be made with the red face of Bardolph, which, to confess the truth, seems to have taken more hold on Shakspeare’s imagination than on any other. The conception is very cold to the solitary reader, though it may be somewhat invigorated by the exhibition on the stage. This poet is always more careful about the present than the future, about his audience than his readers. JOHNSON. = 35:) — Enter Montjoy,] Mont-joie is the title of the first king at arms in France, as Garter is in our own country. = 36:) — by my habit,] That is, by his herald’s coat. The person of a herald being inviolable, was distinguished in those times of formality by a peculiar dress, which is likewise yet worn on particular occasions. = 37:) —

upon our cue,] in our turn. This phrase the author learned among players, and has imparted it to kings. = 38:) — With-out impeachment;] i. e. hinderance. *Empêchement*, French. = 39:) — He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs;] Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair. = 40:) — your straight trossers,] This word very frequently occurs in the old dramatic writers, and seems to mean straight breeches, or trowsers. = 41:) — ‘tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate,] This is a poor pun, taken from the terms used in falconry. The whole sense and sarcasm depends upon the equivocation of one word, viz. *bate*, in sound, but not in orthography, answering to the term *bate* in falconry. When the hawk is unhooded, her first action is *baiting*, that is flapping her wings, as a preparation to her flying at the game. The hawk wants no courage, but invariably *bait*s upon taking off the hood. = 42:) — peevish —] In ancient language, signified — foolish. =

ACT IV. = 1:) — stilly sounds,] i. e. gently, lowly. = 2:) — the other’s umber’d face,] UMBER’d means here discoloured by the gleam of the fires. UMBER is a dark yellow earth, brought from Umbria in Italy, which being mixed with water, produces such a dusky yellow colour as the gleam of fire by night gives to the countenance. = 3:) — over-lusty —] i. e. over-saucy. = 4:) — Do the low-rated English play at dice;] i. e. do play them away at dice. = 5:) — Minding true things,] To mind is the same as to call to remembrance. = 6:) — “That we should dress, &c. — MALONE. = 7:) — With casted slough, &c,] Slough is the skin which the serpent annually throws off, and by the change of which he is supposed to regain new vigour and fresh youth. Legerity is lightness, nimbleness. JOHNSON. = 8:) — It sorts —] i. e. it agrees. = 9:) — conditions,] Are qualities. The meaning is, that objects are represented by his senses to him, as to other men by theirs. What is danger to another is danger likewise to him; and, when he feels fear, it is like the fear of meaner mortals. = 10:) — their children rawly left,] i. e. left young and helpless. = 11:) — native punishment,] That is, punishment in their native country; or, perhaps, native punishment is such as they were born to, if they offend. = 12:) — Every subject’s duty —] This is a very just distinction, and the whole argument is well followed, and properly concluded. = 13:) — “Muss, you’ll pay him then!” To pay, in old language, meant to thrash or beat; and here signifies to bring to account, to punish. = 14:) — too round;] i. e. too rough, too unceremonious. = 15:) — Upon the king! &c,] There is something very striking and solemn in this soliloquy, into which the king breaks immediately as soon as he is left alone. Something like this, on less occasions, every breast has felt. Reflection and seriousness rush upon the mind upon the separation of a gay company, and especially after forced and unwilling merriment. JOHNSON. = 16:) — farced title running, &c,] Farced is stuffed. The tumid puffy titles with which a king’s name is always introduced. This, I think, is the sense. JOHNSON. = 17:) — Can sleep so soundly, &c,] These lines are exquisitely pleasing. To sweat in the eye of Phæbus, and to sleep in Elysium, are expressions very poetical. JOHNSON. = 18:) — — but — little wots,] What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,] Whose hours the peasant best advantages,] The sense of this passage, which is expressed with some slight obscurity, seems to be — He little knows at the expense of how much royal vigilance, that peace, which brings most advantage to the peasant, is maintained. To advantage is a verb elsewhere used by Shakspeare. = 19:) — Two chantries,] One of these monasteries was for Carthusian monks, and was called *Bethlehem*; the other was for religious men and women of the order of Saint Bridget, and was named *Sion*. They were on opposite sides of the Thames, and adjoining the royal manor of Sheen, now called Richmond. = 20:) — Via! — les eaux et la terre —] Via is an old hortatory exclamation, as *allons!* = 21:) — And dout them —] Dout is a word still used in Warwickshire, and signifies to do out, or extinguish. = 22:) — a hilding foe;] Hilding, or hinderling, is a low wretch. = 23:) — The tucket-sonuance, &c,] The tucket-sonuance was, perhaps, the name of an introductory flourish on the trumpet, as *toccata* in Italian is the prelude of a sonata on the harpsichord, and *toccar la tromba* is to blow the trumpet. = 24:) — Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,] By their ragged curtains are meant their colours. The idea seems to have been taken from what every man must have observed, i. e. ragged curtains put in motion by the air, when the windows of mean houses are left open. = 25:) — Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,] With torch-staves in their hand: —] Grandpré alludes to the form of ancient candlesticks, which frequently represented human figures holding the sockets for the lights in their extended hands. = 26:) — gimmal bit —] Gimmal is, in the western counties, a ring; a gimmal bit is therefore a bit of which the parts played one within another. = 27:) — I stay but for my guard;] It seems, by what follows, that guard in this place means rather something of ornament or of distinction, than a body of attendants. JOHNSON. = 28:) — It yearns me not,] To yearn, is to grieve or vex. = 29:) — of Crispian;] The battle of Agincourt was fought upon the 25th of October, St. Crispin’s day. = 30:) — with advantages,] Old men, notwithstanding the natural forgetfulness of age, shall remember their feats of this day, and remember to tell them with advantage. Age is commonly boastful and inclined to magnify past acts and past

times. JOHNSON. = 31:) *From this day to the ending—*] It may be observed that we are apt to promise to ourselves a more lasting memory than the changing state of human things admits. This prediction is not verified; the feast of Crispin passes by without any mention of Agincourt. Late events obliterate the former: the civil wars have left in this nation scarcely any tradition of more ancient history. = 32:) — *gentle his condition:*] This day shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman. JOHNSON. King Henry V. inhibited any person but such as had a right by inheritance, or grant, to assume coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt; and, I think, these last were allowed the chief seats of honour at all feasts and public meetings. TOLLET. = 33:) — *upon saint Crispin's day.*] This speech, like many others of the declamatory kind, is too long. Had it been contracted to about half the number of lines, it might have gained force, and lost none of the sentiments. JOHNSON. = 34:) — *mind—*] i. e. remind. = 35:) — *in brass—*] i. e. in brazen plates anciently let into tombstones. = 36:) — *Mark then abounding,* &c. MALONE. = 37:) — *warriors for the working-day:*] We are soldiers but coarsely dressed; we have not on our holiday apparel. = 38:) — *our gilt,*] i. e. golden show, superficial gilding. Obsolete. = 39:) — *Quality? Callino, castore me, art thou,* &c. MALONE. = 40:) — *thou diest on point of fox,*] Fox is an old cant word for a sword. = 41:) — *luxurious mountain goat,*] Luxurious means lascivious. = 42:) — *a ton of moys?*] Moys, says Dr. Johnson, is a piece of money; whence *moi d'or*, or *moi* of gold; but *moys* also was a measure of corn. Which is meant here, the reader may determine. = 43:) — *and firk him,*] The word *firk* is so variously used by the old writers, that it is almost impossible to ascertain its precise meaning. On this occasion it may mean to chastise. = 44:) — *O perdurable shame!*] *Perdurable* is lasting. = 45:) — *Let us die in fight.* — MALONE. = 46:) — *no gentler—*] Who has no more gentility. = 47:) — *raught—*] i. e. reached. = 48:) — *With wistful,* &c. — MALONE. = 49:) — *the fat knight—*] This is the last time that Falstaff can make sport. The poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could. = 50:) — *great sort,*] High rank. = 51:) — *quite from the answer of his degree.*] A man of such station as is not bound to hazard his person to answer to a challenge from one of the soldier's low degree. =

ACT V. = 1:) — *a mighty whiffler—*] An officer who walks first in processions, or before persons in high stations, on occasions of ceremony. The name is still retained in London, and there is an officer so called that walks before their companies at times of public solemnity. It seems a corruption from the French word *huissier*. = 2:) — *to have borne,* &c.] The construction is, to have his bruised helmet, &c. borne before him through the city: i. e. to order it to be borne. = 3:) — *Giving full trophy,*] Transferring all the honours of conquest, all trophies, tokens, and shows, from himself to God. = 4:) — *likelihood,*] *Likelihood* for similitude. WARBURTON. = 5:) — *the general of our gracious empress—*] The earl of Essex, in the reign of queen Elizabeth. = 6:) — *Bringing rebellion broached—*] *Spitted, transfixed.* = 7:) — *To have me fold up,* &c.] Dost thou desire to have me put thee to death. = 8:) — *astonished him,*] That is, you have stunned him with the blow. = 9:) — *gleeking—*] i. e. scoffing, sneering. *Gleek* was a game at cards. = 10:) — *English condition.*] *Condition* is temper, disposition of mind. = 11:) — *Doth fortune play the huswife—*] that is, the jilt. *Huswife* is here used in an ill sense. = 12:) — *The comic scenes of The History of Henry the Fourth and Fifth are now at an end, and all the comic personages are now dismissed.* Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gadshill was lost immediately after the robbery; Pious and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure. JOHNSON. = 13:) — *Unto this bar—*] To this barrier; to this place of congress. = 14:) — *deracinate—*] To deracinate is to force up by the roots. = 15:) — *diffus'd attire,*] Diffused for extravagant. The military habit of those times was extremely so. = 16:) — *former favour,*] Former appearance. = 17:) — *we will, suddenly, || Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.*] i. e. we will pass our acceptance of what we approve, and we will pass a peremptory answer to the rest. Politeness might forbid his saying, we will pass a denial, but his own dignity required more time for deliberation. = 18:) — *such a plain king,*] I know not why Shakspeare now gives the king nearly such a character as he made him formerly ridicule in Percy. This military grossness and unskillfulness in all the softer arts does not suit very well with the gaieties of his youth, with the general knowledge ascribed to him at his accession, or with the contemptuous message sent him by the Dauphin, who represents him as fitter for a ball-room than the field, and tells him that he is not to *revel into duchies*, or win provinces with a nimble galliard. The truth is, that the poet's matter failed him in the fifth Act, and he was glad to fill it up with whatever he could get; and not even Shakspeare can write well without a proper subject. It is a vain endeavour for the most skillful hand to cultivate barrenness, or to paint upon vacuity. JOHNSON. = 19:) — *no strength in measure,*] i. e. in dancing. = 20:) — *look greenly,*] i. e. like a young lover, awkwardly. = 21:) — *take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy:*] *Uncoined* constancy signifies real and true constancy, unrefined and unadorned.

JOHNSON. = 22:) — *untempering effect—*] The sense is, that you love me notwithstanding my face has no power to temper, i. e. soften you to my purpose. = 23:) — *weak list—*] i. e. slight barrier. = 24:) — *my condition is not smooth:*] *Condition* is temper. = 25:) — *Pardon the frankness of my mirth,*] We have here but a mean dialogue for princes; the merriment is very gross, and the sentiments are very worthless. JOHNSON. = 26:) — *This moral—*] that is, the application of this fable. The moral being the application of a fable, our author calls any application a moral. = 27:) — *Mr. Steevens, in edit. 1793, 15 vols. reads "for my wish."* = 28:) — *Our bending author—*] By bending, our author meant unequal to the weight of his subject; and bending beneath it. = 29:) — *Mangling by starts—*] By touching only on select parts. = 30:) — *the world's best garden—*] i. e. France. =

XXI. KING HENRY VI.

PART I.

ACT I. = 1:) — *Hung be the heavens with black,*] Alluding to our ancient stage practice when a tragedy was to be expected. = 2:) — *"King Henry,"* &c. MALONE. = 3:) — *the subtle-witted French,* &c.] There was a notion prevalent a long time, that life might be taken away by metrical charms. As superstition grew weaker, these charms were imagined only to have power on irrational animals. In our author's time it was supposed that the Irish could kill rats by a song. = 4:) — *"moisten'd eye,"* — MALONE. = 5:) — *Our isle be made a nourish—*] probably a nurse. = 6:) — *"A third thinks,"* &c. MALONE. = 7:) — *her flowing tides,*] i. e. England's flowing tides. = 8:) — *their intermissive miseries,*] i. e. their miseries, which have had only a short intermission from Henry the Fifth's death to my coming amongst them. = 9:) — *If sir John Fastolfe,* &c.] For an account of this sir John Fastolfe, see Ausis's *Treatise on the Order of the Garter*; Parkins's *Supplement to Blomfield's History of Norfolk*; Tanner's *Bibliotheca Britannica*; or Capel's notes, vol. ii. p. 221.; Sir John Fenn's *Collection of the Paston Letters*; and *Biographia Britannica*, vol. v.; an elaborate article by Mr. Gough, which none of the commentators appear to have consulted. = 10:) — *as their hungry prey,*] i. e. the prey for which they are hungry. = 11:) — *England all Olivers and Rowlands ored,*] These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romances, that from thence arose that saying amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of giving one a Rowland for his Oliver, to signify the matching one incredible lie with another. WARBURTON. Rather, to oppose one hero to another; i. e. to give a person as good a one as he brings. STEEVENS. = 12:) — *gimmals—*] A gimmel is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another, whence it is taken at large for an engine. It is now by the vulgar called a gimerack. = 13:) — *Bastard of Orleans,*] That this in former times was not a term of reproach, see Bishop Hurd's *Letters on Chivalry and Romance*, in the third volume of his *Dialogues*, p. 233, who observing on circumstances of agreement between the heroic and Gothic manners, says that "Bastardy was in credit with both." One of William the Conqueror's charters begins, "*Ego Gulielmus cognomento Bastardus.*" Nor was bastardy reckoned a disgrace among the ancients. See the eighth *Iliad*, in which the illegitimacy of Teucer is mentioned as a panegyric upon him, ver. 284. = 14:) — *nine sibyls of old Rome;*] There were no nine sibyls of Rome; but he confounds things, and mistakes this for the nine books of Sibylline oracles, brought to one of the Tarquins. = 15:) — *"which you may see."* MALONE. = 16:) — *Resolve on this:*] i. e. be firmly persuaded of it. = 17:) — *"Out of a great deal,"* &c. MALONE. = 18:) — *Expect saint Martin's summer,*] That is, expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun. = 19:) — *Nor yet saint Philip's daughters,*] Meaning the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the *Acts*. = 20:) — *there is conveyance.*] Conveyance means theft. = 21:) — *Break up the gates,*] To break up in Shakspeare's age was the same as to break open. = 22:) — *tawny coats,*] Tawny was a colour worn for mourning, as well as black; and was therefore the suitable and sober habit of any person employed in an ecclesiastical court. = 23:) — *Piel'd priest,*] Alluding to his shaven crown. Malou reads "Peel'd." = 24:) — *Thou, that gav'st whores indulgences to sin:*] The public stews were formerly under the district of the bishop of Winchester. = 25:) — *I'll canvas thee—*] i. e. I'll sift thee. = 26:) — *This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,*] About four miles from Damascus is a high hill, reported to be the same on which Cain slew his brother Abel. = 27:) — *Winchester goose,*] A strumpet, or the consequence of her love, was a Winchester goose. = 28:) — *I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:*] This was an outcry for assistance, on any riot or quarrel in the streets. = 29:) — *stomachs—*] Stomach is pride, a haughty spirit of resentment. = 30:) — *I myself fight not once in forty year.*] The mayor of London was not brought in to be laughed at, as is plain by his manner of interfering in the quarrel, where he all along preserves a sufficient dignity. In the line preceding these, he directs his officer, to whom, without doubt, these two lines should be given. They suit his character, and are very expressive

of the pacific temper of the city guards. WARBURTON. I see no reason for this change. The mayor speaks first as a magistrate, and afterwards as a citizen. JOHNSON. Notwithstanding Warburton's note in support of the dignity of the mayor, Shakspeare certainly meant to represent him as a poor well-meaning, simple man, for that is the character he invariably gives to his mayors. The mayor of London, in *Richard III.* is just of the same stamp. And so is the mayor of York in the Third Part of this play, where he refuses to admit Edward as king, but lets him into the city as duke of York, on which Gloster says — "A wise stout captain! and persuaded soon." || "Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well." Such are all Shakspeare's mayors. M. MALONE. = 31:) *The prince's espials* —] *Espials* are *spies*. = 32:) "Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer." MALONE. = 33:) — *so pil'd esteem'd*.] Mr. Malone reads — *so vile-esteem'd*. — *So pil'd*, may mean — *so pil-lag'd*, *so stripped of honours*; but Mr. Steevens thinks Shakspeare wrote *Philistin'd*; i. e. treated as Sampson was by the Philistines. = 34:) "Here, through this grate, I count each one." MALONE. = 35:) — *thy cheek's side struck off!* Camden says in his *Remaines* that the French scarce knew the use of great ordnance, till the siege of Mans in 1455, when a breach was made in the walls of that town by the English, under the conduct of this earl of Salisbury; and that he was the first English gentleman that was slain by a cannon-ball. = 36:) "and like thee, Nero." MALONE. = 37:) *Pucelle or puzzel*.] *Pussel* means a dirty wench or a drab, from *puzza*, i. e. malus sætor, says Minshew. = 38:) *Blood will I draw on thee*.] The superstition of these times taught that he that could draw the witch's blood, was free from her power. JOHNSON. = 39:) — *by fear*, &c.] See Hannibal's stratagem to escape by fixing bundles of lighted twigs on the horns of oxen, recorded in *Livy*, lib. xxii. c. 16. = 40:) "from the English:" — MALONE. = 41:) "the bells aloud throughout," &c. — MALONE. = 42:) *Than Rhodope's*.] *Rhodope* was a famous strumpet, who acquired great riches by her trade. The least, but most finished of the Egyptian pyramids was built by her. She is said afterwards to have married Psammetichus, king of Egypt. Dr. Johnson thinks that the Dauphin means to call *Joan of Arc* a strumpet, all the while he is making this loud praise of her. = 43:) — *coffer of Darius*.] When Alexander the Great took the city of Gaza, the metropolis of Syria, amidst the other spoils and wealth of Darius treasured up there, he found an exceeding rich and beautiful little chest or casket, and asked those about him what they thought fittest to be laid up in it. When they had severally delivered their opinions, he told them he esteemed nothing so worthy to be preserved in it, as Homer's *Iliad*. =

ACT II. = 1:) — *court of guard*.] The same phrase occurs again in *Othello*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, &c. and is equivalent to the modern term — *guard-room*. = 2:) — *unready so?*] *Unready* was the current word in those times for *undressed*. = 3:) — *platforms* —] i. e. *plans*, *schemes*. = 4:) — *where she lies*;] i. e. *where she dwells*. = 5:) — *their censure* —] i. e. *their opinion*. = 6:) — *writhled* —] i. e. *wrinkled*. = 7:) — *so fond*,] i. e. *so foolish*. = 8:) — *bruited*,] *To bruit* is to *proclaim with noise*, to *announce loudly*. = 9:) — *bear him best*,] i. e. *regulate his motions most adroitly*. = 10:) *I love no colours*;] *Colours* is here used ambiguously for *tints* and *deceits*. = 11:) — *well objected*;] Properly thrown in our way, justly proposed. = 12:) "faction," — MALONE. = 13:) — *crestless yeomen* —] i. e. *those who have no right to arms*. = 14:) *He bears him on the place's privilege*,] The Temple, being a religious house, was an asylum, a place of exemption from violence, revenge, and bloodshed. JOHNSON. = 15:) *Corrupted, and exempt* —] *Exempt* for *excluded*. = 16:) *For your partaker Poole*,] *Partaker* in ancient language signifies one who *takes part* with another, an *accomplice*, a *confederate*. = 17:) *To scourge you for this apprehension*;] *Apprehension*, i. e. *opinion*. = 18:) — *pursuivants of death*,] *Pursuivants*, the *heralds* that, forerunning death, proclaim its approach. = 19:) — *as drawing to their exigent*,] *Exigent*, *end*. = 20:) — *the arbitrator of despairs*,] *Just death*, *kind umpire* —] that is, he that terminates or concludes misery. The expression is harsh, and forced. JOHNSON. = 21:) — *late-despised* —] i. e. *lately despised*. = 22:) — *I'll tell thee my disease*,] *Disease* seems to be here *uneasiness*, or *discontent*. = 23:) — *in this haughty great attempt*,] *Haughty* is *high*. = 24:) *Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather*;] The sense is — I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the consequences which may be collected from thence, I recommend it to thee to draw. = 25:) *Or make my ill* —] *My ill*, is *my ill usage*. =

ACT III. = 1:) — *put up a bill*;] i. e. *articles of accusation*, for in this sense the word *bill* was sometimes used. = 2:) *Thou bastard of my grandfather!*] The bishop of Winchester was an illegitimate son of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, by Catharine Swynford, whom the duke afterwards married. = 3:) "Rome shall remedy this." — MALONE. = 4:) *Roam thither then*,] *Roam* to *Rome*. *To roam* is supposed to be derived from the cant of vagabonds, who often pretended a pilgrimage to Rome. JOHNSON. = 5:) — *unaccustom'd fight* —] *Unaccustom'd* is *unseemly*, *indecent*. = 6:) "but to his majesty:" — MALONE. = 7:) — *an inkhorn*

mate,] A *bookman*. It was a term of reproach at the time towards men of learning, or men affecting to be learned. = 8:) "Yield, my lord protector;" — MALONE. = 9:) — *hath a kindly gird*,] i. e. *feels an emotion of kind remorse*. = 10:) — *reguerdon* —] *Recompence*, *return*. = 11:) *Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants*;] *Practice*, in the language of that time, was *treachery*, and perhaps in the softer sense, *stratagem*. *Practisants* are therefore *confederates in stratagem*. JOHNSON. = 12:) *No way to that*,] that is, *no way equal to that*, *no way so fit as that*. JOHNSON. = 13:) — *the pride of France*,] *Pride* signifies the *haughty power*. = 14:) Mr. Malone omits *sir*. = 15:) *That stout Pendragon*,] This hero was Uther Pendragon, brother to Aurelius, and father to king Arthur. Shakspeare has imputed to Pendragon an exploit of Aurelius, who, says Holinshed, "even sicke of a fluxe as he was, caused himself to be carried forth in a litter: with whose presence his people were so encouraged, that encountering with the Saxons they won the victorie." = 16:) — *take some order* —] i. e. *make some necessary dispositions*. = 17:) *But be extirp'd* —] *To extirp* is to *root out*. = 18:) — *expuls'd* —] i. e. *expelled*. = 19:) — *these haughty* —] *Haughty* does not mean *violent* in this place, but *elevated*, *high spirited*. = 20:) *Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!*] The inconstancy of the French was always the subject of satire. I have read a dissertation written to prove that the index of the wind upon our steeples was made in form of a cock, to ridicule the French for their frequent changes. JOHNSON. = 21:) *I do remember how my father said*,] The author of this play was not a very correct historian. Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and never saw him. = 22:) — *resolved* —] i. e. *confirmed in opinion of it*. = 23:) *Or been reguerdon'd* —] i. e. *rewarded*. The word was obsolete even in the time of Shakspeare. Chaucer uses it in the *Boke of Boethius*. = 24:) — *these colours that I wear* —] This was the badge of a rose, and not an officer's scarf. = 25:) *That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death*;] i. e. *with a menace in the court, or in the presence chamber*. =

ACT IV. = 1:) — *such as shall pretend* —] *To pretend* is to *design*, to *intend*. = 2:) *To tear the garter from thy craven's leg*,] i. e. *thy mean, dastardly leg*. = 3:) — *haughty courage*,] *Haughty* is here in its original sense for *high*. = 4:) — *in most extremes*,] i. e. *in greatest extremities*. = 5:) *Pretend* —] *To pretend* seems to be here used in its Latin sense, i. e. *to hold out*, to *stretch forward*. It may mean, however, as in other places, to *design*. = 6:) "How say you, my lord?" MALONE. = 7:) — *I am prevented*,] *Prevented* is here *anticipated*; a Latinism. = 8:) — *did repugn the truth*,] *To repugn* is to *resist*. = 9:) "Tis much,"] In our author's time this phrase meant — "Tis strange, or wonderful." = 10:) — *when envy breeds unkind division*;] *Envy* in old English writers frequently means *enmity*. *Unkind* is *unnatural*. = 11:) *To rive their dangerous artillery* —] *To rive* their artillery means only to *fire* their artillery. *To rive* is to *burst*: and a cannon, when fired, has so much the appearance of bursting, that, in the language of poetry, it may well be said to burst. We say, a cloud bursts, when it thunders. = 12:) — *due thee withal*;] *To due* is to *endue*, to *deck*, to *grace*. = 13:) — *be then in blood*;] Be in high spirits, be of true mettle. = 14:) *Not rascal-like*,] A *rascal* deer is the term of chase for lean poor deer. = 15:) *And I am lowted* —] i. e. *treated with contempt like a lowt*, or *low country fellow*. = 16:) — *are done*,] i. e. *expended*, *consumed*. The word is yet used in this sense in the Western counties. = 17:) — *the vulture* —] Alluding to the tale of Prometheus. = 18:) — *from bought and sold lord Talbot*;] i. e. *from one utterly ruined by the treacherous practices of others*. = 19:) — *ring'd about* —] *Environed*, *encircled*. = 20:) — *in advantage ling'ring*,] *Protracting* his resistance by the advantage of a strong post. = 21:) — *worthless emulation*,] In this line, *emulation* signifies merely *rivalry*, not struggle for superior excellence. = 22:) Mr. Malone omits *and*. = 23:) — *a feast of death*,] *To a field where death will be feasted with slaughter*. = 24:) — *unavoided* —] for *unavoidable*. = 25:) — *noble Talbot stood*,] For what reason this scene is written in rhyme, I cannot guess. If Shakspeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank verses in the same manner, I should have suspected that this dialogue had been a part of some other poem which was never finished, and that being loath to throw his labour away, he inserted it here. JOHNSON. = 26:) — *your regard* —] *Your care of your own safety*. = 27:) — *fair son*,] *Born to eclipse*, &c.] A quibble, between *son* and *sun*. = 28:) *To my determin'd time* —] i. e. *ended*. = 29:) *On that advantage, bought with such a shame*,] (*To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame*,)] The sense is — Before young Talbot fly from his father, (in order to save his life while he destroys his character, on, or for the sake of, the advantages you mention, namely, preserving our household's name, &c. may my coward horse drop down dead! MALONE. = 30:) *And like me to the peasant boys of France*;] *To like one to the peasants*, is, to *compare*, to *level by comparison*. = 31:) *Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity!*] that is, *death stained and dishonoured with captivity*. JOHNSON. = 32:) *Tend'ring my ruin*,] *Watching me with tenderness in my fall*. = 33:) *Thou antic death*,] *The fool, or antic of the play*, made sport by mocking the graver personages. = 34:) — *winged through the lither sky*,] *Lither* is *flexible* or *yielding*. = 35:) — *raging wood*,] i. e. *raging mad*. = 36:) — *in French-*

men's blood!] The return of rhyme where young Talbot is again mentioned, and in no other place, strengthens this suspicion that these verses were originally part of some other work, and were copied here only to save the trouble of composing new. JOHNSON. = 37:) — *of a giglot wench:*] *Giglot* is a wanton, or a strumpet. =

ACT V. = 1:) — *immanity* —] i. e. *barbarity, savageness*. = 2:) *What! is my lord of Winchester install'd, And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!*] This argues a great forgetfulness in the poet. In the first Act, Gloster says: "I'll canvas thee in thy broad cardinal's hat:" and it is strange that the duke of Exeter should not know of his advancement. = 3:) *That, neither in birth,*] I would read — *for birth*. That is, thou shalt not rule me, though thy birth is legitimate, and thy authority supreme. JOHNSON. = 4:) "Into two parties," — MALONE. = 5:) — *ye charming spells, and periapts;*] Charms sowed up. *Periapts* were worn about the neck as preservatives from disease or danger. Of these, the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was deemed the most efficacious. = 6:) — *monarch of the north,*] The north was always supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton, therefore, assembles the rebel angels in the north. JOHNSON. = 7:) *Where* —] i. e. *whereas*. = 8:) — *vail her lofty-plumed crest,*] i. e. *lower it*. = 9:) *Fell, banning hag!*] To *ban* is to *curse*. = 10:) *As plays the sun upon the glassy streams, &c.*] This comparison, made between things which seem sufficiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle; which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre. JOHNSON. = 11:) — *disable not thyself;*] Do not represent thyself so weak. To *disable* the judgment of another was, in that age, the same as to destroy its credit or authority. JOHNSON. = 12:) — *and makes the senses rough.*] The meaning of this word is not very obvious. Sir Thomas Hamner reads — *crouch*. = 13:) — *a wooden thing.*] is an awkward business, an undertaking not likely to succeed. = 14:) — *my fancy* —] i. e. *my love*. = 15:) — *face,*] To *face* is to carry a false appearance: to play the hypocrite. = 16:) *To send such peevish tokens* —] *Peevish*, for *childish*. = 17:) *Mad,*] i. e. *wild*, if *mad* be the word that ought to stand here, which some of the commentators doubt. = 18:) — *timeless* —] is *untimely*. = 19:) *Decrepit miser!*] *Miser* has no relation to avarice in this passage, but simply means a miserable creature. = 20:) — *that thou wilt be so obstacle!*] A vulgar corruption of *obstinate*, which I think has oddly lasted since our author's time till now. JOHNSON. = 21:) *No, misconceiv'd!*] i. e. *No, ye misconceivers, ye who mistake me and my qualities.* = 22:) — *till mischief, and despair,*] *Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!*] Perhaps Shakspeare intended to remark, in this execration, the frequency of suicide among the English, which has been commonly imputed to the gloominess of their air. JOHNSON. = 23:) — *remorse* —] i. e. *compassion, pity*. = 24:) — *baleful enemies.*] *Baleful* is *sorrowful*; but it had anciently the same meaning as *baneful*. = 25:) — *with a coronet;*] *Coronet* is here used for a crown. = 26:) — *upon comparison?*] Do you stand to compare your present state, a state which you have neither right or power to maintain, with the terms which we offer? = 27:) *Of benefit* —] *Benefit* is here a term of law. Be content to live as the *beneficiary* of our king. JOHNSON. = 28:) *So am I driven,*] This simile is somewhat obscure: he seems to mean, that as a ship is driven against the tide by the wind, so he is driven by love against the current of his interest. JOHNSON. = 29:) — *at a triumph* —] A triumph, in the age of Shakspeare, signified a public exhibition, such as a mask, a revel, &c. = 30:) — *by attorneyship;*] By the intervention of another man's choice; or the discretionary agency of another. = 31:) "bringeth bliss," — MALONE. = 32:) *If you do censure me, &c.*] To *censure* is here simply to judge. *If in judging me you consider the past frailties of your own youth.* = 33:) — *ruminate my grief.*] *Grief* in the first line is taken generally for pain or uneasiness; in the second specially for sorrow. =

XXII. KING HENRY VI.

PART II.

ACT I. = 1:) *As by your high, &c.*] It is apparent that this play begins where the former ends, and continues the series of transactions of which it presupposes the first part already known. This is a sufficient proof that the second and third parts were not written without dependance on the first, though they were printed as containing a complete period of history. JOHNSON. = 2:) *The mutual conference* —] I am the bolder to address you, having already familiarized you to my imagination. JOHNSON. = 3:) — *mine alder-lieftest sovereign,*] *Alder-lieftest* is a corruption of the German word *aller-liebste*, beloved above all things, dearest of all. = 4:) *This peroration with such circumstance?*] This speech crowded with so many instances of aggravation. JOHNSON. = 5:) *And are the cities, &c.*] The indignation of Warwick is natural, and I wish it had been better expressed; there is a kind of jingle intended in *wounds* and *words*. JOHNSON. = 6:) — *the prince's heart of Calydon.*] According to the fable, Meleager's life was to continue only so long

as a certain firebrand should last. His mother Althea having thrown it into the fire, he expired in great torments. = 7:) — *ill-nurtur'd* —] *Ill-nurtur'd*, is *ill-educated*. = 8:) *Whereas* —] *Whereas* is the same as *where*; and seems to be brought into use only on account of its being a dissyllable. = 9:) — *sir John!*] A title frequently bestowed on the clergy. = 10:) — *A crafty knave does need no broker;*] This is a proverbial sentence. = 11:) *Sort how it will,*] Let the issue be what it will. = 12:) — *in the quill.*] Perhaps our supplications in the quill, or in quill, means no more than our written or penn'd supplications. = 13:) *That my master was?*] Peter supposes that the queen had asked, whether the duke of York had said that his master (for so he understands the pronoun *he* in her speech) was rightful heir to the crown. = 14:) — *this late complaint* —] that is, the complaint of Peter the armourer's man against his master, for saying that York was the rightful king. JOHNSON. = 15:) — *his censure;*] Through all these plays *censure* is used in an indifferent sense, simply for judgment or opinion. = 16:) "her fame needs no spurs." MALONE. = 17:) *By these ten bones, &c.*] We have just heard a duchess threaten to set her ten commandments in the face of a queen. The jests in this play turn rather too much on the enumeration of fingers. This adjuration is, however, very ancient. = 18:) These two lines spoken by K. Henry, are omitted by Mr. Malone. = 19:) — *our exorcisms?*] The word *exorcise*, and its derivatives, are used by Shakspeare in an uncommon sense. In all other writers it means to lay spirits, but in these plays it invariably means to raise them. = 20:) — *ban-dogs howl,*] A *ban-dog* is a *village-dog*, or *mastiff*, which was formerly called a *band-dog*, per syncopen *bandog*. = 21:) — *That I had said and done!*] It was anciently believed that spirits, who were raised by incantations, remained above ground, and answered questions with reluctance. See both Lucan and Statius. = 22:) *Tell me, &c.*] Yet these two words were not in the paper read by Bolingbroke, which York has now in his hand; nor are they in the original play. Here we have a species of inaccuracy peculiar to Shakspeare, of which he has been guilty in other places. =

ACT II. = 1:) — *for flying at the brook,*] The falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl. = 2:) — *are fain* —] *Fain*, in this place, signifies *fond*. = 3:) — *— thine eyes and thoughts* —] *Beat on a crown,*] To *beat* is a term in falconry, signifying to flutter. = 4:) — *my fence shall fail.*] *Fence* is the art of defence. = 5:) — *crying, A miracle!*] This scene is founded on a story which Sir Thomas More has related, and which he says was communicated to him by his father. The impostor's name is not mentioned, but he was detected by Humphrey duke of Gloster, and in the manner here represented. = 6:) "sit there," — MALONE. = 7:) "all our names," — MALONE. = 8:) "it is impossible." — MALONE. = 9:) — *A sort* —] *lewdly bent,*] *Lewdly*, in this place, and in some others, does not signify wantonly, but wickedly. A *sort* is a company. = 10:) *Your lady is forthcoming* —] that is, Your lady is in custody. = 11:) Steevens and Malone sometimes spell this name Edmond and sometimes Edmund. They have afforded us no canon of accuracy in this case; and our readers will probably not think one necessary. = 12:) — *private plot,*] Sequestered spot of ground. = 13:) *Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.*] that is, sorrow would have, sorrow requires, solace, and age requires ease. = 14:) *This staff of honour raught;*] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb *reach*, and is frequently used by Spenser. = 15:) — *worse bested,*] In a worse plight. = 16:) — *with a sand-bag fastened to it;*] As, according to the old laws of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and sword; so those of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard with sand. Mr. Sympson, in his notes on Ben Jonson, observes, that a passage in St. Chrysostom very clearly proves the great antiquity of this practice. = 17:) — *a cup of charneco.*] A common name for a sort of sweet wine, made at a village so called near Lisbon. = 18:) *For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt;*] According to the ancient usage of the duel, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt. = 19:) *Uncath* —] i. e. *scarcely, or not easily*. = 20:) — *envious* —] i. e. *malicious*. = 21:) *Mail'd up in shame,*] Wrapped up, bundled up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance. = 22:) — *deep-fet* —] i. e. *deep-fetched*. = 23:) — *any scathe,*] *Scathe*, is harm, or mischief. = 24:) *Thy greatest help is quiet,*] The poet has not endeavoured to raise much compassion for the duchess, who indeed suffers but what she had deserved. JOHNSON. = 25:) — *the world may laugh again:*] that is, the world may look again favourably upon me. JOHNSON. = 26:) — *conduct of my shame!*] i. e. *conductor*. = 27:) — *I long to see my prison.*] This impatience of a high spirit is very natural. It is not so dreadful to be imprisoned, as it is desirable in a state of disgrace to be sheltered from the scorn of gazers. JOHNSON. =

ACT III. = 1:) *I muse,*] i. e. *wonder*. = 2:) "how peremptory." — MALONE. = 3:) *Me seemeth* —] that is, it seemeth to me; a word more grammatical than *methinks*, which has, I know not how, intruded into its place. JOHNSON. = 4:) —

collect—] i. e. *assemble by observation*. = 5:) *If it be fond,* i. e. *weak, foolish*. = 6:) — *your grace's tale.* Suffolk uses *highness* and *grace* promiscuously to the queen. *Majesty* was not the settled title till the time of king James the first. JOHNSON. = 7:) *Yet, by reputing of his high descent,* *Reputing of his high descent, is valuing himself upon it.* = 8:) — *this gear* — *Gear* was a general word for things or matters. = 9:) “Well, Suffolk's duke, thou, &c.” MALONE. = 10:) — *these faults are easy,* *Easy* is an adjective used adverbially. = 11:) — *accuse* — i. e. *accusation*. = 12:) — *liefeft* — *Is dearest*. JOHNSON. = 13:) This line is omitted by Mr. Malone, without any reason assigned, and we therefore conjecture, that the omission is an error of the press. = 14:) *Free lords, &c.* By this she means (as may be seen by the sequel) you who are not bound up to such precise regards of religion as is the king; but are men of the world, and know how to live. = 15:) — *in a flowering bank,* i. e. in the flowers growing on a bank. = 16:) *No; let him die, in that he is a fox,* *By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,* *Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;* *As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.* The meaning of the speaker is not hard to be discovered, but his expression is very much perplexed. He means that the fox may be lawfully killed, as being known to be by nature an enemy to sheep, even before he has actually killed them; so Humphrey may be properly destroyed, as being proved by arguments to be the king's enemy, before he has committed any actual crime. Some may be tempted to read *treasons for reasons*, but the drift of the argument is to show that there may be *reasons* to kill him before any *treason* has broken out. JOHNSON. = 17:) — *for that is good deceit* *Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.* *Mates* him, means *confounds* him; from *amator* or *mater*, Fr. = 18:) — *I will be his priest.* I will be the attendant on his last scene; I will be the last man whom he will see. = 19:) — *and censure well the deed,* that is, approve the deed, judge the deed good. = 20:) *It skills not* — It is of no importance. = 21:) — *expedient stop!* i. e. *expeditious*. = 22:) — *mad-bred flaw.* *Flaw* is a sudden violent gust of wind. = 23:) — *a troop of kernes;* *Kernes* were light-armed Irish foot-soldiers. = 24:) — *a wild Móriscó,* A Moor in a military dance, now called *morris*, that is, a Moorish dance. = 25:) — *right now* — Just now, even now. = 26:) *Be woe for me,* that is, let not woe be to thee for Gloucester, but for me. = 27:) *The splitting rocks, &c.* The sense seems to be this: — The rocks hid themselves in the sands, which sunk to receive them into their bosom. STEEVENS. = 28:) *Might in thy palace perish Margaret.* The verb *perish* is here used actively. = 29:) *His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?* The poet here is unquestionably alluding to Virgil (*Æneid* I.); but he strangely blends facts with fiction. In the first place, it was Cupid in the semblance of Ascanius, who sat in Dido's lap, and was fondled by her. But then it was not Cupid who related to her the process of Troy's destruction; but it was *Æneas* himself who related this history. = 30:) *For seeing him, I see my life in death.* i. e. *I see my life destroyed or endangered by his death.* = 31:) *Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost, &c.* All that is true of the body of a dead man is here said by Warwick of the soul. I would read: *Oft have I seen a timely-parted corse*, — But of two common words, how or why was one changed for the other? I believe the transcriber thought that the epithet *timely-parted* could not be used of the body, but that, as in *Hamlet*, there is mention of *peace-parted souls*, so here *timely-parted* must have the same substantive. He removed one imaginary difficulty, and made many real. If the soul is parted from the body, the body is likewise parted from the soul. I cannot but stop a moment to observe, that this horrible description is scarcely the work of any pen but Shakspeare's. JOHNSON. = 32:) *His hands abroad display'd,* i. e. the fingers being widely distended. = 33:) *The mortal worm* — i. e. the *fatal*, the *deadly* worm. = 34:) — *how quaint an orator* — *Quaint* for *dextrous, artificial*. = 35:) — *a sort* — *Is a company*. = 36:) *He shall not breathe infection in this air* — that is, he shall not contaminate this air with his infected breath. = 37:) *Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,* The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gather mandrakes is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity. = 38:) — *murdering basilisks!* — *lizards' stings!* It has been said of the *basilisk* that it has the power of destroying by a single glance of the eye. A *lizard* has no sting, but is quite inoffensive. = 39:) *You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?* This inconsistency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impatience, are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves, but when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage. JOHNSON. = 40:) *That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,* *Through whom a thousand sighs, &c.* That by the impression of my kiss for ever remaining on thy hand thou might'st think on those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee. = 41:) *Where,* In the preambles of almost all the statutes made during the first twenty years of queen Elizabeth's reign, the word *where* is employed instead of *whereas*. It is so used here. = 42:) “cor'sive,” —

MALONE. = 43:) *I'll have an Iris* — *Iris* was the messenger of Juno. = 44:) *Excunt.* This is one of the scenes which have been applauded by the critics, and which will continue to be admired when prejudices shall cease, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. These are beauties that rise out of nature and of truth; the superficial reader cannot miss them, the profound can image nothing beyond them. JOHNSON. =

ACT IV = 1:) *The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day* — The epithet *blabbing*, applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidante of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day*. JOHNSON. = 2:) — *the jades* *That drag the tragic melancholy night;* *Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings* *Clip dead men's graves,* The wings of the jades that drag night appears an unnatural image, till it is remembered that the chariot of the night is supposed, by Shakspeare, to be drawn by dragons. = 3:) — *a jaded groom.* *Jaded* groom may mean a groom whom all men treat with contempt; as worthless as the most paltry kind of horse; or a groom who has hitherto been treated with no greater ceremony than a horse. = 4:) — *abortive pride;* *Pride* that has had birth too soon, pride issuing before its time. = 5:) — *to affy* — *To affy* is to betroth in marriage. = 6:) *Being captain of a pinnace,* A *pinnace* did not anciently signify, as at present, a man of war's boat, but a ship of small burthen. = 7:) “*Pene gelidus,*” &c. MALONE. = 8:) — *bezoniars;* *Bisognoso*, is a mean low man. = 9:) *A Roman sword, &c.* i. e. *Herennius* a centurion, and *Popilius* *Lænas*, tribune of the soldiers. = 10:) *Pompey the great;* The poet seems to have confounded the story of Pompey with some other. = 11:) — *since gentlemen came up.* Thus we familiarly say — *a fashion comes up*. = 12:) — *a cade of herrings.* that is, a barrel of herrings. = 13:) — *our enemies shall fall before us.* He alludes to his name *Cade*, from *cado*, Lat. *to fall*. He has too much learning for his character. JOHNSON. = 14:) — *furred pack,* A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward. = 15:) — *the field is honourable;* Perhaps a quibble between *field* in its heraldic, and in its common acceptation, was designed. = 16:) — *but the cage.* A cage was formerly a term for a prison. We yet talk of *jail-birds*. = 17:) — *for his coat is of proof.* A quibble between two senses of the word; one as being able to resist, the other as being *well-tried*, that is, *long worn*. = 18:) — *the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops;* A hoop was a measure. = 19:) — *there shall be no money;* To mend the world by banishing money is an old contrivance of those who did not consider that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money, as the sign or ticket of riches, must, if money were to cease, arise immediately from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every man was contented with his own share of the goods of life. = 20:) — *obligations,* that is, *bonds*. = 21:) *They use to write it on the top of letters;* i. e. of letters missive, and such like public acts. See *Mabillon's Diplomata*. = 22:) — *I pass not;* I pay them no regard. = 23:) “*lacking one, a week.*” MALONE. = 24:) *Rul'd, like a wandering planet,* Predominated irresistibly over my passions, as the planets over the lives of those that are born under their influence. = 25:) — *one and twenty fifteens,* A *fifteen* was the fifteenth part of all the moveables or personal property of each subject. = 26:) — *thou say, thou serge,* *Say* was the old word for *silk*; on this depends the series of degradation, from *say* to *serge*, from *serge* to *buckram*. = 27:) — *printing to be used;* Shakspeare is a little too early with this accusation. = 28:) — *because they could not read, thou hast hanged them;* that is, they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy. = 29:) — *Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth,* A *foot-cloth* was a kind of housing, which covered the body of the horse, and almost reached the ground. It was sometimes made of velvet, and bordered with gold lace. = 30:) — *to let thy horse wear a cloak,* This is a reproach truly characteristic. Nothing gives so much offence to the lower ranks of mankind, as the sight of superfluities merely ostentatious. = 31:) — *for watching* — that is, in consequence of watching. = 32:) “*the help of a hatchet.*” MALONE. = 33:) *These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,* *Guiltless* is not an epithet to *blood-shedding*, but to *blood*. These hands are free from shedding *guiltless* or *innocent* blood. = 34:) — *he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.* This sentiment is not merely designed as an expression of ferocious triumph, but to mark the eternal enmity which the vulgar bear to those of more liberal education and superior rank. The vulgar are always ready to depreciate the talents which they behold with envy, and insult the eminence which they despair to reach. STEEVENS. = 35:) — *a familiar under his tongue;* A *familiar* is a daemon who was supposed to attend at call. = 36:) — *sir James Cromer,* It was *William Crowmer*, sheriff of Kent, whom *Cade* put to death. Lord Say and he had been previously sent to the Tower, and both, or at least the former, convicted of treason, at *Cade's* mock commission of oyer and terminer at Guildhall. = 37:) — *take up commodities upon our bills?* Perhaps this is an equivocal alluding to the *brown bills*, or *halberds*, with which the commons were anciently armed. = 38:) *Of gallow-glasses, and stout kernes,* These were two orders of foot-soldiers among the Irish. = 39:) “*calm*” — MALONE. = 40:)

Kent. *I den's Garden.*] This Iden was the new sheriff of Kent, who had followed Cade from Rochester. = 41:) — *but for a sallet, my brain-pan, &c.*] A quibble from *salut*, Fr.; as an helmet keeps the head safe. = 42:) “As for words,” — MALONE. = 43:) *How much thou wrong'st me,*] that is, in supposing that I am proud of my victory. = 44:) *So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell, &c.*] Not to dwell upon the wickedness of this horrid wish, with which Iden debases his character, the whole speech is wild and confused. To draw a man by the heels, headlong, is somewhat difficult; nor can I discover how the dunghill would be his grave, if his trunk were left to be fed upon by crows. These I conceive not to be the faults of corruption but negligence, and therefore do not attempt correction. JOHNSON. =

ACT V. = 1:) — *balance it*] that is, *balance my hand.* = 2:) *Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,* — || *Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come* —] The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a bear and ragged staff for their cognizance. = 3:) — *being suffer'd* —] Being suffer'd to approach to the bear's fell paw. Such may be the meaning. I am not, however, sure, but the poet meant, being in a state of *sufferance* or pain. MALONE. = 4:) — *burgonet,*] Is a helmet. = 5:) *Foul stigmatic,*] A *stigmatic* is one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a stigma. A *stigmatic* originally and properly signified a person who has been branded with a hot iron for some crime. = 6:) *A dreadful lay!*] A dreadful wager; a tremendous stake. = 7:) *Dies,*] Our author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history; a practice not uncommon to him when he does his utmost to make his characters considerable. This circumstance, however, serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland. It is remarkable, that at the beginning of the third part of this historical play, the poet has forgot this occurrence, and there represents Clifford's death as it really happened. = 8:) *And the promised flames* —] *Promised*, for sent before their time. The sense is, let the flames reserved for the last day be sent now. = 9:) *To cease!*] Is to *stop*, a verb active. = 10:) — *to achieve* —] Is, to *obtain*. = 11:) *The silver livery of advised age;*] *Advised* is *wise, experienced, or cautious, considerate.* = 12:) *As wild Medea, &c.*] When Medea fled with Jason from Colchos, she murdered her brother Absyrtus, and cut his body into several pieces, that her father might be prevented for some time from pursuing her. = 13:) An allusion to Jourdain's prophecy in Act I. Sc. IV. = 14:) — *all our present parts,*] i. e. *party.* TYRWHITT. = 15:) — *brush of time;*] i. e. the gradual detrition of time. = 16:) — *gallant in the brow of youth,*] The *brow of youth* is the height of youth, as the *brow of a hill* is its summit. = 17:) *Three times bestrid him,*] that is, three times I saw him fallen, and, striding over him, defended him till he recovered. = 18:) *Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:*] i. e. we have not secured, we are not sure of retaining, that which we have acquired. = 19:) *Being opposites of such repairing nature.*] Being enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat. =

XXIII. KING HENRY VI.

PART III.

ACT I. = 1:) *Third Part of King Henry VI.*] This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former. JOHNSON. = 2:) — *if Warwick shake his bells,*] The allusion is to falconry. The hawks had sometimes little bells hung upon them, perhaps to *dare* the birds; that is, to fright them from rising. = 3:) “Patience is for poltroons, such as he.” — MALONE. = 4:) — *sita* —] i. e. *since.* = 5:) Mr. Malone omits *But.* = 6:) — *prejudicial to his crown?*] i. e. to the prerogative of the crown. = 7:) “hear but one word,” — MALONE. = 8:) *They seek revenge,*] They go away, not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been conquered, and seek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but passion. = 9:) — *I'll to my castle,*] Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire. = 10:) — *betray* —] i. e. *betray, discover.* = 11:) “Rather than have made,” — MALONE. = 12:) *What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,*] The queen's reproach is founded on a position long received among politicians, that the loss of a king's power is soon followed by loss of life. = 13:) *Tire on the flesh of me,*] To *tire* is to fasten, to fix the talons, from the French *tirer*; or rather, to *peck.* = 14:) — *those three lords* —] that is, of Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Clifford, who had left him in disgust. = 15:) *An oath is of no moment,*] The obligation of an oath is here eluded by very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magistrate. The plea against the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain an usurper, taken from the unlawfulness of the oath itself in the foregoing play, was rational and just. = 16:) *The queen, with all, &c.*] I know not whether the author intended any moral instruc-

tion, but he that reads this has a striking admonition against that precipitancy by which men often use unlawful means to do that which a little delay would put honestly in their power. Had York staid but a few moments, he had saved his cause from the stain of perjury. JOHNSON. The whole, however, is a violation of historic truth. = 17:) *Whose father* —] i. e. the father of which brat, namely the duke of York. = 18:) *We bodd'd again;*] i. e. *we boggled, made bad or bungling work of our attempt to rally.* = 19:) — *noon-tide prick.*] Or, noontide point on the dial. = 20:) *It is war's prize* —] It is the estimation of people at war; the settled opinion. = 21:) *That raught* —] i. e. that *reach'd.* The ancient preterite and participle passive of *reach.* = 22:) — *this napkin* —] A *napkin* is a handkerchief. = 23:) *And will you pale* —] i. e. *impale, encircle with a crown.* = 24:) — *to do him dead.*] To kill him. = 25:) — *the type* —] i. e. the distinguishing mark; an obsolete use of the word. = 26:) *'Tis government, that makes them seem divine;*] *Government*, in the language of that time, signified evenness of temper, and decency of manners. JOHNSON. = 27:) — *septentrion.*] i. e. the north. *Septentrio*, Lat. =

ACT II. = 1:) *Methought, he bore him* —] i. e. *he dreamed himself.* = 2:) *And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!*] Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the sun, when she dismisses him to his diurnal course. = 3:) — *the racking clouds,*] i. e. the clouds in rapid, tumultuary motion. = 4:) — *blazing by our meeds,*] *Meed* here means *merit.* = 5:) *O, speak no more!*] The generous tenderness of Edward, and savage fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their different reception of their father's death. JOHNSON. = 6:) — *the hope of Troy* —] Hector. = 7:) — *haught Northumberland,*] i. e. *high spirited, or haughty.* = 8:) *Why then it sorts,*] Why then things are as they should be. = 9:) — *fondly* —] i. e. *foolishly.* = 10:) — *did'st thou never hear,* — || *That things ill got had ever bad success?* &c.] The proverb quoted by his majesty on this occasion, seems to militate directly against his own argument, and shows that things ill got might have good success. M. MASON. = 11:) *Whose father, &c.*] Alluding to a common proverb: “Happy the child whose father went to the devil.” = 12:) *Darraign* —] that is, *range your host, put your host in order.* = 13:) — *I am resolv'd,*] It is my firm persuasion; I am no longer in doubt. = 14:) *(As if a channel should be call'd the sea,)*] A *channel*, in our author's time, signified what we now call a *kennel.* = 15:) *To let thy tongue detect* —] To show thy meanness of birth by the indecency of language with which thou raillest at my deformity. JOHNSON. = 16:) *A wisp of straw* —] An instrument of correction that might disgrace, but not hurt her. A wisp was also the punishment for a scold. = 17:) *To make this shameless callet* —] *Callet*, a lewd woman, a drab, perhaps so called from the French *calote*, which was a sort of headdress worn by country girls. = 18:) — *Menelaus;*] i. e. a cuckold. = 19:) — *we saw our sunshine made thy spring,* || *And that thy summer bred us no increase,*] When we saw that by favouring thee we made thee grow in fortune, but that we received no advantage from thy fortune flourishing by our favour, we then resolved to destroy thee, and determined to try some other means, though our first efforts have failed. = 20:) *A Field of Battle, &c.*] We should read *near Towton.* Shakspeare has here, perhaps intentionally, thrown three different actions into one. = 21:) *And look upon,*] And are mere spectators. = 22:) *Beseeching Thee,*] that is, beseeching the divine power. = 23:) — *quailing* —] i. e. *sinking into dejection.* = 24:) *Fore-slow no longer,*] To *fore-slow* is to be dilatory, to loiter. = 25:) — *methinks, it were a happy life,*] This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the king, and makes a pleasing interchange, by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity. JOHNSON. = 26:) *Enter a Son, &c.*] These two horrible incidents are selected to show the innumerable calamities of civil war. JOHNSON. In the battle of Constantine and Maxentius, by Raphael, the second of these incidents is introduced on a similar occasion. = 27:) *And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,* || *Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.*] The meaning is here inaccurately expressed. The king intends to say that the state of their *hearts and eyes* shall be like that of the kingdom in a *civil war*, all shall be destroyed by power formed within themselves. JOHNSON. = 28:) *What stratagems,*] *Stratagem* is used by Shakspeare not merely to express the events and surprises of war. — The word means in this place some *dreadful event.* = 29:) *O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon, &c.*] Of the various meanings given to these two lines, the following seems the most probable. Had the son been younger, he would have been precluded from the levy that brought him into the field; and had the father recognised him before the mortal blow, it would not have been too late to have saved him from death. HENLEY. = 30:) *I take on with me,*] To *take on* is a phrase still in use among the vulgar, and signifies — *to persist in clamorous lamentation.* = 31:) *Misthink* —] i. e. *think ill, unfavourably.* = 32:) *And so obsequious will thy father be,*] *Obsequious* is here careful of obsequies, or of funeral rites. = 33:) — *like life and death's departing,*] *Departing* for *separation.* = 34:) — *eager words,*] *Sour words;* words of asperity. = 35:) — *too ominous,*] Alluding, perhaps, to the deaths of Thomas of Woodstock, and Humphrey, dukes of Gloster. =

ACT III. = 1:) — *brake* —] A *brake* anciently signified a *thicket*. = 2:) — *this laund* —] *Laund* means the same as *lawn*; a plain extended between woods. = 3:) *O Margaret, &c.*] The piety of Henry scarce interests us more for his misfortunes, than this his constant solicitude for the welfare of his deceitful queen. STEEVENS. = 4:) *Widow, we will consider* —] This is a very lively and spritely dialogue; the reciprocation is quicker than is common in Shakspeare. JOHNSON. = 5:) — *good leave have you*;] *Good leave*, are words implying *readiness of assent*. = 6:) — *the sadness* —] i. e. the seriousness = 7:) “for she looks very sad.” MALONE. = 8:) — *unlick'd bear-whelp*,] It was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of animated flesh, which she licks into the form of bears. It is now well known that the whelps of the bear are produced in the same state with those of other creatures. = 9:) — *to o'erbear such* || *As are of better person than myself*,] Richard speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is stigmatized with deformity has a constant source of envy in his mind, and would counterbalance by some other superiority those advantages which he feels himself to want. Bacon remarks that the deformed are commonly daring; and it is almost proverbially observed that they are ill-natured. The truth is, that the deformed, like all other men, are displeased with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt. JOHNSON. = 10:) — *that Henry was unfortunate*.] He means, that Henry was unsuccessful in war, having lost his dominions in France, &c. = 11:) *Exempt from envy, but not from disdain*,] Envy is always supposed to have some fascinating or blasting power; and to be out of the reach of envy is therefore a privilege belonging only to great excellence. I know not well why *envy* is mentioned here, or whose *envy* can be meant; but the meaning is, that his love is superior to *envy*, and can feel no blast from the lady's *disdain*. Or that, if Bona refuse to *quit* or *requite* his pain, his love may turn to *disdain*, though the consciousness of his own merit will exempt him from the pangs of *envy*. JOHNSON. I believe *envy* is in this place, as in many others, put for *malice* or *hatred*. His situation places him above these, though it cannot secure him from female *disdain*. STEEVENS. = 12:) *You have a father able* —] This seems ironical. The poverty of Margaret's father is a very frequent topic of reproach. = 13:) *Thy sly conveyance*,] *Conveyance*, is *juggling*, and thence is taken for artifice and fraud = 14:) — *to sooth your forgery and his*,] To soften it, to make it more endurable: or perhaps, to sooth us, and to prevent our being exasperated by your forgery and his. MALONE. = 15:) — *guerdon'd* —] i. e. rewarded. = 16:) — *go fear thy king* —] That is, *right thy king*. = 17:) — *to put armour on*,] It was once no unusual thing for queens themselves to appear in armour at the head of their forces. The suit which Elizabeth wore, when she rode through the lines at Tilbury to encourage the troops, on the approach of the armada, may be still seen in the Tower. = 18:) — *thy reward*;] Here we are to suppose that, according to ancient custom, Warwick makes a present to the herald or messenger, whom the original copies call — a *post*. = 19:) — *to make a stale*,] i. e. *stalking-horse*, *pretence*. =

ACT IV. = 1:) *Why, knows not Montague, that of itself, || England is safe, if true within itself*?] Neither the lapse of two centuries, nor any circumstance which has occurred during that eventful period, has in any degree shook the credit of this observation, or impaired the confidence of the public in the truth of it. “England is and will be still safe, if true within itself.” = 2:) — *with the seas*,] This has been the advice of every man who in any age understood and favoured the interest of England. = 3:) — *you would not have bestow'd the heir* —] It must be remembered, that till the Restoration, the heiresses of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them to his favourites. I know not when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards. JOHNSON. = 4:) — *I was not ignoble of descent*,] Her father was sir Richard Widville, knight, afterwards earl of Rivers; her mother, Jaqueline, duchess-dowager of Bedford, who was daughter to Peter of Luxemburgh, earl of Saint Paul, and widow of John duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V. = 5:) — *she was there in place*,] This expression, signifying, she was there *present*, occurs frequently in old English writers. *En place*, a Gallicism. = 6:) — *are done*,] i. e. are consumed, thrown off. The word is often used in this sense by the writers of our author's age. = 7:) — “welcome, sweet Clarence;” — MALONE. = 8:) — the Thracian *fatal steeds*;] We are told by some of the writers on the Trojan story, that the capture of these horses was one of the necessary preliminaries to the fate of Troy. = 9:) *Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king*;] That is, in his mind; as far as his own mind goes. = 10:) — *few men rightly temper with the stars*;] I suppose the meaning is, that few men conform their *temper* to their destiny; which King Henry did, when finding himself unfortunate he gave the management of public affairs to more prosperous hands. JOHNSON. = 11:) — *in place*,] i. e. here present. = 12:) *This pretty lat* —] He was afterwards Henry VII.; a man who put an end to the civil war of the two houses, but no otherwise

remarkable for virtue. Shakspeare knew his trade. Henry VII. was grandfather to queen Elizabeth, and the king from whom James inherited. JOHNSON. = 13:) — *attended him* —] i. e. waited for him. = 14:) *The good old man would fain that all were well*,] The mayor is willing we should enter, so he may not be blamed. = 15:) *The bruit* —] i. e. noise, report. = 16:) — *my meed* —] *Meed* signifies here merit. = 17:) *The sun shines hot, &c.*] The allusion is to a well-known proverb — “Make hay while the sun shines.” =

ACT V. = 1:) *I'll do thee service* —] i. e. enroll myself among thy dependants. Cowell informs us, that *servitium* is “that service which the tenant, by reason of his fee, oweth unto his lord.” = 2:) *The king was slyly finger'd from the deck*!] A pack of cards was anciently termed a *deck* of cards, or a *pair of cards*, and this is still in use in some parts. = 3:) Two of thy name, both *dukes of Somerset*,] *Have sold their lives unto the house of York*;] The first of these noblemen was Edmund, slain at the battle of Saint Alban's, 1455. The second was Henry his son, beheaded after the battle of Hexham, 1463. The present duke Edmund, brother to Henry, was taken prisoner at Tewksbury, 1471, and there beheaded, his brother John losing his life in the same fight. = 4:) — *to lime the stones* —] that is, to *cement* the stones. Lime makes mortar. = 5:) — *so blunt*,] Stupid, insensible of paternal fondness. = 6:) — *passing traitor*,] Eminent, egregious; traitorous beyond the common track of treason. = 7:) — *a bug, that fear'd us all*,] *Bug* is a bugbear, a terrific being. = 8:) *My parks, &c.*] This mention of his *parks* and *manors* diminishes the pathetic effect of the foregoing lines. = 9:) *Which sounded like a cannon in a vault*,] Mr. Steevens thinks *clamour*, which is in the old play, the proper word, and adds, “The indistinct gabble of undertakers, while they adjust a coffin in a family vault, will abundantly illustrate the preceding simile. Such a peculiar hubbub of inarticulate sounds might have attracted our author's notice: it has too often forced itself on mine.” = 10:) *My tears gainsay*;] *To gainsay* is to unsay, to deny, to contradict. = 11:) — *to Hammes' castle* —] A castle in Picardy, where Oxford was confined for many years. = 12:) *Let Aesop, &c.*] The prince calls Richard, for his crookedness, *Aesop*; and the poet, following nature, makes Richard highly incensed at the reproach. = 13:) — *the likeness of this railer here*,] That thou resemblest thy railing mother. = 14:) — *with words*?] i. e. dispute, contention. = 15:) *'Twas sin before*,] She alludes to the desertion of Clarence. = 16:) — *hapless male* —] The word *male* is here used in a very uncommon sense, not for the male of the female, but for the male parent: the sweet bird is evidently his son prince Edward. = 17:) *Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear*;] Who suspect no part of what my fears presage. = 18:) *The raven rook'd her* —] *To rook*, or rather to *ruck*, is a north-country word, signifying to *squat down*, or *lodge* on any thing. = 19:) *But I will sort a pitchy day for thee*;] But I will choose out an hour whose gloom shall be as fatal to you. *To sort* is to *select*. = 20:) *Work thou the way, &c.*] He speaks this line, first *touching his head*, and then *looking on his hand*. = 21:) *Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks*,] In my copy of the second folio, which had belonged to king Charles the first, his majesty has erased. — *Cl.* and written *King* in its stead. — Shakspeare, therefore, in the catalogue of his restorers, may boast of a royal name. STEEVENS. = 22:) *With stately triumphs*,] *Triumphs* are public shows. =

XXIV. KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. = 1:) — *this sun of York*;] Alluding to the cognizance of Edward IV. which was a *sun*, in memory of the *three suns*, which are said to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross. = 2:) — *delightful measures*,] A *measure* was, strictly speaking, a court dance of a stately turn, though the word is sometimes employed to express dances in general. = 3:) — *barbed steeds*,] i. e. steeds caparisoned in a warlike manner. *Barbed*, however, may be no more than a corruption of *barded*. *Equus bardatus*, in the Latin of the middle ages, was a horse adorned with military trappings. = 4:) *He capers* —] War *capers*. This is poetical, though a little harsh; if it be York that capers, the antecedent is at such a distance, that it is almost forgotten. = 5:) *Cheated of feature by dissembling nature*,] By *dissembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing, and does another; but nature that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body. *Feature* is used here, as in other pieces of the same age, for *beauty* in general. = 6:) *And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover*,] Shakspeare very diligently inculcates, that the wickedness of Richard proceeded from his deformity, from the envy that rose at the comparison of his own person with others, and which incited him to disturb the pleasures that he could not partake. JOHNSON. = 7:) — *inductions dangerous*,] Preparations for mischief. The *induction* is preparatory to the action of the play. = 8:) — *toys* —] Fancies, freaks of imagination. = 9:) *The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself*,] That is the queen and Shore. = 10:) — “And that the queen's,” &c. — MALONE. = 11:) — *the queen's abjects*,] The most ser-

vile of her subjects, who must of course obey all her commands. = 12:) — *lie for you*:] i. e. be imprisoned in your stead. To *lie* was anciently to *reside*, as appears by many instances in these volumes. = 13:) — *should be mew'd*:] A *mew* was the place of confinement where a hawk was kept till he had moulted. = 14:) — *an evil diet*:] i. e. a bad regimen. = 15:) — *obsequiously lament*:] *Obsequious*, in this instance, means *funereal*. = 16:) — *key-cold*:] A key, on account of the coldness of the metal of which it is composed, was anciently employed to stop any slight bleeding. The epithet is common to many old writers. = 17:) — *to his unhappiness*:] i. e. disposition to mischief. = 18:) — *pattern of thy butcheries*:] *Pattern* is *instance*, or *example*. = 19:) — *see! dead Henry's wounds*:] *Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh*:] It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby, that he has endeavoured to explain the reason. = 20:) *Fouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man*:] *Diffus'd infection of a man* may mean, thou that art as dangerous as a pestilence, that infects the air by its diffusion. *Diffus'd* may, however, mean *irregular*. = 21:) — *"In thy foul throat," &c.* — MALONE. = 22:) *That laid their guilt*:] The crime of my brothers. He has just charged the murder of lady Anne's husband upon Edward. = 23:) — *a slower method*:] As *quick* was used for *spritely*, so *slower* was put for *serious*. = 24:) — *"No, when," &c.* — MALONE. = 25:) *But 'twas thy beauty*:] Shakspeare countenances the observation, that no woman can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty. JOHNSON. = 26:) — *"Then never man was true."* — MALONE. = 27:) — *Crosby-place*:] A house near Bishopsgate-street, belonging to the duke of Gloster, now Crosby-square, where part of the house is yet remaining. = 28:) — *"Sirs, take up the corse."* — MALONE. = 29:) — *"all the world to nothing, ah!"* — MALONE. = 30:) — *a beggarly denier*:] A *denier* is the twelfth part of a French sous, and appears to have been the usual request of a beggar. = 31:) — *to warn them*:] i. e. to *summon*. = 32:) — *—speak fair, smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,*:] *Duck with French nods and apish courtesy*:] An importation of artificial manners seems to have afforded our ancient poets a neverfailing topic of invective. = 33:) — *with lewd complaints*:] *Lewd*, in the present instance, signifies *rude*, *ignorant*; from the Anglo-Saxon, *laewede*, a *laic*. Chaucer often uses the word *lewd*, both for a *laic* and an *ignorant* person. = 34:) *Since every Jack became a gentleman*:] This proverbial expression at once demonstrates the origin of the term *Jack* so often used by Shakspeare. It means one of the very lowest class of people, among whom this name is of the most common and familiar kind. = 35:) — *"while many fair promotions"* — MALONE. = 36:) — *"To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:"* — MALONE. = 37:) — *my pains*:] *My labours, my toils*. = 38:) — *royalize*:] i. e. to make royal. = 39:) — *"Yea,"* — MALONE. = 40:) — *Margaret's battle*:] is — *Margaret's army*. = 41:) — *which you have pill'd from me*:] *To pill* is to *pillage*. = 42:) *Ah, gentle villain*:] *Gentle* appears to be taken in its common acceptation, but to be used ironically. = 43:) — *what mak'st thou in my sight?*:] An obsolete expression for — *what dost thou in my sight*. = 44:) — *hath plagu'd thy bloody deed*:] *To plague*, in ancient language, is to *punish*. = 45:) — *by surfeit die your king*:] Alluding to his luxurious life. = 46:) — *elvisish mark'd*:] The common people in Scotland, (as we learn from Kelly's *Proverbs*), have still an aversion to those who have any natural defect or redundancy, as thinking them *mark'd* out for mischief. = 47:) — *rooting hog*:] The expression is fine, alluding (in memory of her young son) to the ravage which hogs make, with the finest flowers, in gardens; and intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons. WARBURTON. = 48:) *The slave of nature*:] The expression is strong and noble, and alludes to the ancient custom of masters branding their profligate slaves; by which it is insinuated that his misshapen person was the mark that nature had set upon him to stigmatize his ill conditions. = 49:) — *bottled spider*:] A spider is called *bottled*, because, like other insects, he has a middle slender, and a belly protuberant. Richard's form and venom made her liken him to a spider. = 50:) *Witness my son, &c.*:] Her distress cannot prevent her quibbling. It may be here remarked, that the introduction of Margaret in this place is against all historical evidence. She was ransomed and sent to France soon after Tewksbury fight, and there passed the remainder of her wretched life. = 51:) *Your airy buildeth in our airy's nest*:] An *airy* is a hawk's or an eagle's nest. = 52:) *He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains*:] A *frank* is an old English word for a *hog-sty* or *pen*. 'Tis possible he uses this metaphor to Clarence, in allusion to the crest of the family of York, which was a *boar*. = 53:) — *done scath to us*:] *Scath* is *harm*, *mischief*. = 54:) Mr. Malone omits upon. = 55:) *Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes drop tears*:] This, I believe, is a proverbial expression. STEEVENS. = 56:) — *faithful man*:] Not an infidel. = 57:) — *unvalued jewels*:] *Unvalued* is here used for *invaluable*. = 58:) — *within my panting bulk*:] *Bulk* is often used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries for *body*. = 59:) — *"Show him our commission,"* — MALONE. = 60:) — *"my charge to you."* — MALONE. = 61:) — *"my holy humour," &c.* — MALONE. = 62:) *Spoke like a tall fellow*:] The meaning of *tall*, in old English, is *stout*, *daring*, *fearless*, and *strong*. = 63:) — *the costard*:] i. e. the *head*; a name adopted from an apple shaped like a man's head. = 64:) — *we'll reason*:] *We'll talk*. = 65:) *What law-*

ful quest:] *Quest* is *inquest* or *jury*. = 66:) — *"as you hope to have redemption,"* — MALONE. = 67:) — *dear*:] This is a word of mere enforcement, and very frequently occurs, with different shades of meaning, in our author. = 68:) — *"Why, sirs, he sends," &c.* — MALONE. = 69:) — *"this sin"* — MALONE. = 70:) — *springing*:] *Plantagenet*:] *Blooming Plantagenet*; a prince in the *spring* of life. = 71:) — *novice*:] *Youth*; one yet *new* to the world. =

ACT II. = 1:) — *"And now in peace," &c.* — MALONE. = 2:) — *Dissemble not your hatred*:] i. e. do not *gloss* it over. = 3:) — *"but not in blood,"* — MALONE. = 4:) *The forfeit*:] He means the *remission* of the forfeit. = 5:) *Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death*:] This lamentation is very tender and pathetic. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others. = 6:) — *My pretty cousins*:] The duchess is here addressing her grand-children, but *cousin* was the term used in Shakspeare's time, by uncles to nephews and nieces, grandfathers to grandchildren, &c. It seems to have been used instead of our *kinsman*, and *kinswoman*, and to have supplied the place of both. = 7:) *Incapable and shallow innocents*:] *Incapable* is *unintelligent*. = 8:) — *his images*:] The *children* by whom he was represented. = 9:) *For it requires*:] i. e. *because*. = 10:) Both Steevens and Malone place *Aside* at the end of the preceding line, but surely it belongs to the third, if not to the whole speech. = 11:) — *your censures*:] *To censure* formerly meant to *deliver an opinion*. = 12:) *As index to the story*:] i. e. preparatory — by way of prelude. = 13:) — *"Yes, that the king is dead."* — MALONE. = 14:) *You cannot reason almost*:] *To reason* is to *converse*. = 15:) — *"Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton; At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night."* — MALONE. In both readings, historical truth is violated. = 16:) — *been remember'd*:] *To be remember'd* is, in Shakspeare, to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one. = 17:) *A parlous boy*:] *Parlous* is *keen*, *shrewd*. = 18:) — *awless*:] Not producing awe, nor revered. *To jut upon* is to *encroach*. =

ACT III. = 1:) — *to your chamber*:] London was anciently called *Camera regis*. This title it began to have immediately after the Norman conquest. = 2:) *Too ceremonious, and traditional*:] *Ceremonious* for *superstitious*; *traditional* for *adherent to old customs*. = 3:) *Weigh it but with the grossness of this age*:] That is, compare the act of seizing him with the *gross* and *licentious* practices of these times, it will not be considered as a violation of sanctuary, for you may give such reasons as men are used to admit. = 4:) *As 'twere retail'd to all posterity*:] *Retail'd* means handed down from one to another. = 5:) *Thus, like the formal vice, iniquity*:] *I moralize two meanings in one word*:] The *Vice* of the old moralities was a buffoon character, whose chief employment was to make the audience laugh, and one of the modes by which he effected his purpose was by double meanings, or playing upon words. In these moral representations, *Fraud*, *INQUIRY*, *Covetousness*, *Luxury*, *Gluttony*, *Vanity*, &c. were frequently introduced. The *formal Vice* perhaps means, the *shrewd*, the *sensible Vice*. = 6:) — *lightly*:] Commonly, in ordinary course. = 7:) — *dread lord*:] The original of this epithet applied to kings has been much disputed. In some of our old statutes the king is called *Rex metuendissimus*. JOHNSON. = 8:) *Too late he died*:] i. e. too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory. = 9:) — *"I pray you, uncle, give me," &c.* — MALONE. = 10:) *I weigh it lightly, &c.*:] i. e. I should still esteem it but a trifling gift, were it heavier, or perhaps, I'd *weigh it lightly*, — i. e. I could manage it, though it were heavier. = 11:) — *"My lord, will't please,"* — MALONE. = 12:) — *"Why, what should you fear?"* — MALONE. = 13:) *Was not incensed*:] i. e. *incited* or *suggested*. = 14:) — *capable*:] here, as in many other places in these plays, means *intelligent*, *quick of apprehension*. = 15:) Mr. Malone omits "*gentle*." = 16:) — *divided councils*:] That is, a *private consultation*, *separate* from the known and public council. = 17:) — *"from the lord Stanley."* — MALONE. = 18:) — *"these tedious"* — MALONE. = 19:) — *the boar had rased off his helm*:] By the *boar*, throughout this scene, is meant Gloster, who was called the *boar*, or the *hog*, from his having a *boar* for his cognizance, and one of the supporters of his coat of arms. STEEVENS. = 20:) *His honour*:] This was the usual address to noblemen in Shakspeare's time. = 21:) — *wanting instance*:] That is, *wanting some example or act of malevolence*, by which they may be justified: or which, perhaps, is nearer to the true meaning, *wanting any immediate ground or reason*. JOHNSON. = 22:) — *"and"* is omitted by Mr. Malone. = 23:) — *the holy rood*:] i. e. the cross. = 24:) — *"dear as you do yours,"* — MALONE. = 25:) — *I misdoubt*:] i. e. *suspect* it of danger. = 26:) *They, for their truth*:] That is, with respect to their *honesty*. = 27:) — *exercise*:] For attending him in private to hear his confession; or, perhaps it means only religious exhortation or lecture. = 28:) — *shriving work in hand*:] *Shriving work* is *confession*. = 29:) — *the hour of death* is *expiate*:] Perhaps, *fully completed*, and *ended*. = 30:) — *and wants but nomination*:] i. e. the only thing wanting, is appointment of a particular day for the ceremony. = 31:) — *inward*:] i. e. *intimate*, *confidential*. = 32:) *Had you not come upon your cue*:] This expression is borrowed from the

theatre. The *cue, queue, or tail* of a speech, consists of the last words, which are the token for an entrance or answer. To *come on the cue*, therefore, is to come at the proper time. = 33:) Here Mr. Malone interposes, "*Hast. I thank your grace.*" = 34:) *I saw good strawberries* —] The reason why the bishop was despatched on this errand, is not clearer in Holinshed, from whom Shakspeare adopted the circumstances, than in this scene, where it is introduced. = 35:) *There's some conceit or other* —] i. e. *pleasant idea or fancy.* = 36:) Mr. Malone adds, "*Stan. I pray God he be not, I say.*" = 37:) *Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,*] To *stumble* was anciently esteemed a bad omen. The *housings* of a horse, and sometimes a horse himself, were anciently denominated a *foot-cloth.* = 38:) *Intending deep suspicion:*] i. e. *pretending.* = 39:) "*harmless*" — MALONE. = 40:) — *his conversation* —] i. e. *familiar intercourse.* The phrase *criminal conversation*, is yet in daily use. = 41:) "*Justful eye,*" — MALONE. = 42:) — *to Baynard's castle:*] It was originally built by Baynard, a nobleman, who (according to Stowe's account) came in with the conqueror. This edifice, which stood in Thames-street, has long been pulled down, though parts of its strong foundation are still visible at low water. The site of it is now a timber-yard. = 43:) — *to doctor Shaw.*] Shaw and Penker were two popular preachers. — Instead of a pamphlet being published by the secretary of the Treasury, to furnish the advocates for the administration of the day, with plausible topics of argument on great political measures, (the established mode of the present time,) formerly it was customary to publish the court creed from the pulpit at Saint Paul's Cross. As Richard now employed Dr. Shaw to support his claim to the crown, so, about fifteen years before, the great earl of Warwick employed his chaplain Dr. Goddard to convince the people that Henry VI. ought to be restored, and that Edward IV. was an usurper. MALONE. = 44:) *The precedent* —] The original draft from which the engrossment was made. = 45:) — *seen in thought.*] That is, seen in silence, without notice or detection. = 46:) "*breathing stones,*" — MALONE. = 47:) — *intend some fear:*] Perhaps, *pretend;* though *intend* will stand in the sense of giving attention. JOHNSON. = 48:) *As I can say nay to thee, &c.*] i. e. *if (says Richard) you speak for them as plausibly as I in my own person, or my own purposes, shall seem to deny your suit, there is no doubt but we shall bring all to a happy issue.* = 49:) — *day-bed,*] i. e. a couch, or sofa. = 50:) — *to engross* —] to fatten, to pamper = 51:) — *God defend, his grace should say us nay!*] This pious and courtly mayor was Edmund Shaw, brother to Dr. Shaw, whom Richard had employed to prove his title to the crown, from the pulpit at Saint Paul's Cross. = 52:) *And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf* —] *Shoulder'd* has the same meaning as *rudely thrust into.* = 53:) *Which to recure,*] To *recure* is to recover. = 54:) (*And much I need to help you,*) And I want much of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed. = 55:) — *are nice and trivial,*] *Nice* is generally used by Shakspeare in the sense of *minute, trifling, of petty import.* = 56:) — *loath'd bigamy:*] *Bigamy*, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274, (adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edw. I.) was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once: as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow. = 57:) — *effeminate remorse,*] i. e. *pity.* = 58:) "*and you sage,*" &c. — MALONE. =

ACT IV. = 1:) *Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!*] She seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, or any other egregious criminal, viz. by placing a crown of iron, heated red-hot, upon his head. = 2:) *But with his timorous dreams* —] 'Tis recorded by Polydore Virgil, that Richard was frequently disturbed by terrible dreams: this is therefore no fiction. = 3:) *And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen*] *Teen* is sorrow. = 4:) — *now do I play the touch,*] To *play the touch* is to represent the touchstone. = 5:) — *see, he gnaws his lip.*] Several of our ancient historians observe, that this was an accustomed action of Richard, whether he was pensive or angry. = 6:) *And unrespective boys:*] *Unrespective* is inattentive to consequences, *inconsiderate.* = 7:) — *close exploit* —] is secret act. = 8:) — *witty* —] In this place signifies *judicious or cunning.* A *wit* was not at this time employed to signify a man of fancy, but was used for *wisdom or judgment.* = 9:) *I will take order for her keeping close,*] i. e. I will take measures that shall oblige her to keep close. = 10:) — *it stands me much upon,*] i. e. it is of the utmost consequence to my designs. = 11:) — *deal upon:*] i. e. *act upon.* We should now say — *deal with;* but the other was the phraseology of our author's time. = 12:) *Well, let it strike.*] This seems to have been a proverbial sentence. = 13:) *Because that, like a Jack,*] An image, like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet Street, and at the market-houses at several towns in this kingdom, was usually called a *Jack of the clock-house.* = 14:) *To Brecknock,*] To the castle of Brecknock in Wales, where the duke of Buckingham's estate lay. = 15:) — *the Bretagne Richmond* —] He thus denominates Richmond, because after the battle of Tewksbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II. duke of Bretagne, where by the procurement of king Edward IV. he was kept a long time in a kind of honourable custody. = 16:) — *fearful commenting*] *Is leaden servitor* —] Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull attendants on delay. = 17:) — *dire*

induction —] *Induction* is preface, introduction, first part. It is so used by Sackville in our author's time. = 18:) — *say, that right for right* —] Margaret now perhaps means to say, 'The right of me, an injured mother, whose son was slain at Tewksbury, has now operated as powerfully as that right which the death of Rutland gave you to divine justice, and has destroyed your children in their turn.' = 19:) *When didst thou sleep, &c.*] That is, When, before the present occasion, didst thou ever sleep during the commission of such an action? = 20:) — *seniory,*] For *seniority.* JOHNSON. = 21:) "*I had a Henry,*" — MALONE. = 22:) — *her pew-fellow* —] *Pew fellow* seems to be *companion.* = 23:) *Young York he is but boot,*] *Boot* is that which is thrown in to mend a purchase. = 24:) *The fluttering index of a direful pageant,*] *Pageants* are dumb shows, and the poet meant to allude to one of these, the index of which promised a happier conclusion. The pageants then displayed on public occasions were generally preceded by a brief account of the order in which the characters were to walk. These indexes were distributed among the spectators, that they might understand the meaning of such allegorical stuff as was usually exhibited. The index of every book was anciently placed before the beginning of it. = 25:) — *a garish flag,*] *To be the aim of every dangerous shot;*] Alluding to the dangerous situation of those persons to whose care the standards of armies were entrusted. STEEVENS. = 26:) *Decline all this,*] i. e. run through all this from first to last. = 27:) — *that ow'd that crown,*] i. e. that possessed it. = 28:) — *a touch of your condition,*] A *spice* or *particle* of your temper or disposition. = 29:) *Tetchy* —] Is touchy, peevish, fretful, ill tempered. = 30:) *That ever grac'd me* —] To *grace* seems here to mean the same as to *bless,* to make happy. So, *gracious* is kind, and *graces* are favours. JOHNSON. = 31:) — *Humphrey Hour,*] I believe nothing more than a quibble was meant. In our poet's twentieth Sonnet we find a similar conceit; a quibble between *hues* (colours) and *Hughes*, (formerly spelt *Hewes*) the person addressed. MALONE. = 32:) *Shame serves thy life,*] To *serve* is to *accompany*, servants being near the persons of their masters. = 33:) *Stay, madam,*] On this dialogue 'tis not necessary to bestow much criticism; part of it is ridiculous, and the whole improbable. JOHNSON. I cannot agree with Dr. Johnson's opinion. I see nothing ridiculous in any part of this dialogue; and with respect to probability, it was not unnatural that Richard, who by his art and wheedling tongue had prevailed on lady Anne to marry him in her heart's extremest grief, should hope to persuade an ambitious, and, as he thought her, a wicked woman, to consent to his marriage with her daughter, which would make her a queen, and aggrandize her family. M. MASON. = 34:) *All unavoided, &c.*] i. e. *unavoidable.* = 35:) — *still use* —] i. e. *constant use.* = 36:) *The high imperial type* —] *Type* is exhibition, show, display, or perhaps, *emblem.* = 37:) *Canst thou demise* —] To *demise* is to *grant*, from *demittere*, to devolve a right from one to another. = 38:) "*I, even I; what think, &c.*" MALONE. = 39:) "*but hate thee,*" — MALONE. = 40:) — *bid like sorrow.*] *Bid* is in the past tense from *bide.* = 41:) *To whom I will retail my conquest won,*] To *retail* is to hand down from one to another. Richard, in the present instance, means to say he will transmit the benefit of his victories to Elizabeth. = 42:) — *which the king's King forbids.*] Alluding to the prohibition in the Levitical law. = 43:) "*by heaven,*" — MALONE. = 44:) — *changing — woman!*] Such was the real character of this queen dowager, who would have married her daughter to king Richard, and did all in her power to alienate the marquis of Dorset, her son, from the earl of Richmond. = 45:) *Some light-foot friend, &c.*] Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders, and sudden variations of opinion. JOHNSON. = 46:) — *more competitors* —] That is, more opponents to us, or rather, *associates* with them. = 47:) — *they must be told.*] This was the language of Shakspeare's time, when the word *news* was often considered as plural. = 48:) — *while we reason here,*] i. e. while we talk here. = 49:) — *Sir Christopher Urswick.*] The person, who is called Sir Christopher here, and who has been styled so in the *Dramatis Personæ* of all the impressions, was Christopher Urswick, a bachelor in divinity, and chaplain to the countess of Richmond, who had intermarried with the lord Stanley. This priest, the history tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on messages betwixt the countess of Richmond, and her husband, and the young earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his descent on England. He was afterwards almoner to king Henry VII., and retired to Hackney, where he died in 1521. =

ACT V. = 1:) *Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.*] Haumer has rightly explained it, the time to which the punishment of his wrongs was *respite.* *Wrongs* in this line means *wrongs* done, or injurious practices. = 2:) *Lies now* —] i. e. *sojourns.* = 3:) — *sound direction:*] True judgment; tried military skill. = 4:) *Limit* —] i. e. *appoint.* = 5:) — *keeps his regiment;*] i. e. remains with it. = 6:) — *make some good means* —] i. e. adopt some convenient measure. = 7:) *It's nine o'clock.*] I think, we ought to read — *six* instead of *nine*, as in the quarto edition. A supper at so late an hour as *nine o'clock*, in the year 1485, would have been a prodigy. STEEVENS. Mr. Malone reads *six*, and "*full supper time.*" = 8:) — *Give me a watch:*] A *watch* has many significations, but I should believe that it means in this place

not a sentinel, which would be regularly placed at the king's tent; nor an instrument to measure time, which was not used in that age; but a watch-light, a candle to burn by him; the light that afterwards burnt blue. JOHNSON. = 9:) *Look that my staves —* Staves are the wood of the lances. = 10:) — *the melancholy lord Northumberland?* Richard calls him *melancholy*, because he did not join heartily in his cause. = 11:) *Cock-shut time,* i. e. twilight. = 12:) "So, I am satisfied." — MALONE. = 13:) "Set it down." — MALONE. = 14:) "Ratcliff, bid my," &c. — MALONE. A reading which he censured in his first edition. = 15:) — *by attorney,* By deputation. = 16:) — *mortal-staring war.* I suppose, by *mortal-staring war* is meant — *war that looks big, or stares fatally on its victims.* STEEVENS. = 17:) *I, as I may, —* *With best advantage will deceive the time,* I will take the best opportunity to elude the dangers of this conjuncture. = 18:) — *peise me down to-morrow,* To peize, i. e. to weigh down, from *peser*, French. = 19:) *Harry, that prophecy'd thou should'st be king,* The prophecy, to which this allusion is made, is uttered in one of the parts of *Henry the Sixth*. = 20:) *And fall thy edgeless sword;* *Full*, in the present instance, is a verb active, signifying to drop, or let fall. = 21:) *I died for hope,* i. e. I died for wishing well to you. = 22:) *Give me another horse,* There is in this, as in many of our author's speeches of passion, something very trifling, and something very striking. Richard's debate, whether he should quarrel with himself, is too long continued, but the subsequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical. JOHNSON. = 23:) "Alack! I love myself." — MALONE. = 24:) *Of England's chair,* England's chair, means England's throne. = 25:) — *quit —* i. e. requite. = 26:) — *the ransom of my bold attempt —* The fine paid by me in atonement for my rashness shall be my dead corse. = 27:) *God, and Saint George!* Saint George was the common cry of the English soldiers when they charged the enemy. = 28:) — *brav'd the east —* i. e. made it splendid. = 29:) Mr. Malone omits *ourselves*. = 30:) *This, and Saint George to boot!* His protection over and above. = 31:) — *Dickon thy master, &c.* Dickon is the ancient familiarization of Richard. In the words — *bought and sold*, there is somewhat proverbial. = 32:) *A sort of vagabonds,* i. e. a company, a collection. = 33:) "adventures" — MALONE. = 34:) "bring to you unrest;" — MALONE. = 35:) *Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!* That is, fright the skies with the shivers of your lances. JOHNSON. = 36:) "Off with his son," &c. — MALONE. = 37:) Mr. Malone omits *first*. = 38:) *Abate the edge —* To abate, is to lower, depress, subdue. = 39:) — *reduce —* i. e. bring back; an obsolete sense of the word. =

XXV. KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I. = 1:) — — *such a show* *As fool and fight is,* This is not the only passage in which Shakspeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army, and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend. *Magnis ingeniis et multa nihilominus habituris simplex convenit erroris confessio.* Yet I know not whether the coronation shown in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected against a battle. JOHNSON. = 2:) *(To make that only true we now intend,)* To intend, in our author, has sometimes the same meaning as to pretend, but this line is somewhat obscure. = 3:) — *Guynes and Arde:* Guynes then belonged to the English, and Arde to the French: they are towns in Picardy, and the valley of Ardren lay between them. *Arde* is *Ardes*, but both Hall and Holinshed write it as Shakspeare does. = 4:) *All clinquant,* All glittering, all shining. Clarendon uses this word in his description of the Spanish *Juego de Toros*. = 5:) *Durst wag his tongue in censure.* Censure for determination, of which had the noblest appearance. = 6:) *That Bevis was believ'd.* The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton. = 7:) — *the tract of every thing, &c.* The course of these triumphs and pleasures, however well related, must lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action. = 8:) — — *the office did* *Distinctly his full function.* The commission for regulating this festivity was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular person and action the proper place. JOHNSON. = 9:) — *element —* No initiation, no previous practices. Elements are the first principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a *catachresis*, to a person. = 10:) — *fierce vanities?* Fierce is here, I think, used like the French *fier* for proud, unless we suppose an allusion to the mimical ferocity of the combatants in the tilt. JOHNSON. = 11:) *That such a keech —* A keech is a solid lump or mass. A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould, is called yet in some places, a keech. There may, perhaps, be a singular propriety in this term of contempt. Wolsey was the son of a butcher, and in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* a butcher's wife is called — Goody Kech. = 12:) — *the file —* That is, the list. = 13:) *Must fetch him in he papers.* He papers, a verb; his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers down. = 14:) — — *What*

did this vanity, *But minister, &c.* What effect had this pompous show, but the production of a wretched conclusion. JOHNSON. = 15:) *The ambassador is silenc'd?* I understand this of the French ambassador residing in England, who, by being refused an audience, may be said to be silenc'd. JOHNSON. = 16:) *A proper title of a peace;* A fine name of a peace. Ironically. JOHNSON. = 17:) *Our reverend cardinal carried.* To carry a business was at this time a current phrase for to conduct or manage it. = 18:) — *butcher's cur —* Wolsey is said to have been the son of a butcher. = 19:) — — *A beggar's book* *Out-worths a noble's blood.* That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a contemptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of one of the ancient, unlettered, martial nobility. JOHNSON. = 20:) *He bares me with some trick:* He stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction. = 21:) — *from a mouth of honour —* I will crush this base-born fellow, by the due influence of my rank, or say that all distinction of persons is at an end. JOHNSON. = 22:) — *sincere motions,* Honest indignation. = 23:) — suggests — *Suggests*, for excites. = 24:) — — *he were* *Something mistaken in't.* That is, that he were something different from what he is taken or supposed by you to be. = 25:) — *practice,* i. e. unfair stratagem. = 26:) "de la Car," — MALONE. = 27:) — *my life is spann'd already:* *My time is measured, the length of my life is now determined.* = 28:) — *and the best heart of it,* Heart is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. = 29:) — *stood i'the level —* To stand in the level of a gun is to stand in a line with its mouth, so as to be hit by the shot. = 30:) — *front but in that file —* i. e. I am merely on a level with the rest, and step in the same line with them. = 31:) *You know no more than others:* &c.] That is, you know no more than other counsellors, but you are the person who frame those things which are afterwards proposed, and known equally by all. = 32:) — *tractable obedience, &c.* i. e. Things are now in such a situation, that resentment and indignation predominate in every man's breast over duty and allegiance. = 33:) *There is no primer business.* No matter of state more urgent. = 34:) — — "If I am" *Traded by ignorant tongues,* &c. — MALONE. = 35:) *We must not stint —* To stint is here to stop, to retard. = 36:) *To cope —* To engage with, to encounter. The word is still used in some counties. = 37:) — *once weak ones,* Once is here used for sometime, or at one time or other. = 38:) — *or not allow'd;* Not approved. = 39:) — — *what worst, as oft,* *Hitting a grosser quality.* The worst actions of great men are commended by the vulgar, as more accommodated to the grossness of their notions. JOHNSON. = 40:) *From every tree, lop,* Lop is a substantive, and signifies the branches. = 41:) *And never seek for aid out of himself.* Beyond the treasures of his own mind. = 42:) *The duke being at the Rose, &c.* This house was purchased about the year 1561, by Richard Hill, sometime master of the Merchant Tailors' company, and is now the Merchant Tailors' school, in Suffolk-lane. = 43:) — *so rank?* Rank weeds, are weeds grown up to great height and strength. *What,* says the king, *was he advanced to this pitch?* JOHNSON. = 44:) — *by day and night,* This, I believe, was a phrase anciently signifying — *at all times, every way, completely.* The king's words, however, by some critics have been considered as an adjuration. I do not pretend to have determined the exact force of them. STEEVENS. = 45:) *Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle* *Men into such strange mysteries?* i. e. those fantastic manners and fashions of the French, which had operated as spells or enchantments. = 46:) *A fit or two o'the face;* A fit of the face is what we now term a grimace, an artificial cast of the countenance. = 47:) *A springhalt —* The springhalt, or springhalt, is a disease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their paces. = 48:) — — *leave these remnants* *Of fool, and feather,* An allusion to the feathers which were formerly worn by fools in their caps. = 49:) — *blister'd breeches,* i. e. breeches puff'd, swell'd out like blisters. The modern editors read — *bolster'd breeches*, which has the same meaning. = 50:) "Hold" — MALONE: but held in his first edition. = 51:) — *My barge stays:* The speaker is now in the king's palace at Bridewell, from which he is proceeding by water to York-place, (cardinal Wolsey's house) now Whitehall. = 52:) — *Chambers discharged.* A chamber is a gun which stands erect on its breech. Such are used only on occasions of rejoicing, and are so contrived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noise more than proportioned to their bulk. They are called chambers, because they are mere chambers to lodge powder; a chamber being the technical term for that cavity in a piece of ordnance which contains the combustibles. Some of them are still fired in the Park, and at the places opposite to the parliament-house when the king goes thither. = 53:) — *take it.* That is, take the chief place. = 54:) — *unhappily.* That is, unluckily, mischievously. = 55:) *I were unmannerly, to take you out,* *And not to kiss you.* A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. =

ACT II. = 1:) "To have brought," — MALONE. = 2:) — — *no black envy* *Shall make my grave.* Shakspeare, by this expression, meant no more than to make the duke say, *No action expressive of malice shall conclude my life.* The

sense will then be, (whether quaintly or poetically expressed, let the reader determine) *no malicious action* shall close my grave, i. e. *attend the conclusion of my existence*, or *terminate my life*; the last action of it shall not be uncharitable. STEEVENS. = 3:) *strong faith* — Is great fidelity. = 4:) *Into what pitch he please*.] The mass must be fashioned into *pitch* or *height*, as well as into particular form. The meaning is, that the cardinal can, as he pleases, make high or low. = 5:) — *have great care* || *I be not found a talker*.] I take the meaning to be, *Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk*. JOHNSON = 6:) — *so sick though*.] That is, *so sick as he is proud*. = 7:) “one have at him.” — MALONE. = 8:) *Have their free voices*;] The construction is, *have sent their free voices*; the word *sent*, which occurs in the next line, being understood here. = 9:) *Kept him a foreign man still*;] Kept him out of the king's presence, employed in foreign embassies. = 10:) *To give her the avault*!] To send her away contemptuously; to pronounce against her a sentence of ejection. = 11:) *Yet, if that quarrel, fortune*.] Perhaps for *quarreller*. = 12:) — *stranger now again*.] Again an alien; not only no longer queen, but no longer an Englishwoman. JOHNSON. = 13:) — *our best having*.] That is, *our best possession*. = 14:) — *cheveril* — Is kid skin, soft leather. = 15:) — *Pluck off a little*; &c.] i. e. let us still further divest preferment of its glare, let us descend yet lower, and more upon a level with your own quality. = 16:) *More than my all is nothing*; &c.] More than my all is nothing, for my prayers and wishes are of no value, and yet prayers and wishes are all I have to return. = 17:) *I shall not fail*, &c.] I shall not omit to strengthen, by my commendation, the opinion which the king has formed. = 18:) — *is it bitter?* forty pence, no.] *Forty pence* was, in those days, the proverbial expression of a small wager, or a small sum. Money was then reckoned by *pounds, marks, and nobles*. = 19:) *For all the mud in Egypt*;] The fertility of Egypt is derived from the *mud* and *slime* of the Nile. = 20:) — *Sennet*.] Dr. Burney (whose *General History of Music* has been so highly and deservedly applauded) undertook to trace the etymology, and discover the certain meaning of this term, but without success. Mr. Malone thinks it was no more than a flourish, or sounding. = 21:) — *pillars*;] *Pillars* were some of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals. = 22:) — *and make my challenge*.] *Challenge* is here a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a jurymen, says — *I challenge him*. *Abhor* and *refuse* are also law terms. = 23:) — *gainsay* —] i. e. deny. = 24:) *You sign your place and calling*.] To sign here is to show, to denote. By your outward meekness and humility, you show that you are of an holy order, but, &c. = 25:) — *could speak thee out*.] had tongues capable of speaking out thy merits; i. e. of doing them extensive justice. = 26:) — — *although not there* || *At once and fully satisfied*.] The sense, which is encumbered with words, is no more than this — I must be loosed, though when so loosed, I shall not be satisfied fully and at once; that is, I shall not be immediately satisfied. JOHNSON. = 27:) “that might” — MALONE. = 28:) *The passages made toward it*;] i. e. closed, or fastened. = 29:) — *hulling in* || *The wild sea* —] That is, floating without guidance; tossed here and there. =

ACT III. = 1:) *Wait in the presence*.] i. e. in the presence chamber. = 2:) *Envy and base opinion set against them*.] I would be glad that my conduct were in some public trial confronted with mine enemies, that envy and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power against me. JOHNSON. = 3:) *For her sake that I have been*, &c.] For the sake of that royalty which I have heretofore possessed. = 4:) — *superstitious to him?*] That is, served him with superstitious attention; done more than was required. = 5:) *If I have us'd myself* —] i. e. behaved myself. = 6:) *And force them* —] *Force* is *enforce*, *urge*. = 7:) — *contrary proceedings* —] Private practices opposite to his public procedure. = 8:) *Trace the conjunction*!] To trace, is to follow. = 9:) *In it be memoriz'd*.] To memorize is to make memorable. = 10:) *He is return'd, in his opinions*;] Cranmer, says Suffolk, *is returned in his opinions*, i. e. with the same sentiments which he entertained before he went abroad, which (sentiments) have satisfied the king, together with all the famous colleges referred to on the occasion — Or perhaps the passage (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes) may mean — *He is return'd in effect, having sent his opinions*, i. e. the opinions of divines, &c. collected by him. = 11:) *Yet, fill'd with my abilities*;] My endeavours, though less than my desires, have fill'd, that is, have gone an equal pace with my abilities. = 12:) — *notwithstanding that your bond of duty*.] Besides the general bond of duty, by which you are obliged to be a loyal and obedient subject, you owe a particular devotion of yourself to me, as your particular benefactor. = 13:) — *that am, have, and will be*.] Perhaps the meaning is, *that, or, such a man, I am, have been, and will ever be*. = 14:) — *against the chiding flood*.] i. e. the resounding flood. = 15:) *To Asher-house*.] *Asher* was the ancient name of *Esher*. = 16:) — *my lord of Winchester's*.] Shakspeare forgot that Wolsey was himself bishop of Winchester, unless he meant to say, you must confine yourself to that house which you possess as bishop of Winchester. Asher, near Hampton-Court, was one of the houses belonging to that bishoprick. = 17:) “That in the way,” &c. — MALONE. = 18:) *To be thus jaded* —] To be abused and ill

treated, like a worthless horse: or perhaps to be ridden by a priest; — to have him mounted above us. = 19:) *And dare us with his cap, like larks*.] It is well known that the hat of a cardinal is scarlet; and that one of the methods of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them. = 20:) *Worse than the sacring bell*.] The little bell which is rung to give notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring* or *consecration* bell; from the French word, *sacrer*. = 21:) *Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin*.] This was certainly one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue, than from any serious cause of accusation; inasmuch as the archbishops Cranmer, Bainbrigge, and Warham, were indulged with the same privilege. = 22:) — *to the mere undoing* —] *Mere* is absolute. = 23:) — *of a præmunire*.] It is almost unnecessary to observe that *præmunire* is a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*. = 24:) — *and their ruin*.] *Their ruin* is their displeasure, producing the downfall and ruin of him on whom it lights. = 25:) — *in open*.] i. e. in a place exposed on all sides to view. = 26:) — *make use* —] i. e. make interest. = 27:) *Had I but serv'd my God*, &c.] This sentence was really uttered by Wolsey. But it was a strange sentence for him to utter, who was disgraced for the basest treachery to his king in the affair of the divorce: but it shows how naturally men endeavour to palliate their crimes even to themselves. =

ACT IV. = 1:) “So are you.” — MALONE. = 2:) — *this day* —] i. e. *such a day as this*, a coronation day. = 3:) — *the late marriage* —] i. e. the marriage lately considered as a valid one. = 4:) Mr. Malone omits *And*. = 5:) “and” is omitted by Mr. Malone. = 6:) — *like rams* —] That is, like battering rams. = 7:) “But, what follow'd?” — MALONE. = 8:) *Scene II.*] This scene is above any other part of Shakspeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetic, without gods, or fairies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantic circumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation, and without any terrors of tumultuous misery. JOHNSON. = 9:) — — *he stepp'd before me, happily*, || *For my example*.] *Happily* means, on this occasion, fortunately. = 10:) — *with easy roads*.] i. e. by short stages. = 11:) *Of an unbounded stomach*.] i. e. of unbounded pride or haughtiness. = 12:) — — *one, that by suggestion* || *Ty'd all the kingdom*;] i. e. he was a man of an unbounded stomach, or pride, ranking himself with princes, and by suggestion to the king and the pope, he ty'd, i. e. limited, circumscribed, and set bounds to the liberties and properties of all persons in the kingdom. = 13:) *The model of our chaste loves*.] *Model* is *image*, or *representative*. =

ACT V. = 1:) — *at primero* —] *Primero* and *Primavista*, two games at cards, H. I. *Primera*, *Primavista*. La *Primiere*, G. prime, f. *Prime veuc*. *Primum*, et *primum visum*, that is, first, and first seen: because he that can show such an order of cards first, wins the game. *Minsheu's Guide into Tongues*, col. 575. = 2:) *Some touch of your late business*;] Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late. = 3:) — *mine own way*;] Mine own opinion in religion. = 4:) *Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments*.] *Trade* is the practised method, the general course. = 5:) — — *I have incens'd the lords o'the council, that he is*, &c. || *A most arch heretic*.] This passage, according to the old elliptical mode of writing, may mean — I have incens'd the lords of the council, for that he is, i. e. because. = 6:) — *broken with the king*;] They have broken silence: told their minds to the king. = 7:) *He be convented*.] *Convented* is *summoned*, *convened*. = 8:) “Would not,” &c. — MALONE. = 9:) — *You a brother of us*, &c.] You being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred. = 10:) — *indurance*.] i. e. confinement, or perhaps, delay, procrastination. = 11:) *I weigh not*.] i. e. have no value for. = 12:) — *and not ever* —] *Not ever* is an uncommon expression, and does not mean *never*, but *not always*. = 13:) — *When you of better luck*.] To *ween* is to think, to imagine. Though now obsolete, the word was common to all our ancient writers. = 14:) — *at a Window above*.] The suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, &c. Some of these convenient peepholes, may still be found in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. = 15:) *They had parted*, &c.] We should now say — *They had shared*, &c. i. e. had so much honesty among them. = 16:) — *draw the curtain close*;] i. e. the curtain of the balcony, or upper stage, where the king now is. = 17:) — — *and capable* || *Of our flesh, few are angels*; &c.] If this passage means any thing, it may mean, *few are perfect, while they remain in their mortal capacity*; i. e. while they are capable [in a condition] of being invested with flesh. — Mr. Malone reads thus: “In our own natures, frail, incapable: || *Of our flesh*,” &c. = 18:) *The upper Germany*, &c.] Alluding to the here-y of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522. = 19:) — *a single heart*.] A heart void of duplicity or

guile. = 20:) — *your painted gloss, &c.*] Those that understand you, under this *painted gloss*, this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning. = 21:) *This is the king's ring.*] It seems to have been a custom, begun probably in the dark ages, before literature was generally diffused, and before the regal power experienced the restraints of law, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law; it procured indemnity for offences committed, and imposed acquiescence and submission on whatever was done under its authority. Instances abound in the history of almost every nation. = 22:) *Than but once think his place becomes thee not.*] Who dares to suppose that the place or situation in which he is, is not suitable to thee also? who supposes that thou art not as fit for the office of a privy counsellor as he is? = 23:) *You must be godfather.*] Our prelates formerly were often employed on the like occasions. Cranmer was godfather to Edward VI.; archbishop Warham to Henry's eldest son by queen Katharine; and the bishop of Winchester to Henry himself. = 24:) — *you'd spare your spoons;*] It was the custom, long before the time of Shakspeare, for the sponsors at christenings to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name. = 25:) — *Paris-garden?*] This celebrated bear-garden on the bankside was so called from *Robert de Paris*, who had a house and garden there in the time of King Richard II. = 26:) — *gaping.*] i. e. *shouting* or *roaring*; a sense which this word has now almost lost. = 27:) — *sir Guy, nor Colbrand.*] Of *Guy of Warwick* every one has heard. *Colbrand* was the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester. Their combat is very elaborately described by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*. = 28:) — *Moorfields to muster in?*] The train-bands of the city were exercised in Moorfields. = 29:) — *he should be a brazier by his face.*] A *brazier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are understood. JOHNSON. = 30:) — *The fire-drake.*] A *fire-drake* is both a serpent, anciently called a *brenning-drake*, or *diasps*, and a name formerly given to a *Will o' the Wisp*, or *ignis fatuus*. A *fire-drake* was likewise an artificial fire-work. = 31:) — *till her pink'd porringer fell off her head.*] Her *pink'd porringer* is her pink'd cap, which looked as if it had been moulded on a porringer. = 32:) — *the meteor.*] The *fire-drake*, the *brazier*. = 33:) — *who cried out clubs!*] *Clubs!* was the outcry for assistance, upon any quarrel or tumult in the streets. = 34:) — *loose shot.*] i. e. loose or random *shooters*. = 35:) — *the work.*] A term of fortification. STREVEN. = 36:) — *the Tribulation of Tower hill, or the limbs of Lime-house.*] Alliteration has given rise to many cant expressions, consisting of words *paired* together. Here we have cant names for the inhabitants of those places, who were notorious puritans, coined for the humour of the alliteration. In the mean time it must not be forgotten, that "*precious limbs*" was a common phrase of contempt for the puritans. = 37:) — *in Limbo Patrum.*] He means, in confinement. In *limbo*, continues to be a cant phrase, in the same sense, at this day. The *Limbo Patrum* is, properly, the place where the old fathers and patriarchs are supposed to be waiting for the resurrection. = 38:) — *running banquet of two beadies.*] A public whipping. A *banquet*, in ancient language, did not signify either dinner or supper, but the desert after each of them. = 39:) — *here ye lie bailing of bumbards.*] A *bumbard* is an *ale-barrel*; to *bait bumbards* is to *tipple*, to *lie at the spigot*. = 40:) — *I'll pick you o'er the pales else.*] To *pick* is to *pitch*. = 41:) *The Palace.*] At Greenwich, where this procession was made from the church of the Friars. = 42:) — *standing-bowls.*] i. e. bowls elevated on feet or pedestals. = 43:) *Heaven, from thy endless goodness, &c.*] These words are not the invention of the poet, having been pronounced at the christening of Elizabeth. = 44:) [*Nor shall this peace sleep with her: &c.*] These lines, to the interruption by the king, seem to have been inserted at some revival of the play, after the accession of king James. If the passage, included in crotchets, be left out, the speech of Cranmer proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction, and continuity of sentiments: but, by the interposition of the new lines, he first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know that she was to die; first rejoices at the consequence, and then laments the cause. Our author was at once politic and idle; he resolved to flatter James, but neglected to reduce the whole speech to propriety; or perhaps intended that the lines inserted should be spoken in the action, and omitted in the publication, if any publication was ever in his thoughts. Mr. Theobald has made the same observation. JOHNSON. = 45:) — *such a one we show'd them;*] In the character of Katharine. JOHNSON. = 46:) — *If they smile, &c.*] Though it is very difficult to decide whether short pieces be genuine or spurious, yet I cannot restrain myself from expressing my suspicion that neither the Prologue nor Epilogue to this play is the work of Shakspeare; *non vultus, non color* It ap-

pears to me very likely that they were supplied by the friendship or officiousness of Jonson, whose manner they will be perhaps found exactly to resemble. There is yet another supposition possible: the Prologue and Epilogue may have been written after Shakspeare's departure from the stage, upon some accidental revival of the play, and there will then be reason for imagining that the writer, whoever he was, intended no great kindness to him, this play being recommended by a subtle and covert censure of his other works. There is, in Shakspeare, so much of *fool and fight*; — — the fellow, || "In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow," appears so often in his drama, that I think it not very likely that he would have animadverted so severely on himself. All this, however, must be received as very dubious, since we know not the exact date of this or the other plays, and cannot tell how our author might have changed his practice or opinions. =

XXVI. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I. = 1:) *The princes orgulous.*] *Orgulous*, i. e. proud, disdainful. *Orgueilleux*, Fr. = 2:) — *fulfilling bolts.*] To *fulfill*, in this place, means to fill till there be no room for more. In this sense it is now obsolete. = 3:) *Sperr up the sons of Troy.*] To *sperre*, or *spar*, from the old Teutonic word *speren*, signifies to *shut up*, *defend* by bars, &c. = 4:) *A prologue arm'd.*] I come here to speak the prologue, and come in armour; not defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war, before a warlike play. = 5:) — *the vaunt.*] i. e. the *avant*, what went before. = 6:) — *my varlet.*] This word anciently signified a servant or footman to a knight or warrior. = 7:) — *fonder.*] i. e. more weak, or foolish. = 8:) *Doth lesser blench.*] To *blench* is to shrink, start, or fly off. = 9:) — *and spirit of sense.*] *Hard as the palm of ploughman!*] In comparison with Cressida's hand, says he, the *spirit of sense*, the utmost degree, the most exquisite power of sensibility, which implies a soft hand, since the sense of touching, as Scaliger says in his *Exercitationes*, resides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and insensible palm of the ploughman. = 10:) — *she has the mends.*] *She may make the best of a bad bargain.* This is a proverbial saying. = 11:) — *sorts.*] i. e. fits, suits, is congruous. = 12:) — *husbandry in war.*] *Husbandry* means economical prudence. Troilus alludes to Hector's early rising. = 13:) — *their particular additions;*] Their peculiar and characteristic qualities or denominations. = 14:) — *that his valour is crushed into folly.*] To be *crushed into folly*, is to be *confused* and mingled with *folly*, so as that they make one mass together. = 15:) — *against the hair.*] Is a phrase equivalent to another now in use — *against the grain*. The French say — *à contrepoil*. = 16:) — *a merry Greek.*] *Græcari*, among the Romans, signified to play the reveller. The expression occurs in many old English books. = 17:) — *compassed window.*] The *compassed window* is the same as the *bow window*. = 18:) — *so old a lifter?*] The word *lifter* is used for a *thief*. We still call a person who plunders shops, a *shop-lifter*. *Hlifu*, in the Gothic language, signifies a *thief*. = 19:) — *that it passed.*] i. e. that it went beyond bounds. = 20:) — *the rich shall have more.*] The allusion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did, in our author's time, and long before, signify a *silly fellow*, and may, by its etymology, signify likewise *full of nods*. Cressida means that a *noddy shall have more nods*. Of such remarks as these is a comment to consist! JOHNSON. = 21:) — *no date in the pye.*] To account for the introduction of this quibble, it should be remembered that *dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. = 22:) — *at what ward you lie.*] A metaphor from the art of defence. = 23:) *Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.*] The meaning of this obscure line seems to be — "Men, after possession, become our commanders: before it, they are our suppliants." = 24:) — *my heart's content.*] *Content* for *capacity*, or perhaps for *consent*. = 25:) — *af-fin'd.*] i. e. joined by affinity. = 26:) — *Nestor shall apply.*] Perhaps Nestor means, that he will attend particularly to, and consider, Agamemnon's latest words. = 27:) — *by the brize.*] The *brize* is the *gad* or *horse-fly*. = 28:) *And flies fled under shade.*] i. e. And flies are fled under shade. = 29:) — *the thing of courage.*] It is said of the tiger, that in storms and high winds he rages and roars most furiously. = 30:) *Returns to chiding.*] *Chiding* is noisy, clamorous. = 31:) — — *speeches, — which were such,* || *As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece* || *Should hold up high in brass; and such again,* || *As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,* || *Should with a bond of air — —* || — *knit all the Greekish ears* || *To his experienc'd tongue.*] Ulysses begins his oration with praising those who had spoken before him, and marks the characteristic excellencies of their different eloquence, — strength, and sweetness, which he expresses by the different metals on which he recommends them to be engraven for the instruction of posterity. The speech of Agamemnon is such that it ought to be engraven in brass, and the tablet held up by him on the one side, and Greece on the other, to show the union of their opinion. And Nestor ought to be exhibited in silver, uniting all his audience in one mind by his soft and gentle elocution. Brass is the common emblem of strength, and silver of gentleness. We

call a soft voice a *silver* voice, and a persuasive tongue, a *silver* tongue. To *hatch* is a term of art for a particular method of engraving. *Hacher*, to cut, Fr. JOHNSON. The commentators differ in some respects from this explanation. = 32:) — *expect* —] *Expect for expectation.* = 33:) *The specialty of rule* —] The particular rights of supreme authority. = 34:) *When that the general is not like the hive,* The meaning is, — *When the general is not to the army like the hive to the bees, the repository of the stock of every individual, that to which each particular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, what honey is expected? what hope of advantage? The sense is clear, the expression is confused.* JOHNSON. = 35:) — *the planets, and this center,* By *this center*, Ulysses means the earth itself, not the center of the earth. According to the system of Ptolemy, the earth is the center round which the planets move. = 36:) — *deracinate* —] i. e. force up by the roots. = 37:) — *brotherhoods in cities,* Corporations, companies, confraternities. = 38:) — *dividable shores,* i. e. divided. = 39:) — *mere* —] *Mere* is absolute. = 40:) *That by a pace* —] That goes backward step by step. = 41:) — *with a purpose* || *It hath to climb,* With a design in each man to aggrandize himself, by slighting his immediate superior. = 42:) — *bloodless emulation:* An emulation not vigorous and active, but malignant and sluggish. = 43:) — *our power* —] i. e. our army. = 44:) *Thy topless deputation* —] *Topless* is that which has nothing topping or overtopping it; supreme; sovereign. = 45:) *'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,* The galleries of the theatre, in the time of our author, were sometimes termed *the scaffolds*. = 46:) — *o'erwrested seeming* —] i. e. wrested beyond the truth. = 47:) — *unsquar'd,* i. e. unadapted to their subject, as stones are unfitted to the purposes of architecture, while they are yet *unsquar'd*. = 48:) — *as near as the extremest ends* || *Of parallels:* The parallels to which the allusion seems to be made, are the parallels on a map. As like as east to west. = 49:) — *bears his head* || *In such a rein,* That is, holds up his head as haughtily. We still say of a girl, *she bristles*. = 50:) — *whose gall coins slanders like a mint,* i. e. as fast as a mint coins money. = 51:) *How rank soever rounded in with danger,* A rank weed is a high weed. = 52:) — *by measure* —] i. e. “by means of their observant toil.” = 53:) *A stranger to those most imperial looks* —] And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Shakspeare, who so wonderfully preserves character, usually confounds the customs of all nations, and probably supposed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry) fought with beavers to their helmets. So, in the fourth Act of this play, Nestor says to Hector: “But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel, || ‘I never saw till now.’” Shakspeare might have adopted this error from the wooden cuts to ancient books, or from the illuminators of manuscripts, who never seem to have entertained the least idea of habits, manners, or customs more ancient than their own. There are books in the British Museum of the age of King Henry VI.; and in these the heroes of ancient Greece are represented in the very dresses worn at the time when the books received their decorations. = 54:) — *they have galls, &c.* This is not very intelligible, but perhaps the speaker meant to say, that *when they have the accord of Jove on their side, nothing is so courageous as the Trojans*. = 55:) “follows” — MALONE, and so in Stevens' last edition, but, I suspect, erroneously. C. = 56:) — *long-continued truce* —] Of this long truce there has been no notice taken; in this very Act it is said, that *Ajax coped Hector yesterday in the battle*. Here we have another proof of Shakspeare's falling into inconsistencies, by sometimes adhering to, and sometimes deserting, his original. = 57:) — *more than in confession,* Confession for profession. = 58:) *And in my vanbrace* —] An armour for the arm, *avant-bras*. = 59:) *Be you my time, &c.* i. e. be you to my present purpose what time is in respect of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them to maturity. = 60:) *And, in the publication, make no strain,* i. e. make no difficulty, no doubt. = 61:) — *scantling* —] that is, a measure, proportion. The carpenter cuts his wood to a certain scantling. = 62:) — *small pricks* —] Small points compared with the volumes, or perhaps indexes, which were, in Shakspeare's time, often prefixed to books. = 63:) — *our main opinion* —] is, our general estimation or character. = 64:) *The sort* —] i. e. the lot. = 65:) — *under our opinion* —] Here again opinion means character. = 66:) *Must tarre the mastiffs on,* *Tarre*, an old English word, signifying to provoke or urge on. =

ACT II. = 1:) *Act II.* This play is not divided into Acts in any of the original editions. = 2:) *Cobloaf!* A crusty, uneven, gibbous loaf, is in some counties called by this name. = 3:) — *pun thee into shivers* —] *Pun* is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for — *pound*. = 4:) *Thou stool for a witch!* In one way of trying a witch, they used to place her on a chair or stool, with her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat; and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, and her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse. GREY. = 5:) — *an assinego* —] A *he-ass*. = 6:) — *thou art bought and sold* —] This was a proverbial expression. = 7:) — *If thou use to beat me,* i. e. if thou continue to beat me, or make a practice of beating me. = 8:) — *his pia mater, &c.* The *pia mater* is a membrane that protects the substance of the brain.

= 9:) — *is beaten* voluntary; i. e. voluntarily. Shakspeare often uses adjectives adverbially. = 10:) — *when Achilles' brach bids me,* The commentators are not agreed on the meaning of this word, some referring it to a species of dog, and some to an ornament called a *broche*, or *broach*. = 11:) — *many thousand dismes,* *Disme*, Fr. is the tithe, the tenth. = 12:) *The past-proportion of his infinite?* i. e. *that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion.* = 13:) — *reason and respect* || *Make livers pale, &c.* *Respect* is caution, a regard to consequences. = 14:) *And the will dotes, that is attributive* —] i. e. *the will dotes that attributes or gives the qualities which it affects; that first causes excellence, and then admires it.* = 15:) — *unrespective sieve,* that is, unto a common voider. = 16:) *Your breath with full consent* —] Your breaths all blowing together; your unanimous approbation. = 17:) *And, for an old aunt,* Priam's sister, Hesione, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax. = 18:) *And do a deed that fortune never did,* i. e. act with more inconstancy and caprice than ever did fortune. = 19:) *Our fire-brand brother, &c.* Hecuba, when pregnant with Paris, dreamed she should be delivered of a burning torch. = 20:) — *distaste* —] Corrupt; change to a worse state. = 21:) *To make it gracious,* i. e. to set it off; to show it to advantage. = 22:) — *convince of levity* —] This word, which our author frequently employs in the obsolete sense of — to overpower, subdue, seems, in the present instance, to signify — convict, or subject to the charge of levity. = 23:) — *your full consent* —] Your unanimous approbation. = 24:) *Have gloz'd,* Have commented. = 25:) — *Aristotle* —] Let it be remembered, as often as Shakspeare's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have formed the greater part of his library. = 26:) — *of partial indulgence* —] i. e. *through partial indulgence.* = 27:) — *benumbed wills,* That is, inflexible, immovable, no longer obedient to superior direction. = 28:) *Is this, in way of truth;* Though considering truth and justice in this question, this is my opinion; yet as a question of honour, I think on it as you. JOHNSON. = 29:) — *the performance of our heaving spleens,* the execution of spirit and resentment. = 30:) — *canonize us;* The hope of being registered as a saint, is rather out of its place at the Trojan war. = 31:) — *emulation* —] that is, envy, factious contention. *Emulation* is now never used in an ill sense; but Shakspeare meant to employ it so. = 32:) — *the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus;* The wand of Mercury is wreathed with serpents. = 33:) — *without drawing their massy irons,* That is, *without drawing the swords to cut their web.* They use no means but those of violence. JOHNSON. = 34:) *Let thy blood be thy direction* —] Thy blood means, thy passions; thy natural propensities. = 35:) — *decline* —] Deduce the question from the first case to the last. = 36:) *He shent our messengers;* i. e. rebuked, rated. = 37:) — *noble state,* i. e. the stately train of attending nobles whom you bring with you. = 38:) — *breath,* *Breath*, in the present instance, stands for *breathing*, i. e. exercise. = 39:) — *tend the savage strangeness* —] i. e. shyness, distant behaviour. To *tend*, is to attend upon. = 40:) — *underwrite* —] To *subscribe*, in Shakspeare, is to obey. = 41:) — *in an observing kind* —] i. e. in a mode religiously attentive. = 42:) — *allowance give* —] *Allowance* is approbation. = 43:) — *the death-tokens of it* —] Alluding to the decisive spots appearing on those infected by the plague. = 44:) — *with his own seam;* *Swine-scam*, in the North, is *hog's-lard*. = 45:) *That were to enlard, &c.* This is only the well-known proverb — *Grease a fat sow, &c.* in a more stately dress. = 46:) — *I'll pash him* —] i. e. strike him with violence. = 47:) — *pheeze his pride;* To *pheeze* is to comb or curry. = 48:) *Not for the worth* —] Not for the value of all for which we are fighting. = 49:) “He will be the” — MALONE. = 50:) — *force him* —] i. e. stuff him. *Farcir*, Fr. = 51:) *He is not emulous,* *Emulous*, in this instance, and perhaps in some others, may well enough be supposed to signify — *jealous of higher authority.* = 52:) — *that shall palter* —] That shall juggle with us, or fly from his engagements. = 53:) *Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield* —] i. e. yield his titles, his celebrity for strength. *Addition*, in legal language, is the title given to each party, showing his degree, occupation, &c. as esquire, gentleman, yeoman, merchant, &c. Our author here, as usual, pays no regard to chronology. Milo of Croton lived long after the Trojan war. = 54:) — *like a bourn,* A *boorn* is a boundary, and sometimes a rivulet dividing one place from another. =

ACT III. = 1:) — *in fits,* i. e. now and then, by fits; or perhaps a quibble is intended. A *fit* was a part or division of a song, sometimes a strain in music, and sometimes a measure in dancing. = 2:) — *you are wide;* i. e. wide of your mark; a common exclamation when an archer missed his aim. = 3:) “To-day,” — STEEVENS, edit. 1793, 15 vol. = 4:) — *i'the fills,* That is, in the shafts. *Fill* is a provincial word used in some counties for *thills*, the shafts of a cart or waggon. = 5:) — *So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress,* The allusion is to *bowling*. What we now call *the jack*, seems, in Shakspeare's time, to have been termed the *mistress*. A bowl that kisses the *jack*, or *mistress*, is in the most advantageous situation. *Rub on* is a term at the same game. = 6:) — *The falcon as the tercel,* Pandarus means, that he'll match his niece against her lover for any bett. The *tercel* is the male hawk; by the *falcon* we generally under-

stand the female. = 7:) — his addition shall be humble.] We will give him no high or pompous titles. JOHNSON. = 8:) — what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth:] i. e. shall be only a mock for his truth. Even malice (for such is the meaning of the word *envy*) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attack him in any other way, except by ridiculing him for his constancy. = 9:) *Might be affronted with the match* — I wish “my integrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmingled love.” JOHNSON. = 10:) *And simpler than the infancy of truth*.] This is fine; and means, “Ere truth, to defend itself against deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of necessity, learned worldly policy.” = 11:) — compare,] i. e. comparison. = 12:) *As truth’s authentic author to be cited*.] *Troilus shall crown the verse, as a man to be cited as the authentic author of truth*, as one whose protestations were true to a proverb. = 13:) — crown up —] i. e. conclude it. = 14:) — such a wrest —] *Wrest* is an instrument for tuning the harp by drawing up the strings. = 15:) *In most accepted pain*] i. e. *Her presence, says Calchas, shall strike off, or recompense the service I have done, even in those labours which were most accepted*. JOHNSON. = 16:) “riches, and favour,” — MALONE. = 17:) — how dearly ever parted,] *However excellently endowed, with however dear or precious parts enriched or adorned*. = 18:) — in his circumstance,] In the detail or circumduction of his argument. = 19:) *The unknown Ajax*.] Ajax, who has abilities, which were never brought into view or use. JOHNSON. = 20:) *And give to dust, that is a little gilt, || More laud than gilt o’er-dusted*.] *Dust a little gilt* means, ordinary performances ostentatiously displayed and magnified by the favour of friends and that admiration of novelty which prefers “newborn gawds” to “things past.” *Gilt o’er-dusted* means, splendid actions of preceding ages, the remembrance of which is weakened by time. = 21:) *Made emulous missions* —] This means the descent of deities to combat on either side; an idea which Shakspeare very probably adopted from Chapman’s translation of Homer. In the fifth Book, Diomed wounds Mars, who on his return to heaven is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle. This disobedience is the *faction* which I suppose Ulysses would describe. STEEVENS. = 22:) — one of Priam’s daughters.] Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom, he was afterwards killed by Paris. = 23:) — (which whom relation || *Durst never meddle*) —] There is a secret administration of affairs, which no history was ever able to discover. JOHNSON. = 24:) *Omission to do, &c.*] By neglecting our duty we commission or enable that danger of dishonour, which could not reach us before to lay hold upon us. JOHNSON. = 25:) — with a politic regard,] With a sly look. = 26:) — to make catlings on.] A *catling* signifies a small lute-string made of catgut. = 27:) — the more capable creature.] The more intelligent creature. =

ACT IV. = 1:) *During all question* —] *Question* means intercourse, interchange of conversation. = 2:) *His purpose meets you*;] I bring you his meaning and his orders. JOHNSON. = 3:) — a flat tamed piece;] i. e. a piece of wine out of which the spirit is all flown. = 4:) *Both merits pois’d, &c.*] The sense appears to be this: the merits of either are sunk in value, because the contest between them is only for a strumpet. = 5:) “capocchio!” — MALONE. = 6:) Mr. Malone gives part of this dialogue as prose. = 7:) — matter is so rash:] My business is so *hasty* and so abrupt. = 8:) *I know no touch of consanguinity*;] *Touch of consanguinity* is sense or feeling of relationship. = 9:) — great morning;] *Grand jour*; a Gallicism. = 10:) — consign’d kisses —] *Consign’d* means sealed; from *consigno*, Lat. = 11:) *Distasted with the salt of broken tears*.] i. e. of tears to which we are not permitted to give full vent, being interrupted and suddenly torn from each other. The poet was probably thinking of broken sobs, or broken slumbers. = 12:) — what wicked deem —] *Deem* (a word now obsolete) signifies, opinion, surmise. = 13:) *For I will throw my glove to death* —] That is, I will challenge death himself in defence of thy fidelity. = 14:) — the high lavolt,] The *lavolta* was a dance. = 15:) — catch mere simplicity;] The meaning, I think, is, while others, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a plain simple approbation. JOHNSON. = 16:) *At the port*,] The port is the gate. = 17:) — possess thee what she is.] I will make thee fully understand. This sense of the word *possess* is frequent in our author. = 18:) — my lust:] *Lust* is inclination, will. = 19:) “I tell thee, Diomed,” — MALONE. = 20:) — in appointment —] *Appointment* is preparation. = 21:) — bias cheek —] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl. The idea is taken from the puffy cheeks of the winds, as represented in ancient prints, maps, &c. = 22:) *I’ll make my match to live*,] Perhaps this means — *I’ll lay my life*. = 23:) — motive —] *Motive*, for part that contributes to motion. = 24:) *That give a coasting welcome ere it comes*,] A *coasting welcome*, is a conciliatory welcome; that makes silent advances before the tongue has uttered a word. = 25:) — sluttish spoils of opportunity,] Corrupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity may make a prey. JOHNSON. = 26:) *Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector*;] Shakspeare’s thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expression is not his character. The meaning is plain: “Valour (says *Aeneas*) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the ex-

cellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour.” JOHNSON. = 27:) *This Ajax is half made of Hector’s blood*;] Ajax and Hector were cousin-germans. = 28:) — a breath;] i. e. a breathing, a slight exercise of arms. = 29:) — stints —] i. e. stops. = 30:) — deedless in his tongue;] i. e. no boaster of his own deeds. = 31:) — an impair thought —] A thought unsuitable to the dignity of his character. = 32:) — Hector — sub-scribes —] that is, yields, gives way. = 33:) — thus translate him to me.] Thus explain his character. = 34:) *My sacred aunt*,] It is remarkable that the Greeks give to the uncle the title of Sacred, *ἅγιος*. And this circumstance may tend to establish the opinion, that this play was not the entire composition of Shakspeare, to whom the Grecism before us was probably unknown. = 35:) *A great addition* —] i. e. denomination. = 36:) *Not Neoptolemus* —] My opinion is, that by Neoptolemus the author meant Achilles himself; and remembering that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus. JOHNSON. = 37:) — most imperious —] *Imperious* and *imperial* had formerly the same signification. = 38:) — the untraded oath;] A singular oath not in common use. = 39:) — the declin’d;] The *declin’d* is the fallen. = 40:) — thy grandsire,] Laomedon. = 41:) *And quoted joint by joint*.] To quote is to observe. = 42:) — that stithied Mars his helm,] A *stith* is an anvil, and from hence the verb *stithied* is formed. = 43:) — the general state, I fear, || Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.] Ajax treats Achilles with contempt, and means to insinuate that he was afraid of fighting with Hector. “You may every day (says he) have enough of Hector, if you choose it; but I believe the whole state of Greece will scarcely prevail on you to engage with him.” = 44:) — pelting wars,] i. e. petty, inconsiderable ones. = 45:) — convive —] To *convive* is to feast. = 46:) *Beat loud the tabourines*,] *Tabourines* are small drums. =

ACT V. = 1:) *The surgeon’s box*,] In this answer Thersites quibbles upon the word *tent*. = 2:) *Well said, Adversity!* *Adversity*, in this instance, signifies *contrariety*. The reply of Thersites has been studiously *adverse* to the drift of the question urged by Patroclus. = 3:) — thou idle immaterial shein of sleeve silk,] All the terms used by Thersites of Patroclus, are emblematically expressive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiousness. = 4:) *Finch egg!*] A finch’s egg is remarkable gaudy; but of such terms of reproach it is difficult to pronounce the true signification. = 5:) — a sitchew,] i. e. a polecat. = 6:) — spirits and fires!] This Thersites speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights. = 7:) “sweet lord Menelaus.” MALONE. = 8:) — he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound;] If a hound gives his mouth, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *babler* or *brabler*. = 9:) — prodigious,] i. e. portentous, ominous. = 10:) — her cliff;] that is, her key. *Clef*, French. = 11:) — palter,] i. e. shuffle, behave with duplicity. = 12:) — keep this sleeve.] The custom of wearing a lady’s sleeve for a favour, is of ancient date, but the sleeve given in the present instance was the sleeve of *Troilus*. It may be supposed to be an ornamented cuff, such, perhaps, as was worn by some of our young nobility at a tilt, in Shakspeare’s age. = 13:) “It is no matter,” — MALONE. = 14:) *By all Diana’s waiting-women yonder*,] i. e. the stars which she points to. = 15:) *I cannot conjure, Trojan*.] that is, I cannot raise spirits in the form of Cressida. = 16:) — for womanhood!] i. e. for the sake of womanhood. = 17:) *To stubborn critics* —] *Critic* has here, probably, the signification of *cynic*. = 18:) *If there be rule in unity itself*,] If it be true that one individual cannot be two distinct persons. = 19:) — where reason can revolt || *Without perdition, and loss assume all reason* || *Without revolt*;] The words *loss* and *perdition* are used in their common sense, but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of reason. = 20:) — a thing inseparate —] i. e. the plighted troth of lovers. *Troilus* considers it *inseparable*, or at least that it ought never to be broken. = 21:) — knot, five-finger-tied,] A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed. = 22:) *May worthy Troilus* —] Can *Troilus* really feel, on this occasion, half of what he utters? A question suitable to the calm of Ulysses. JOHNSON. = 23:) — concupy.] A cant word, formed by our author from *concupiscence*. = 24:) — and wear a castle on thy head!] i. e. defend thy head with armour of more than common security. = 25:) — dear petition,] *Dear*, on this occasion, seems to mean, *important*, *consequential*. = 26:) — peevish —] i. e. foolish. = 27:) *It is the purpose*,] The mad prophetess speaks here with all the coolness and judgment of a skillful casuist. “The essence of a lawful vow, is a lawful purpose, and the vow of which the end is wrong, must not be regarded as cogent.” JOHNSON. = 28:) — dear man —] *Valuable* man. = 29:) *Which better fits a lion*,] The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion’s generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, *Troilus* reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct of pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man. = 30:) *You bid them rise, and live*.] Shakspeare seems not to have studied the Homeric character of Hector, whose disposition was by no means inclined to clemency. = 31:) — with fiery truncheon —] We have here but a modern Mars. Antiquity acknowledges no such ensign of command as a *truncheon*. The spirit of the passage, however, is such as might

atone for a greater impropriety. = 32:) — *shame respect*;] i. e. disgrace the respect I owe you, by acting in opposition to your commands. = 33:) — *cursed*,] i. e. under the influence of a malediction, such as mischievous beings have been supposed to pronounce upon those who had offended them. STEEVENS. = 34:) “of a sleeveless,” &c. — MALONE. = 35:) — *to proclaim barbarism*,] To set up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer. = 36:) — *waving his beam*,] i. e. his lance like a weaver’s beam, as Goliath’s spear is described. = 37:) — *pashed* —] i. e. bruised, crushed. = 38:) — *scaled sculls* —] *Sculls* are great numbers of fishes swimming together. *Scaled* means here dispersed, put to flight. = 39:) — *the mower’s swath*:] *Swath* is the quantity of grass cut down by a single stroke of the mower’s scythe = 40:) — *boy queller*,] i. e. murderer of a boy. = 41:) — *I will not look upon*,] That is, (as we should now speak,) I will not be a *looker-on*. = 42:) — *you cogging Greeks*;] This epithet has no particular propriety in this place, but the author had heard of *Græcia mendax*. JOHNSON. Surely the epithet had propriety, in respect of Diomedes at least, who had defrauded him of his mistress. Troilus bestows it on both, *unius ob culpam*. A fraudulent man, as I am told, is still called, in the North, a *gainful Greek*. Cicero bears witness to this character of the ancient Greeks: “Testimoniorum religionem et fidem nunquam ista natio coluit.” Again: “Græcorum ingenia ad fallendum parata sunt.” STEEVENS. = 43:) — *carry him*;] i. e. prevail over him. = 44:) *I’ll frush it*,] The word *frush* I never found elsewhere, nor understand it. Sir T. Hanmer explains it, to *break or bruize*. JOHNSON. = 45:) — *execute your arms*,] To *execute their arms* is to employ them; to put them to use. = 46:) *And, stickler-like*,] *Sticklers* are arbitrators, judges, or, as called in some places, sidesmen. At every wrestling in Cornwall, before the *games* begin, a certain number of *sticklers* are chosen, who regulate the proceedings, and determine every dispute. *Stickler* (*stickler*) is immediately from the verb *stickle*, to interfere, to take part with, to busy one’s self in any matter. = 47:) — *pitch* —] i. e. pitched, fixed. The obsolete preterite and participle passive of to *pitch*. = 48:) — *with comfort go*:] *Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe*,] This couplet affords a full and natural close of the play; and though I once thought differently, I must now declare my firm belief that Shakspeare designed it should end here, and that what follows is either a subsequent and injudicious restoration from the elder drama, mentioned in the Prelim. Remarks, page LII, or the nonsense of some wretched buffoon, who represented Pandarus. When the hero of the scene was not only alive, but on the stage, our author would scarce have trusted the conclusion of his piece to a subordinate character, whom he had uniformly held up to detestation. It is still less probable that he should have wound up his story with a stupid outrage to decency, and a deliberate insult on his audience. — But in several other parts of this drama I cannot persuade myself that I have been reading Shakspeare. STEEVENS. =

XXVII. TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I. = 1:) *Phrynia*,] (or, as this name should have been written by Shakspeare, *Phryne*,) was an Athenian courtesan so exquisitely beautiful, that when her judges were proceeding to condemn her for numerous and enormous offences, a sight of her bosom (which, as we learn from Quintilian, had been artfully denuded by her advocate,) disarmed the court of its severity and secured her life from the sentence of the law. STEEVENS. = 2:) — *breath’d, as it were*,] *Breathed* is *inured by constant practice*; so trained as not to be wearied. To *breathe* a horse, is to exercise him for the course. JOHNSON. = 3:) *He passes*,] i. e. exceeds, goes beyond common bounds. = 4:) — *touch the estimate*:] Come up to the price. = 5:) *When we for recompense, &c.*] We must here suppose the poet busy in reading in his own work; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the painter an account of. WARBURTON. = 6:) — *and, like the current, flies*] *Each bound it chafes*,] This jumble of incongruous images seems to have been designed, and put into the mouth of the poetaster, that the reader might appreciate his talents: his language therefore should not be considered in the abstract. = 7:) Mr. Malone omits *And*. = 8:) — *artificial strife* —] *Strife* is the contest of art with nature. = 9:) *Halts not particularly*,] My design does not stop at any single character. JOHNSON. = 10:) *In a wide sea of wax*:] Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron style. = 11:) — *no levell’d malice, &c.*] To *level* is to *aim*, to point the shot at a mark. Shakspeare’s meaning is, my poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or *levelled* at any single person; I fly like an eagle into the general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage. = 12:) *I’ll unbolt* —] I’ll open, I’ll explain. JOHNSON. = 13:) — *glass-fac’d flatterer* —] That shows in his look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron. JOHNSON. = 14:) — *rank’d with all deserts*,] *Cover’d with ranks* of all kinds of men. JOHNSON. = 15:) *To propagate their states*:] To advance or improve their various conditions of life. JOHNSON. = 16:) — *conceiv’d to scope*,] Properly imagined, appositely, to the purpose. JOHNSON. = 17:) *In our condition*,] *Condition* for art. = 18:) *Rain sacrificial whisperings* —] i. e.

whisperings of officious servility, the incense of the worshipping parasite to the patron as to a god. = 19:) — *through him*] *Drink the free air*,] That is, breathe only with his permission. = 20:) *A thousand moral paintings I can show*,] Shakspeare seems to intend in this dialogue to express some competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares himself to have shown, the painter thinks he could have shown better. = 21:) “blows of fortune’s” — MALONE. = 22:) — *mean eyes* —] i. e. inferior spectators. = 23:) Mr. Malone omits *to him*. = 24:) — *your honour*!] The common address to a lord in our author’s time was *your honour*, which was indifferently used with your lordship. = 25:) *Therefore he will be, Timon*:] The thought is closely expressed, and obscure: but this seems the meaning: “If the man be honest, my lord, for that reason he will be so in this; and not endeavour at the injustice of gaining my daughter without my consent.” WARBURTON. = 26:) — *Never may*] *That state or fortune fall into my keeping*,] *Which is not ow’d to you*!] The meaning is, let me never henceforth consider any thing that I possess, but as owed or due to you; held for your service, and at your disposal. JOHNSON. = 27:) — *unclew me quite*,] To *unclew* is to *unwind* a ball of thread. To *unclew* a man, is to draw out the whole mass of his fortunes. = 28:) *Are prized by their masters*:] are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held. JOHNSON. = 29:) “the wearing it.” MALONE. = 30:) “Stay thou for thy good morrow;” — MALONE. = 31:) *When thou art Timon’s dog*,] Apemantus means to say, that Timon is not to receive a gentle good morrow from him till that shall happen which never will happen; till Timon is transformed to the shape of his dog, and his knavish followers become honest men. Stay for thy good morrow, says he, till I be gentle, which will happen at the same time when thou art Timon’s dog, &c. i. e. never. = 32:) *Not so well as plain-dealing*,] Alluding to the proverb: “Plain dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars.” = 33:) — *all of companionship*,] This expression does not mean barely that they all belong to one company, but that *they are all such as Alcibiades honours with his acquaintance, and sets on a level with himself*. = 34:) — *The strain of man’s bred out*] *Into baboon and monkey*,] Man is exhausted and degenerated; his *strain* or lineage is worn down into a monkey. JOHNSON. = 35:) — *no meed*,] *Meed*, which in general signifies reward or recompense, in this place seems to mean *desert*. = 36:) *All use of quittance*,] i. e. all the customary returns made in discharge of obligations. = 37:) “it hath pleas’d the gods to remember” — MALONE. = 38:) — *Faults that are rich, are fair*,] The faults of rich persons, and which contribute to the increase of riches, wear a plausible appearance, and as the world goes are thought fair, but they are faults notwithstanding. = 39:) Mr. Malone omits *that*. = 40:) “thine apparel,” — MALONE. = 41:) *I scorn thy meat*; *’twould choke me, for I should*] *Ne’er flatter thee*,] The meaning is, — I could not swallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery; and what was given me with an ill-will would stick in my throat. JOHNSON. = 42:) — *so many dip their meat*] *In one man’s blood*;] The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained to pursuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding *cheers* them to the chase. JOHNSON. = 43:) *My lord, in heart*;] That is, *my lord’s health with sincerity*. = 44:) A corruption of *dit* for *do it*. = 45:) — *for ever perfect*,] Arrived at the perfection of happiness. = 46:) — *that charitable title* —] *Charitable* signifies, dear, endearing. = 47:) — *I confirm you*,] I fix your characters firmly in my own mind. = 48:) — *O joy, e’en made away ere it can be born*!] Tears being the effect both of joy and grief, supplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he seldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleasure, cries out, *O joy, e’en made away, destroyed, turned to tears, before it can be born, before it can be fully possessed*. JOHNSON. = 49:) *Like madness is the glory of this life*,] *As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root*,] Apemantus means to say, that the glory of this life was *just as much madness* in the eye of reason, as the pomp appeared to be, when compared to the frugal repast of a philosopher. = 50:) — *of their friends’ gift*?] Given them by their friends. = 51:) — *mine own device*;] The mask appears to have been designed by Timon, to surprise his guests. = 52:) — *even at the best*,] i. e. “You have conceived the fairest of us.” = 53:) — *he’d be cross’d then, an he could*,] i. e. he will then too late wish that it were possible to undo what he had done: he will in vain lament that I did not [cross or] thwart him in his career of prodigality. = 54:) — *had not eyes behind*;] To see the miseries that are following her. JOHNSON. = 55:) — *for his mind*,] For nobleness of soul. JOHNSON. = 56:) — *to*] *Advance this jewel*;] To prefer it; to raise it to honour by wearing it. JOHNSON. = 57:) “O, I beseech you,” — MALONE. = 58:) *All to you*,] i. e. all good wishes, or all happiness to you. = 59:) *Serv-ing of becks*,] *Beck* means a salutation made with the head. To *serve a beck* is to offer a salutation. = 60:) *Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly*;] i. e. be ruined by his securities entered into. = 61:) *Thy heaven* —] By his heaven he means *good advice*; the only thing by which he could be saved. =

ACT II. = 1:) — *no reason*] *Can found his state in safety*,] *Reason* cannot find his fortune to have any safe or

solid foundation. = 2:) — *be not ceas'd* —] i. e. stopped. = 3:) All nestling birds, in quite an unfledged state, are so called in Cheshire, and, perhaps, elsewhere. = 4:) — *Never mind* || *Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.*] Nothing can be worse, or more obscurely expressed; and all for the sake of a wretched rhyme. But of this mode of expression conversation affords many examples: "I was always to be blamed, whatever happened." "I am in the lottery, but I was always to draw blanks." = 5:) *Good even,*] *Good even*, or, as it is sometimes less accurately written, *Good den*, was the usual salutation from noon, the moment that good morrow became improper. = 6:) — *we'll forth again,*] i. e. to hunting, from which diversion, we find by Flavius's speech, he was just returned. It may be here observed, that in our author's time it was the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before. = 7:) *That with your other noble parts you'll suit,*] i. e. that you will behave on this occasion in a manner consistent with your other noble qualities. = 8:) "date-broken bonds," — MALONE. = 9:) *Enter Apemantus and a Fool.*] I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by some introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularities. JOHNSON. = 10:) — *made your minister.*] The construction is: — *And made that unaptness your minister.* = 11:) *Return so much,*] He does not mean *so great* a sum, but a certain sum, as it might happen to be. Our author frequently uses this kind of expression. = 12:) "My lov'd lord," — MALONE. = 13:) *Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,*] i. e. Though I tell you this at too late a period, perhaps, for the information to be of any service to you, yet late as it is, it is necessary that you should be acquainted with it. It is evident, that the steward had very little hope of assistance from his master's friends. = 14:) — *and at length* || *How goes our reckoning?*] How will you be able to subsist in the time intervening between the payment of the present demands (which your whole substance will hardly satisfy) and the claim of future dues, for which you have no fund whatsoever; and finally on the settlement of all accounts in what a wretched plight will you be? = 15:) — *our offices* —] i. e. the apartments allotted to culinary purposes, the reception of domestics, &c. = 16:) — *a wasteful cock,*] Of the various explanations of the commentators, the following appears most intelligible. *A wasteful cock* is what we now call a *waste pipe*; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns, and other reservoirs, by carrying off their superfluous water. This circumstance served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while its remoteness from the scenes of luxury within the house, was favourable to meditation. = 17:) *No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart; || Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.*] Every reader must rejoice in this circumstance of comfort which presents itself to Timon, who, although beggar'd through want of prudence, consoles himself with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures. STEEVENS. = 18:) *And try the argument* —] The licentiousness of our author forces us often upon far-fetch'd expositions. *Arguments* may mean *contents*, as the arguments of a book; or *evidences* and *proofs*. JOHNSON. = 19:) — *crown'd,*] i. e. dignified, adorned, made respectable. = 20:) Mr. Malone omits *ho!* = 21:) "Lord Lucullus?" — Mr. Malone omits *lord*. = 22:) — *I knew it the most general way,*] *General* is not speedy, but *compendious*, the way to try many at a time. = 23:) — *at fall,*] i. e. at an ebb. = 24:) — *intending* —] is regarding, turning their notice to other things. JOHNSON. = 25:) — *and these hard fractions,*] Flavius, by *fractions*, means *broken hints*, *interrupted sentences*, *abrupt remarks*. = 26:) — *half-caps,*] A *half-cap* is a *cap* slightly moved. = 27:) — *ingeniously* —] *Ingenious* was anciently used instead of *ingenuous*. = 28:) — *free* —] is *liberal*, not *parsimonious*. =

ACT III. = 1:) — *very* respectfully —] i. e. respectfully. = 2:) — *honesty is his;*] *Honesty* here means *liberality*. = 3:) — *three solidares* —] I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet. STEEVENS. = 4:) *And we alive, that liv'd?*] i. e. And we who were alive then, alive now. As much as to say, *in so short a time.* = 5:) *It turns in less than two nights?*] Alluding to the turning or acescence of milk. JOHNSON. = 6:) — *passion!*] i. e. suffering. = 7:) *Unto his honour,*] The modern editors read — *Unto this hour*, which seems preferable. = 8:) — *his hour!*] i. e. the hour of sickness. *His* for *its*. = 9:) *We know him for no less,*] *To know*, in the present, and several other instances, is used by our author for — *to acknowledge.* = 10:) *If his occasion were not virtuous,*] i. e. if he did not want it for a good use. = 11:) — *half so faithfully.*] *Faithfully* for *fervently*. = 12:) — *in respect of his,*] *In respect of his fortune*: what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius possesses, less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars. JOHNSON. = 13:) *I would have put my wealth into donation,* || *And the best half should have return'd to him,*] i. e. the best half of my wealth should have been the *reply* I would have made to Timon: I would have answered his requisition with the best half of what I am worth. = 14:) *They have all been touch'd,*] That is, *tried*, alluding to the touchstone. = 15:) — *His friends, like physicians,* || *Thrive, give him over;*

i. e. "His friends, like physicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either *relinquish*, and *forsake him*, or give his case up as desperate." = 16:) — *such a courage* —] Such an ardour, such an eager desire. = 17:) *The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic; he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear.*] Of the various conjectures on this passage, the following seems most probable: — *The devil did not know what he was about* [how much his reputation for wickedness would be diminished] *when he made man crafty and interested; he thwarted himself by it; [by thus raising up rivals to contend with him in iniquity, and at length to surpass him;] and I cannot but think that at last the enormities of mankind will rise to such a height, as to make even Satan himself, in comparison, appear (what he would least of all wish to be) spotless and innocent.* MALONE. = 18:) — *keep his house.*] i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns. = 19:) *I am weary of this charge,*] That is, of this *commission*, of this *employment*. = 20:) *Else, surely, his had equal'd.*] The meaning of this passage may be, *Your master, it seems, had more confidence in lord Timon than mine, otherwise his (i. e. my master's) debt (i. e. the money due to him from Timon) would certainly have been as great as your master's (i. e. as the money which Timon owes to your master); that is, my master being as rich as yours, could and would have advanced Timon as large a sum as your master has advanced him, if he (my master) had thought it prudent to do so.* = 21:) "If 'twill not serve," — MALONE. = 22:) *Enter Servilius.*] It may be observed that Shakspeare has unskillfully filled his Greek story with Roman names. JOHNSON. = 23:) "Derive much," — MALONE; who prints this speech as prose. = 24:) *Knock me down with 'em;*] Timon quibbles. They present their written *bills*; he catches at the word, and alludes to the *bills* or *battle-axes*, which the ancient soldiery carried, and were still used by the watch in Shakspeare's time. = 25:) "Ullorxa all," — MALONE; who does not explain the meaning of this strange word. = 26:) — *setting his fate aside,*] i. e. putting this action of his, which was pre-determined by fate, out of the question. = 27:) *And with such sober and unnoted passion* || *He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent, &c.*] The sense of this passage, (however perversely expressed on account of rhyme,) may be this: "He managed his anger with such sober and unnoted *passion* [i. e. suffering, forbearance,] before it was spent, [i. e. before that disposition to endure the insult he had received, was exhausted,] that it seemed as if he had been only engaged in supporting an argument he had advanced in conversation. = 28:) — *You undergo too strict a paradox,*] You undertake a paradox too hard. = 29:) — *that man can breathe;*] i. e. can utter. = 30:) — *what make we* || *Abroad?*] *What do we, or what have we to do in the field?* = 31:) "the fellow," — MALONE. = 32:) — *sin's extremest gust;*] *Gust* means *rashness*. The allusion may be to a sudden gust of wind. So we say, it was done in a sudden gust of passion. = 33:) — *by mercy, 'tis most just.*] i. e. I call mercy herself to witness, that defensive violence is just. JOHNSON. = 34:) — *I should prove so base,*] *Base* for *dishonoured*. = 35:) *And, not to swell our spirit,*] i. e. *not to put ourselves into any tumour of rage*, take our definitive resolution. = 36:) Mr. Malone omits *ha!* = 37:) *Upon that were my thoughts tiring,*] A hawk, I think, is said to *tire*, when she amuses herself with pecking a pheasant's wing, or any thing that puts her in mind of prey. *To tire upon a thing*, is therefore, to be *idly employed upon it*. JOHNSON. = 38:) — *your better remembrance.*] i. e. your good memory: the comparative for the positive degree. = 39:) *Here's a noble feast toward.*] i. e. in a state of readiness. = 40:) — *the common lag* —] The *fag-end* of a web of cloth is, in some places, called the *lag-end*. = 41:) *Is your perfection.*] Your perfection is the highest of your excellence. = 42:) — *time's flies,*] Flies of a season. JOHNSON. = 43:) — *minute-jacks,*] A *minute-jack* is what was called formerly a *Jack of the clock*; an image whose office was the same as one of those at St. Dunstan's church, in Fleet-street. = 44:) — *the infinite malady* —] Every kind of disease incident to man and beast. =

ACT IV. = 1:) — *general filths* —] i. e. common sewers. = 2:) — *confounding contraries,*] i. e. contrarieties whose nature it is to waste or destroy each other. = 3:) — *yet confusion* —] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *let confusion*. = 4:) — *liberty* —] *Liberty* is here used for *libertinism*. = 5:) — *multiplying banns!*] i. e. accumulated curses. *Multiplying for multiplied*: the active participle with a passive signification. = 6:) *Enter Flavius,*] Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his servants. Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domestics; nothing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependants. = 7:) — *O, the fierce wretchedness* —] *Fierce* is here used for *hasty*, *precipitate*. = 8:) — *Strange, unusual blood.*] *Strange, unusual blood*, may mean strange, unusual disposition. = 9:) — *below thy sister's orb* —] that is, the moon's, this *sublunary* world. = 10:) — *Not nature,* || *To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,* || *But by contempt of nature.*] Mr. M. Mason observes, that this passage "but by the addition of a single letter may be rendered clearly intelligible; by merely reading *natures* instead of *nature*." The meaning will then be — "Not even beings reduced to the utmost extremity of wretchedness, can

bear good fortune, without contemning their fellow-creatures. = 11:) "deny't that lord;" — MALONE. = 12:) — for every grize of fortune —] Grize for step or degree. = 13:) — fang mankind!] i. e. seize, gripe. = 14:) — no idle votarist.] No insincere or inconstant supplicant. Gold will not serve me instead of roots. = 15:) — you clear heavens!] This may mean either ye cloudless skies, or ye deities exempt from guilt. = 16:) To the April day again.] The April day does not relate to the widow, but to the other diseased female, who is represented as the outcast of an hospital. She it is whom gold embalms and spices to the April day again: i. e. gold restores her to all the freshness and sweetness of youth. = 17:) Do thy right nature.] Lie in the earth where nature laid thee. = 18:) — Thou'rt quick.] Thou hast life and motion in thee. = 19:) — If Thou wilt not promise, &c.] that is, however thou may'st act, since thou art a man, hated man, I wish thee evil. = 20:) "But set them down" — MALONE. = 21:) — bastard.] An allusion to the tale of Œdipus. = 22:) Swear against objects.] Against objects is, against objects of charity and compassion. = 23:) I'll trust to your conditions:] I will trust to your inclinations, or rather vocations. = 24:) Nor sound his quilllets shrilly:] Quilllets are subtilties. = 25:) — hoar the flamen.] This may mean, — Give the flamen the hoary leprosy. = 26:) — that his particular to foresee.] The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the sense is good. To foresee his particular, is to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of public good. = 27:) And ditches grave you all!] To grave is to entomb. The word is now obsolete, though sometimes used by Shakspeare and his contemporary authors. = 28:) Whose — infinite breast,] means whose boundless surface. = 29:) — eyeless venom'd worm,] The serpent, which we, from the smallness of his eyes, call the blind-worm, and the Latins, *cæcilia*. = 30:) — below crisp heaven —] i. e. curled, bent, hollow. = 31:) Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas:] The sense is this: O, nature! cease to produce men, enscar thy womb; but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at least cease to pamper them: dry up thy marrows, on which they fatten with unctuous morsels, thy vines, which give them liquorish draughts, and thy plough-torn leas. = 32:) — the cunning of a carper.] i. e. the insidious art of a critic. = 33:) What! a knave too?] Timon had just called Apemantus fool, in consequence of what he had known of him by former acquaintance; but when Apemantus tells him that he comes to vex him, Timon determines that to vex is either the office of a villain or a fool; that to vex by design is villainy, to vex without design is folly. He then properly asks Apemantus whether he takes delight in vexing, and when he answers, yes, Timon replies, — What! a knave too? I before only knew thee to be a fool, but now I find thee likewise a knave. JOHNSON. = 34:) — is crown'd before:] Arrives sooner at high wish; that is, at the completion of its wishes. JOHNSON. = 35:) Worse than the worst, content.] Best states contentless have a wretched being, a being worse than that of the worst states that are content. JOHNSON. = 36:) — by his breath,] By his breath means in our author's language, by his voice or speech, and so in fact by his sentence. Shakspeare frequently uses the word in this sense. It has been twice used in this play. = 37:) Hadst thou, like us,] There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness, and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful. JOHNSON. = 38:) — first swath,] From infancy. Swath is the dress of a newborn child. = 39:) — passive drugs of it —] or drudges. = 40:) — precepts of respect,] "The icy precepts of respect" mean the cold admonitions of cautious prudence, that deliberately weighs the consequences of every action. = 41:) — than I could frame employment:] i. e. frame employment for. Shakspeare frequently writes thus. = 42:) Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.] Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakspeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtilty of discrimination with which Shakspeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble. JOHNSON. = 43:) — for too much curiosity:] i. e. for too much finical delicacy. = 44:) — the unicorn, &c.] The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn he betakes himself to a tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him. = 45:) — were remotion:] i. e. removal from place to place; or perhaps, remoteness. = 46:) Thou art the cap, &c.] The top, the principal. The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit. JOHNSON. = 47:) — O thou touch of hearts!] Touch, for touchstone. = 48:) In limited professions.] Regular, orderly professions. = 49:) — by a composture —] i. e. composition, compost. = 50:) What an alteration of honour has Desperate want made!] An alteration of honour, is an alteration of an honourable state to a state of disgrace. = 51:) How rarely does it meet —] How curiously; how happily. = 52:) When man was wish'd —] i. e. recommended. = 53:) Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo || Those that would mischief me, than those that do!] It is plain, that in this whole speech friends and enemies are

taken only for those who profess friendship and profess enmity; for the friend is supposed not to be more kind, but more dangerous than the enemy. The sense is, Let me rather woo or caress those that would mischief, than those that really do me mischief, under false professions of kindness. The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb: *Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself*. This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage. JOHNSON. = 54:) "Thou'rt a man," — MALONE. = 55:) — It almost turns || My dangerous nature wild.] To turn wild, is to distract. An appearance so unexpected, says Timon, almost turns my savageness to distraction. = 56:) "You perpetual," &c. — MALONE. = 57:) — from men:] Away from human habitations. = 58:) "Debts wither them to nothing:" — MALONE. =

ACT V. = 1:) — the deed of saying is quite out of use.] The doing of that which we have said we would do, the accomplishment and performance of our promise, is, except among the lower classes of mankind, quite out of use. = 2:) — a counterfeit —] A portrait was so called in our author's time. = 3:) — a made-up villain.] That is, a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite; or a made-up villain may mean, a complete, a finished villain. = 4:) — in a draught,] That is, in the jakes. = 5:) — with one consent of love,] With one united voice of affection. = 6:) — sorrowed render,] Render is confession. = 7:) Than their offence can weigh down by the dram:] The speaker means, a recompense that shall more than counterpoise their offences, though weighed with the most scrupulous exactness. = 8:) Allowed with absolute power,] Allowed is licensed, privileged, uncontrolled. = 9:) There's not a whittle —] A whittle is still in the midland counties the common name for a pocket clasp knife, such as children use. Chaucer speaks of a Sheffield *thwittell*. = 10:) — My long sickness —] The disease of life begins to promise me a period = 11:) — bruit —] i. e. report, rumour. = 12:) — in the sequence of degree,] Methodically, from highest to lowest. = 13:) "Whom once" — MALONE. = 14:) — embossed froth —] Embossed froth, is swollen froth; from *bosse*, Fr. a tumour. = 15:) In our dear peril.] Dear, in Shakspeare's language, is dire, dreadful, but may, in the present instance, signify immediate, or imminent. = 16:) I cannot read; &c.] There is something elaborately unskilful in the contrivance of sending a soldier, who cannot read, to take the epitaph in wax, only that it may close the play by being read with more solemnity in the last scene. JOHNSON. = 17:) — travers'd arms,] Arms across. = 18:) — the time is flush,] A bird is flush when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the nest. Flush is mature. = 19:) Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess || Hath broke their hearts.] Shame in excess, (i. e. extremity of shame) that they wanted cunning, (i. e. that they were not wise enough not to banish you) hath broke their hearts. = 20:) — not square,] Not regular, not equitable. = 21:) "altogether." MALONE. = 22:) — uncharged ports:] uncharged means un-attacked. = 23:) — to atone your fears || With my more noble meaning,] i. e. to reconcile them to it. = 24:) — not a man || Shall pass his quarter,] Not a soldier shall quit his station, or be let loose upon you; and, if any commits violence, he shall answer it regularly to the law. = 25:) — our brain's flow,] Our brain's flow is our tears. = 26:) — leech,] i. e. physician. =

XXVIII. CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. = 1:) 1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good:] Good is here used in the mercantile sense. = 2:) — but they think, we are too dear:] They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth. = 3:) Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes:] It is plain that, in our author's time, we had the proverb, *as lean as a rake*. Of this proverb the original is obscure. Rake now signifies a dissolute man, a man worn out with disease and debauchery. But the signification is, I think, much more modern than the proverb. *Rækel*, in Islandic, is said to mean a cur-dog, and this was probably the first use among us of the word rake: *as lean as a rake* is, therefore, *as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed*. = 4:) — I will venture || To scale't a little more.] To scale is to disperse. The word is still used in the North. The sense of the old reading is, Though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it yet wider, and diffuse it among the rest. = 5:) — disgrace with a tale:] Disgraces are hardships, injuries. = 6:) — where the other instruments —] Where for whereas = 7:) — participate,] Here means participant, or participating. = 8:) Which ne'er came from the lungs,] With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt. = 9:) — even so most fitly —] i. e. exactly. = 10:) — the cranks and offices of man,] Cranks are windings. = 11:) The one side must have bale.] Bale is an old Saxon word, for misery or calamity. = 12:) — Your virtue is, || To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him, || And curse that justice did it.] i. e. Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was pu-

nished. = 13:) — *their ruth,*] i. e. their pity, compassion. Fairfax and Spenser often use the word. Hence the adjective — *ruthless* which is still current. = 14:) — *I'd make a quarry* —] Mr. Steevens asserts, that *quarry* means *game* pursued or killed, and supports that opinion by a passage in Massinger's *Guardian*: and from thence, perhaps, the word was used to express a heap of slaughtered persons. = 15:) — *pick my lance.*] i. e. *pitch it.* = 16:) — *the heart of generosity.*] To give the final blow to the nobles. *Generosity is high birth.* = 17:) *Shouting their emulation.*] *Emulation*, in the present instance, perhaps, signifies *faction*. *Shouting their emulation*, may mean, *expressing the triumph of their faction by shouts*. *Emulation*, in our author, is sometimes used in an unfavourable sense, and not to imply an honest contest for superior excellence. = 18:) *For insurrection's arguing.*] For insurgents to debate upon. = 19:) *Right worthy you priority.*] *You being right worthy of precedence.* = 20:) *Your valour puts well forth.*] That is, *You have in this mutiny shown fair blossoms of valour.* = 21:) — *to gird* —] *To sneer, to gibe.* = 22:) *The present wars devour him: he is grown* || *Too proud to be so valiant.*] *He is grown too proud to be so valiant*, may signify, his pride is such as not to deserve the accompaniment of so much valour. = 23:) *Of his demerits rob Cominius.*] *Merits and demerits* had anciently the same meaning. = 24:) *More than in singularity, &c.*] After what fashion, *beside that in which his own singularity of disposition invests him*, he goes into the field. = 25:) — “whatever have been” — MALONE. = 26:) *To take in many towns,*] *To take in* is here, as in many other places, *to subdue.* = 27:) — *when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way;*] i. e. attracted the attention of every one towards him. = 28:) — *brows bound with oak.*] The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other. = 29:) *With his mail'd hand then wiping,*] i. e. his hand covered or armed with mail. = 30:) — *A fine spot,*] This expression, (whatever may be the precise meaning of it,) is still in use among the vulgar; “*You have made a fine spot of work of it,*” being a common phrase of reproach to those who have brought themselves into a scrape. = 31:) — *mammocked it!*] *To mammock* is to cut to pieces, or to tear. = 32:) *A crack, madam.*] *Crack* signifies a *boy child*. = 33:) — *fielded friends!*] i. e. our friends who are in the field of battle. = 34:) *Who, sensible,*] *Sensible* is here, having *sensation*. = 35:) — “O, 'tis Marc'us!” — MALONE. = 36:) — *confound an hour,*] *Confound* is here used not in its common acceptation, but in the sense of — *to expend*. *Contere tempus.* = 37:) — “every meaner man,” — MALONE. = 38:) *Ransoming him, or pitying,*] i. e. *remitting his ransom.* = 39:) *And that you not delay the present;*] *Delay*, for let slip. = 40:) — “select from all:” — MALONE. = 41:) *Those centuries* —] i. e. companies consisting each of a hundred men. = 42:) *That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,*] *Whip* might anciently be used, as *crack* is now, to denote any thing peculiarly boasted of; as — the *crack* house in the county — the *crack* boy of a school, &c. Modern phraseology, perhaps, has only passed from the *whip* to the *crack* of it. STEEVENS. = 43:) — — *you have sham'd me* || *In your condemned seconds.*] i. e. *You have, to my shame, sent me help, which I must condemn as intrusive, instead of applauding it as necessary.* = 44:) *And, gladly quak'd,*] i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation. = 45:) *Here is the steed, we the caparison:*] This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, *this man performed the action, and we only filled up the show*. JOHNSON. = 46:) — *a charter to extol* —] A privilege to praise her own son. = 47:) *He that hath but effected his good will,* || *Hath overtaken mine act.*] That is, has done as much as I have done, inasmuch as my arduous to serve the state is such that I have never been able to effect all that I wish'd. = 48:) *Should they not,*] That is, *not be remembered.* = 49:) *To undercrest your good addition,* || *To the fairness of my power.*] I understand the meaning to be, to illustrate this honourable distinction you have conferred on me by fresh deservings to the extent of my power. *To undercrest*, I should guess, signifies properly, to wear beneath the crest as a part of a coat of arms. The name or title now given seems to be considered as the crest; the promised future achievements as the future additions to that coat. HEATH. = 50:) *The best,*] The chief men of Corioli. = 51:) — *with whom we may articulate,*] i. e. *enter into articles.* = 52:) — *I'll potch at him some way;*] Mr. Heath reads — *poach*; but *potch*, to which the objection is made as no English word, is used in the midland counties for a *rough, violent push*. = 53:) — — *for him* || *Shall fly out of itself;*] *To mischief him*, my valour should deviate from its own native generosity. JOHNSON. = 54:) — — *nor sleep, nor sanctuary, &c.* || *Embarquements all of fury, &c.*] The word, in the old copy, is spelt *embarquements*, and, as Cotgrave says, meant not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*. The rotten privilege and custom that follow, seem to favour this explanation, and therefore the old reading may well enough stand, as an *embargo* is undoubtedly an *impediment*. STEEVENS. = 55:) *At home, upon my brother's guard,*] In my own house, with my brother posted to protect him. = 56:) — *attended* —] i. e. waited for. = 57:) — (“*Tis south the city mills,*”) || Mr. Tyrwhitt would read for mills, a mile, but Mr. Steevens observes that Shakspeare is seldom careful about such little improprieties. *Coriolanus* speaks of our *divines*, and *Menenius* of graves in the holy churchyard. It is said afterwards, that *Coriolanus* talks like a *knell*; and *drums*, and *Hob,*

and *Dick*, are with as little attention to time or place, introduced in this tragedy. =

ACT II. = 1:) “poor in,” — MALONE. = 2:) — *towards the napes of your necks,*] With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own. JOHNSON. = 3:) — *one that converses more, &c.*] Rather a late liar down than an early riser. JOHNSON. = 4:) — *bisson conspectivities* —] *Bisson*, blind. = 5:) — *for poor knaves' caps and legs;*] That is, for their obeisance showed by bowing to you. = 6:) — *you wear out a good, &c.*] It appears from this whole speech that Shakspeare mistook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office. = 7:) — *possessed of this?*] *Possessed*, in our author's language, is fully informed. = 8:) *Which being advanced, declines;*] *Volumnia*, in her boasting strain, says, that her son to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand up and let it fall. JOHNSON. = 9:) *My gracious silence, hail!*] i. e. “*My beauteous silence,*” or my “*silent grace.*” *Gracious* seems to have had the same meaning formerly that *graceful* has at this day. = 10:) *Into a rapture* —] *Rapture*, a common term at that time used for a fit, simply. So, *to be rap'd*, signified, *to be in a fit.* = 11:) — *the kitchen malkin* —] *Malkin* is properly the diminutive of *Mal* (*Mary*); as *Wilkin*, *Tomkin*, &c. In Scotland, pronounced *Maukin*; it signifies a *hare*. *Grey malkin* (corruptly *grimalkin*) is a cat. The *kitchen malkin* is just the same as the *kitchen Madge* or *Bess*: the scullion. RITSON. = 12:) *Her richest lockram, &c.*] *Lockram*, was some kind of cheap linen. = 13:) — *her reechy neck,*] *Reechy* is greasy, sweaty. = 14:) — *seld-shown flamens* —] i. e. priests who seldom exhibit themselves to public view. *Seld* is often used by ancient writers for *seldom*. = 15:) — *a vulgar station:*] i. e. a common standing-place, such as is distinguished by no particular convenience. = 16:) *From where he should begin, and end;*] Our author means, though he has expressed himself most licentiously, he cannot carry his honours temperately from where he should begin to where he should end. The word *transport* includes the ending as well as the beginning. He cannot begin to carry his honours, and conclude his journey, from the spot where he should begin, and to the spot where he should end. = 17:) *As he is proud to do't.*] *Proud to do*, is the same as, *proud of doing*. *As* means here, as that. = 18:) *The napless vesture* —] By *napless*, Shakspeare means *threadbare*. = 19:) *It shall be to him then, as our good will;*] The word — *wills* is here a verb; and as our “*good will*” means, “*as our advantage*” requires. = 20:) — *suggest the people,*] i. e. *prompt them.* = 21:) — *to his power,*] i. e. as far as his power goes, to the utmost of it. = 22:) — *their provand* —] So the old copy, and rightly, though all the modern editors read *provender*. = 23:) *Matrons flung their gloves* — || *Ladies — their scarfs* —] Here our author has attributed some of the customs of his own age to a people who were wholly unacquainted with them. Few men of fashion in his time appeared at a tournament without a lady's favour upon his arm: and sometimes when a nobleman had tilted with uncommon grace and agility, some of the fair spectators used to *fling a scarf or glove* “*upon him as he pass'd.*” Mr. Malone reads “*flung gloves.*” = 24:) — *he waved* —] That is, *he would have waved indifferently.* = 25:) — *their opposite.*] That is, their adversary. = 26:) — *as those* —] That is, as the ascent of those. = 27:) — *supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted, &c.*] *Bonnetted*, Fr. is to pull off one's cap. So, in the academic style, to *cap* a fellow, is to take off the cap to him. = 28:) — “*to have*” — MALONE. = 29:) — — *and make us think,* || *Rather our state's defective for requital,* || *Than we to stretch it out.*] i. e. *Rather say that our means are too defective to afford an adequate reward for his services, than suppose our wishes to stretch out those means are defective.* = 30:) *Your loving motion toward the common body,*] Your kind interposition with the common people. = 31:) *That's off, that's off;*] That is, that is nothing to the purpose. = 32:) — *how can he flatter,*] The reasoning of Menenius is this: How can he be expected to practise flattery to others, who abhors it so much, that he cannot hear it even when offered to himself? = 33:) *When Tarquin made a head for Rome,*] When Tarquin, who had been expelled, raised a power to recover Rome. = 34:) — *his Amazonian chin* —] i. e. his chin on which there was no beard. = 35:) *And struck him on his knee;*] This does not mean that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as occasioned him to fall on his knee. = 36:) *When he might act the woman in the scene,*] It has been more than once mentioned, that the parts of women were, in Shakspeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players. But there is a great anachronism. There were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays for about two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus. = 37:) *He lurch'd all swords o'the garland.*] *To lurch*, in Shakspeare's time, signified to win a maiden set at cards, &c. “*To lurch all swords of the garland,*” therefore was, to gain from all other warriors the wreath of victory, with ease, and uncontested superiority. = 38:) — “*as weeds before*” — MALONE. = 39:) — — *every motion* || *Was timed with dying cries:*] The cries of the slaughtered regularly followed his motion, as music and a dancer accompany each other. = 40:) *The mortal gate* —] The gate that was made the scene

of death. = 41:) *He cannot but with measure fit the honours—*] That is, no honour will be too great for him; he will show a mind equal to any elevation. = 42:) *Than misery—*] *Misery* for avarice; because a *miser* signifies avaricious. = 43:) Mr. Malone omits *for*. = 44:) *Your honour with your form.*] Your form, may mean the form which custom prescribes to you. = 45:) *We recommend to you, tribunes of the people, || Our purpose to them;*] We entreat you, tribunes of the people, to recommend and enforce to the plebeians, what we propose to them for their approbation; namely, the appointment of Coriolanus to the consulship. = 46:) “for once we stood up,” &c. — MALONE. = 47:) *I would they would forget me, like the virtues || Which our divines lose by them.*] i. e. I wish they would forget me as they do those virtuous precepts, which the divines preach up to them, and lose by them, as it were, by their neglecting the practice. = 48:) *I will not seal your knowledge—*] I will not strengthen or complete your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing. = 49:) Mr. Malone omits *then*. = 50:) — *ignorant to see it?*] *Were you ignorant to see it*, is, did you want knowledge to discern it? = 51:) *Would think upon you—*] Would retain a grateful remembrance of you, &c. = 52:) — *free contempt,*] That is, with contempt open and unrestrained. = 53:) — *Enforce his pride.*] Object his pride, and enforce the objection. = 54:) — *his present portance,*] i. e. carriage. = 55:) “Most gibingly,” — MALONE. = 56:) “twice censor,” — MALONE. = 57:) *Scaling his present bearing with his past,*] That is, weighing his past and present behaviour. = 58:) — *by our putting on;*] i. e. incitation. = 59:) — *observe and answer || The vantage of his anger.*] Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity, which his hasty anger will afford us. =

ACT III. = 1:) *On safe-guard he came to me;*] i. e. with a convoy, a guard appointed to protect him. = 2:) — *prank them in authority,*] *Plume, deck, dignify* themselves. = 3:) — *This palt’ring || Becomes not Rome;*] That is, this trick of dissimulation; this shuffling. = 4:) — *rub, laid falsely, &c.] Falsely* for treacherously. = 5:) — *let them || Regard me as I do not flatter, and || Therein behold themselves;*] Let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them, a mirror which does not flatter, and see themselves. JOHNSON. = 6:) *The cockle of rebellion,*] *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with the corn. = 7:) — *meazels,*] *Mesell* is used in *Pierce Plowman’s Vision*, for a leper. = 8:) — *minnows?*] A minnow is one of the smallest river fish, called in some counties a pink. = 9:) “*Twas from the canon.*”] Was contrary to the established rule; it was a form of speech to which he has no right; but Mr. Mason thinks these words imply the very reverse. = 10:) *Then vail your ignorance;*] *If this man has power, let the ignorance that gave it him vail or bow down before him.* = 11:) *You are plebeians, || If they be senators: and they are no less, || When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste || Most palates theirs.*] Perhaps the meaning is, the plebeians are no less than senators, when, the voices of the senate and the people being blended together, the predominant state of the compound smacks more of the populace than the senate. = 12:) *They would not thread the gates;*] That is, pass them. We yet say, to thread an alley. = 13:) — *could never be the native—*] *Native* is here not natural birth, but natural parent, or cause of birth. JOHNSON. = 14:) — *this bosom multiplied—*] This multitudinous bosom; the bosom of that great monster, the people. = 15:) *More than you doubt the change of’t;*] To doubt is to fear. The meaning is, You whose zeal predominates over your terrors; you who do not so much fear the danger of violent measures, as wish the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of the original constitution of our government. = 16:) *To jump a body—*] Thus the old copy. To jump anciently signified to jolt, to give a rude concussion to any thing. To jump a body may therefore mean, to put it into a violent agitation or commotion. = 17:) *One time will owe another.*] The meaning seems to be, One time will compensate for another. Our time of triumph will come hereafter: time will be in our debt, will owe us a good turn, for our present disgrace. Let us trust to futurity. = 18:) *Before the tag return?*] The lowest and most despicable of the populace are still denominated by those a little above them, *Tag, rag, and bobtail*. = 19:) “*Sir, sir,*” — MALONE. = 20:) *Towards her deserved children—*] *Deserved, for deserving.* = 21:) *This is clean kam*] i. e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets, *Tout va à contrepoil*, *All goes clean kam*. Hence a *cambrel* for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse’s hinder leg. The Welsh word for crooked is *kam*. = 22:) *Merely awry;*] i. e. absolutely. = 23:) Mr. Malone places a full point here, yet allows that an interrogation is implied. = 24:) *I muse,*] that is, I wonder, I am at a loss. = 25:) — *my ordinance—*] My rank. = 26:) *You are too absolute; || Though therein you can never be too noble, || But when extremities speak.*] Except in cases of urgent necessity, when your resolute and noble spirit, however commendable at other times, ought to yield to the occasion. = 27:) *Why force you—*] Why urge you. = 28:) “*prompts you,*” — MALONE. = 29:) — *bastards, and syllables || Of no allowance, to your bosom’s truth.*] I read: “*Of no alliance;*” therefore *bastards*. Yet allowance may well enough stand, as meaning legal right, established rank, or settled authority. JOHNSON. = 30:) *Than to take in a town—*] To subdue or destroy. = 31:) — *our general lows—*] Our common clowns. = 32:) — *that want—*] The want of

their loves. = 33:) Mr. Malone omits *all*. = 34:) — *my unbarb’d scone?*] *Unbarbed scone* is untrimmed or unshaven head. = 35:) — *single plot—*] i. e. piece, portion; applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcase. = 36:) *Which quired with my drum,*] Which played in concert with my drum. = 37:) *Tent in my cheeks;*] To tent is to take up residence. = 38:) — *let || Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear || Thy dangerous stoutness;*] This is obscure. Perhaps, she means: — Go, do thy worst; let me rather feel the utmost extremity that thy pride can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy. JOHNSON. = 39:) — *owe—*] i. e. own. = 40:) — *envy—*] i. e. malice, hatred. = 41:) — *and to have his worth || Of contradiction;*] He has been used to have his worth, or (as we should now say) his pennyworth of contradiction; his full quota, or proportion. = 42:) — *which looks || With us to break his neck.*] The tribune seems to mean — The sentiments of Coriolanus’s heart are our coadjutors, and look to have their share in promoting his destruction. = 43:) — *Will bear the knave by the volume.*] i. e. would bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume. = 44:) *Rather than envy you*] Rather than import ill will to you. = 45:) — *season’d office,*] All office established and settled by time, and made familiar to the people by long use. = 46:) — *clutch’d—*] i. e. grasp’d. = 47:) “*To the rock; to the rock with him!*” — MALONE. = 48:) *Envied against the people,*] i. e. behaved with signs of hatred to the people. = 49:) “*And it shall be so.*” — MALONE. = 50:) *My dear wife’s estimate,*] I love my country beyond the rate at which I value my dear wife. = 51:) *You common cry of curs!*] Cry here signifies a troop or pack. = 52:) *Have the power still || To banish your defenders; till, at length, || Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,) &c.]* Still retain the power of banishing your defenders, till your undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city but yourselves, who are always labouring your own destruction. It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed from this speech. *The people, says he, cannot see, but they can feel.* It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author’s mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil. JOHNSON. = 53:) *Abated captives,*] *Abated* is dejected, subdued, depressed in spirit. =

ACT IV. = 1:) “*extremities was*” — MALONE. = 2:) — *fortune’s blows, || When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves || A noble cunning;*] This is the ancient and authentic reading. The sense is, when fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the powers of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction. “*They bore as heroes, but they felt as men.*” JOHNSON. = 3:) “*’Tis fond—*”] i. e. ’tis foolish. = 4:) — *cautalous—*] *Cautelous*, in the present instance, signifies — *insidious*. = 5:) *My first son,*] *First*, i. e. noblest, and most eminent of men. = 6:) *More than a wild exposure—*] I know not whether the word *exposure* be found in any other author. If not, I should incline to read *exposure*. MALONE. = 7:) *My friends of noble touch,*] i. e. of true metal unalloyed. Metaphor from trying gold on the touchstone. = 8:) *Had’st thou fox-ship—*] Had’st thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus? = 9:) — *but your favour is well appeared by your tongue.*] i. e. Your favour is fully manifested, or rendered apparent, by your tongue. = 10:) — *already in the entertainment,*] That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in pay. To entertain an army is to take them into pay. = 11:) *In being Coriolanus.*] i. e. in having derived that surname from the sack of Corioli. = 12:) — *that he gives entrance to such companions?*] Companion was formerly used in the same sense as we now use the word *fellow*. = 13:) — *a good memory,*] *Memory* for memorial. = 14:) *A heart of wreak in thee,*] A heart of resentment. = 15:) — *maims || Of shame—*] That is, disgraceful diminution of territory. = 16:) — *with the spleen || Of all the under fiends.*] Shakspeare, by imputing a stronger degree of inveteracy to subordinate fiends, seems to intimate, and very justly, that malice of revenge is more predominant in the lower than the upper classes of society. This circumstance is repeatedly exemplified in the conduct of Jack Cade and other heroes of the mob. STEEVENS. = 17:) *And scar’d the moon—*] that is, frightened. But Mr. Malone reads *scarr’d*. = 18:) — *Here I clip—*] To clip is, to embrace. = 19:) — *Thou hast beat me out || Twelve several times,*] Out here means, full, complete. = 20:) “*no other quarrel*” — MALONE. = 21:) — *sanctifies himself with’s hand,*] Perhaps the allusion is (however out of place) to the degree of sanctity anciently supposed to be derived from touching the corporal relic of a saint or a martyr. = 22:) — *He’ll—* — *sowle the—*] Skinner says this word is derived from *sow*, i. e. to take hold of a person by the ears, as a dog seizes one of these animals. = 23:) — *his passage polled.*] That is, bared, cleared. = 24:) — *full of vent*] Full of rumour, full of materials for discourse. = 25:) — *mulled,*] i. e. softened and dispirited, as wine is when burnt and sweetened. = 26:) *His remedies are tame i’the present*

peace—] i. e. *ineffectual* in times of peace like these. = 27:) “*Coriolanus is not,*” &c. — MALONE. = 28:) — *affecting one sole throne,* || *Without assistance.*] That is, without assessors; without any other suffrage. = 29:) — stood for Rome,] i. e. stood up in its defence. = 30:) — reason with the fellow,] That is, have some talk with him. In this sense Shakspeare often uses the word. = 31:) “*come in,*” — MALONE. = 32:) — *some news is come,* || *That turns their countenances.*] i. e. that renders their aspect *sour*. = 33:) — *can no more atone,*] To atone, in the active sense, is to reconcile, and is so used by our author. To atone here, is in the neutral sense, to come to reconciliation. To atone is to unite. = 34:) *Upon the voice of occupation,*] Occupation is here used for mechanics, men occupied in daily business. = 35:) *As Hercules,* &c.] A ludicrous allusion to the apples of the Hesperides. = 36:) *Do smilingly revolt;*] To revolt smilingly is to revolt with signs of pleasure, or with marks of contempt. = 37:) — *you and your cry!*] Alluding to a pack of hounds. So in *Hamlet*, a company of players are contemptuously called a cry of players. = 38:) *As is the osprey* —] Osprey a kind of eagle, *ossifraga*. = 39:) — *whether ’twas pride,* || *Which out of daily fortune ever taints* || *The happy man; whether,* &c.] Aufidius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskillfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque or helmet* to the *cushion or chair of civil authority*; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war = 40:) (*As he hath spices of them all, not all,*) i. e. not all complete, not all in their full extent. = 41:) — *he has a merit,* || *To choke it in the utterance.*] He has a merit, for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it. = 42:) “*founder,*” — MALONE. =

ACT V. = 1:) — *coy’d* —] i. e. condescended unwillingly, with reserve. = 2:) — *that have rack’d* —] To rack means to harass by exactions. = 3:) — *memory!*] for memorial. = 4:) Mr. Malone omits the personal pronoun *I*. = 5:) *He was not taken well; he had not din’d:* &c.] This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one, who in the beginning of the play had told us, that he loved convivial doings. = 6:) *I tell you, he does sit in gold:*] He is enthroned in all the pomp and pride of imperial splendour. = 7:) *Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions;*] *What he would do,* i. e. the conditions on which he offered to return, he sent in writing after Cominius, intending that he should have carried them to Menenius. *What he would not,* i. e. his resolution of neither dismissing his soldiers, nor capitulating with Rome’s mechanics, in case the terms he prescribed should be refused, he bound himself by an oath to maintain. If these conditions were admitted, the oath of course, being grounded on that proviso, must yield to them, and be cancelled. = 8:) — *lots to blanks,*] A lot here is a prize. = 9:) *For I have ever verified my friends,* || *with all the size that verity,* &c.] To verify, is to establish by testimony. One may say with propriety, he brought false witnesses to verify his title. Shakspeare considered the word with his usual laxity, as importing rather testimony than truth, and only meant to say, I bore witness to my friends with all the size that verity would suffer. = 10:) — *upon a subtle ground,*] Subtle means smooth, level, perhaps, deceitful. = 11:) — *and in his praise* || *Have, almost, stamp’d the leasing:*] i. e. given the sanction of truth to my very exaggerations. = 12:) — *easy groans* —] i. e. slight, inconsiderable. = 13:) — *a decayed dotard* —] Thus the old copy. Modern editors have read — *dotard*. = 14:) — *a Jack guardant* —] This term is equivalent to one still in use — a *Jack in office*; i. e. one who is as proud of his petty consequence as an excise-man. = 15:) — *Though I owe* || *My revenge properly,*] Though I have a peculiar right in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volscians are conjoined. = 16:) — *for I lov’d thee,*] i. e. because. = 17:) — *how we are shent* —] i. e. shamed, disgraced, made ashamed of ourselves. Mr. Malone says, rebuked, reprimanded. Cole, in his *Latin Dict.* 1679, renders to shent, *inrepro*. It is so used by many of our old writers. = 18:) — *by himself,*] i. e. by his own hands. = 19:) — *how plainly* || *I have borne this business.*] That is, how openly, how remotely from artifice or concealment. = 20:) *The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang’d,* || *Makes you think so.*] Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband’s words. He says, *These eyes are not the same*, meaning that he saw things with other eyes, or other dispositions. She lays hold on the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance. JOHNSON. = 21:) *Now by the jealous queen of heaven,*] That is, by Juno. = 22:) — *on the hungry beach* —] The hungry beach is the sterile unprolific beach. = 23:) “*curdied*” — MALONE. = 24:) *Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,*] That is, every gust, every storm. = 25:) *That, if you fail in our request,*] That is, if you fail to grant us our request; if you are found failing or deficient in love to your country, and affection to your friends, when our request shall have been made to you, the blame, &c. = 26:) *These wars determine;*] i. e. conclude, end. = 27:) — *the fine strains* —] The niceties, the refinements. = 28:) *And yet to charge thy sulphur* —] The meaning of the passage is, To threaten much, and yet be merciful. = 29:) *Like one i’ the stocks.*] Keeps me in a state of ignominy talking to no purpose. = 30:) *Does reason our*

petition —] Does argue for us and our petition. = 31:) “*say*” is omitted by Mr. Malone, who considers *heard* as a dissyllable. = 32:) — *a former fortune.*] i. e. restore myself to my former credit and power. = 33:) *To have a temple built you:*] Plutarch informs us, that a temple dedicated to the Fortune of the Ladies, was built on this occasion by order of the senate. = 34:) — *stay upon execution.*] i. e. stay but for it. = 35:) *He sits in his state,* &c.] His state means his chair of state. = 36:) *He wag’d me with his countenance,*] This is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he prescribed to me with an air of authority, and gave me his countenance for my wages; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks. JOHNSON. = 37:) *For which my sinews shall be stretch’d* —] This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities. = 38:) — *answering us* || *With our own charge;*] That is, rewarding us with our own expences; making the cost of war its recompence. = 39:) *For certain drops of salt,*] For certain tears. = 40:) *Auf. No more.*] By these words Aufidius does not mean to put a stop to the altercation; but to tell Coriolanus that he was no more than a “boy of tears.” = 41:) — *his fame folds in* || *This orb o’ the earth.*] His fame overspreads the world. = 42:) — *judicious hearing.*] Perhaps *judicious*, in the present instance, signifies *judicial*; such a hearing as is allowed to criminals in courts of judicature. Thus *imperious* is used by our author for *imperial*. = 43:) — *that ever herald* || *Did follow to his urn.*] This allusion is to a custom unknown, I believe, to the ancients, but observed in the public funerals of English princes, at the conclusion of which a herald proclaims the style of the deceased. STEEVENS. = 44:) — *a noble memory.*] Memory for memorial. =

XXIX. JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. = 1:) *See, whe’r* —] *whether.* = 2:) — *deck’d with ceremonies.*] Ceremonies are honorary ornaments; tokens of respect. = 3:) This person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by Cæsar of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours, as the other had constantly accepted. = 4:) *Sennet.*] I have been informed that *sennet* is derived from *senneste*, an antiquated French tune formerly used in the army; but the dictionaries which I have consulted exhibit no such word. It may be a corruption from *sonata*, Ital. STEEVENS. = 5:) — *strange a hand* —] *Strange, is alien, unfamiliar,* such as might become a stranger. = 6:) — *passions of some difference,*] With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires. = 7:) — *your passion;*] i. e. the nature of the feelings from which you are now suffering. = 8:) *To stale with ordinary oaths my love,* &c.] To invite every new protester to my affection by the stale or allurement of customary oaths. = 9:) — *feeble temper* —] i. e. temperament, constitution. = 10:) *There was a Brutus once,*] i. e. *Lucius Junius Brutus*. = 11:) — *aim;*] i. e. guess. = 12:) — *chew upon this;*] Consider this at leisure; *ruminate* on this. = 13:) — *ferret* —] A ferret has red eyes. = 14:) — *no true man.*] No honest man. = 15:) — *a man of any occupation,*] Had I been a mechanic, one of the plebeians to whom he offered his throat. = 16:) *Thy honourable metal may be wrought* || *From that it is dispos’d:*] The best metal or temper may be worked into qualities contrary to its original constitution. = 17:) — *doth bear me hard:*] i. e. has an unfavourable opinion of me. = 18:) *If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,* || *He should not humour me.*] The meaning, I think, is this: Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour me, should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles. JOHNSON. = 19:) — *Brought you Cæsar home?*] Did you attend Cæsar home? = 20:) — *sway of earth* —] The whole weight or momentum of this globe. = 21:) “*gaz’d*” — MALONE. = 22:) *Clean from the purpose* —] Clean, is altogether, entirely. = 23:) — *thunder-stone:*] A stone fabulously supposed to be discharged by thunder. = 24:) *Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;* &c.] that is, Why they deviate from quality and nature. = 25:) — *and children calculate:*] Calculate here signifies to foretel or prophesy. = 26:) — *prodigious grown,*] *Prodigious* is portentous. = 27:) *Have thewes and limbs* —] *Thewes* is an obsolete word implying nerves or muscular strength. = 28:) *My answer must be made:*] I shall be called to account, and must answer as for seditious words. = 29:) — *Hold my hand:*] is the same as, *Here’s my hand.* = 30:) *Be factious for redress* —] *Factious* seems here to mean active. = 31:) *Is favour’d,*] To favour is to resemble; but Mr. Malone reads “*In favours,*” which was suggested by Dr. Johnson, i. e. in looks, appearances, &c. =

ACT II. = 1:) *Remorse from power:*] *Remorse* is pity, tenderness. = 2:) — *common proof,*] *Common proof* means a matter proved by common experience. = 3:) — *base degrees* —] *Low steps.* = 4:) — *as his kind,*] e. i. like the rest of his species. = 5:) Mr. Malone omits *then*. = 6:) “*state of a man,*” — MALONE. = 7:) — *any mark of favour.*] Any distinction of countenance. = 8:) *For if thou path, with native semblance on,*] If thou walk in thy true form. = 9:) *No, not*

an oath: If not the face of men, &c.] Dr. Warburton would read *fate of men*; but his elaborate emendation is, I think, erroneous. *The face of men* is the countenance, the regard, the esteem of the public; in other terms, *honour and reputation*; or *the face of men* may mean the dejected look of the people. JOHNSON. = 10:) *Till each man drop by lottery.]* Perhaps the poet alluded to the custom of decimation, i. e. the selection by lot of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment. = 11:) *And will not palter?* And will not shuffle or fly from his engagements? = 12:) *cautious.]* Is here *cautious*, sometimes *insidious*. = 13:) *The even virtue of our enterprize.]* The calm, equable, temperate spirit that actuates us. = 14:) *opinion.]* i. e. character. = 15:) *and envy afterwards:]* Envy is here, as almost always in Shakspeare's plays, *malice*. = 16:) *take thought,]* that is, *turn melancholy*. = 17:) *company.]* Company is here used in a disreputable sense. = 18:) *Quite from the main opinion he held once || Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:]* Main opinion, is nothing more than leading, fixed, predominant opinion. Fantasy was in our author's time commonly used for imagination. Ceremonies means omens or signs deduced from sacrifices, or other ceremonial rites. = 19:) *That unicorns may be betray'd with trees, || And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,]* Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was despatched by the hunter. Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. Elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them, was exposed. = 20:) *by him;]* that is, by his house. = 21:) *Let not our looks—]* Let not our faces put on, that is, wear or show our designs. = 22:) *on your condition,]* On your temper; the disposition of your mind. = 23:) *Thou, like an exorcist,]* Here, and in all other places where the word occurs in Shakspeare, to *exorcise* means to raise spirits, not to lay them; and perhaps he is singular in his acceptance of it. = 24:) *Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,]* i. e. never paid a ceremonious or superstitious regard to prodigies or omens. = 25:) *The noise of battle hurried in the air,]* To *hurtle* is to clash, or move with violence and noise. = 26:) *do neigh,]* — MALONE. = 27:) *in shame of cowardice:]* The ancients did not place courage but wisdom in the heart. JOHNSON. = 28:) *statue,]* — MALONE. = 29:) *warnings and portents,]* — MALONE. = 30:) *For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.]* This speech, which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, are give new *tinctures*, and new marks of *cognizance*; the other to martyrs, whose relics are preserved with veneration. But Messrs. Malone and Steevens think that *tinctures* has no relation to heraldry, but means merely handkerchiefs, or other linen, *tinged* with blood. At the execution of several of our ancient nobility, martyrs, &c. we are told that handkerchiefs were *tinctured* with their blood, and preserved as affectionate or salutary memorials of the deceased. = 31:) *And reason, &c.]* And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love. = 32:) *emulation.]* Here, as on many other occasions, this word is used in an unfavourable sense, somewhat like — *factions, envious, or malicious rivalry*. = 33:) *the fates with traitors do contrive.]* The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction. =

ACT III. = 1:) He is address'd:] i. e. he is ready. = 2:) *And turn pre-ordinance,]* Pre-ordinance, for ordinance already established. = 3:) *apprehensive;]* i. e. intelligent, capable of apprehending. = 4:) *Unshak'd of motion:]* i. e. Unshak'd by suit or solicitation. = 5:) *Go to the pulpit, Brutus.]* We have now taken leave of Casca. Shakspeare for once knew that he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an individual in the crowd. It may be added, that the singularity of Casca's manners would have appeared to little advantage amidst the succeeding varieties of tumult and war. STEEVENS. = 6:) *Nor to no Roman else:]* This use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is common to Chaucer, Spenser, and other of our ancient writers. Dr. Hicks observes, that in the Saxon, even four negatives are sometimes conjoined, and still preserves a negative signification. = 7:) *Stoop then, and wash,]* To *wash* does not mean here to *cleanse*, but to *wash over*, as we say, *washed with gold*; for Cassius means that they should steep their hands in the blood of Cæsar. = 8:) *who else is rank:]* Who else may be supposed to have overtopped his equals, and grown too high for the public safety. = 9:) *Our arms, in strength of malice,]* i. e. To you (says Brutus) our swords have leaden points: our arms, strong in the deed of malice, they have just performed, and our hearts united like those of brothers in the action, are yet open to receive you with all possible regard. = 10:) *crimson'd in thy lethe.]* Lethe is used by many of the old translators of novels, for death. = 11:) *in the tide of times.]* that is, in the course of times. = 12:) *let slip—]* This is a term belonging to the chase. Slips were contrivances of leather by which greyhounds were restrained till the necessary moment of their dismissal. By the dogs of war, as Mr. Tollet

has observed, Shakspeare probably meant *fire, sword, and famine*. = 13:) *as I slew my best lover—]* This term, which cannot but sound disgustingly to modern ears, as here applied, Mr. Malone considers as the language of Shakspeare's time; but this opinion, from the want of contemporary examples to confirm it, may admit of a doubt. = 14:) *And none so poor—]* The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar. = 15:) *their napkins—]* i. e. their handkerchiefs. Napkin is the Northern term for handkerchief, and is still used in this sense in Scotland. = 16:) *For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:]* This title of endearment is more than once introduced in Sidney's *Arcadia*. = 17:) *Which all the while ran blood,]* The image seems to be, that the blood of Cæsar flew upon the statue, and trickled down it. = 18:) *The dint of pity:]* is the impression of pity. = 19:) *Neither writ, &c. MALONE. = 20:) seventy-five drachmas.]* A drachma was a Greek coin, the same as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four sesterces, 7d. ob. = 21:) *things unluckily charge my fantasy:]* i. e. circumstances oppress my fantasy with an ill-omened weight. =

ACT IV. = 1:) Upon condition Publius shall not live,] Mr. Upton has sufficiently proved that the poet made a mistake as to this character mentioned by Lepidus; Lucius, not Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony: and in consequence of this, he concludes that Shakspeare wrote: *You are his sister's son, Mark Antony*. The mistake, however, is more like the mistake of the author, than of his transcriber or printer. STEEVENS. = 2:) *damn him.]* i. e. condemn him. = 3:) *a property.]* i. e. as a thing quite at our disposal, and to be treated as we please. = 4:) *our means stretch'd to the utmost;]* — MALONE. = 5:) *at the stake,]* An allusion to bear-baiting. = 6:) *your griefs—]* i. e. your grievances. = 7:) *do you the like.]* MALONE. = 8:) *every nice offence—]* i. e. small, trifling offence. = 9:) *What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, || And not for justice?] This question is far from implying that any of those who touch'd Cæsar's body were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice. MALONE. = 10:) "bait not me," &c. MALONE. = 11:) To hedge me in;]* That is, to limit my authority by your direction or censure. = 12:) *To make conditions.]* That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal. = 13:) *Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.]* The meaning is this: I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, by practising them on me. JOHNSON. = 14:) *If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;]* I think he means only, that he is so far from avarice, when the cause of his country requires liberality, that if any man would wish for his heart, he would not need enforce his desire any otherwise, than by showing that he was a Roman. JOHNSON. = 15:) *chides,]* i. e. clamorous, scolds. = 16:) *What should the wars do with these jigging fools?] i. e. with these silly poets. A jig signified, in our author's time, a metrical composition, as well as a dance. = 17:) Companion,]* Companion is used as a term of reproach in many of the old plays; as we at present say — *fellow*. = 18:) *once,]* i. e. at some time or other. = 19:) *in art—]* That is, in theory. = 20:) *thy leaden mace—]* A mace is the ancient term for a sceptre. =

ACT V. = 1:) — warn us—] To warn is to summon. = 2:) *"O you flatterers!" MALONE. = 3:) Defiance, traitors, hurl we—]* Hurl is peculiarly expressive. The challenger in judicial combats was said to *hurl* down his gage, when he threw his glove down as a pledge that he would make good his charge against his adversary. = 4:) *our former ensign—]* Former is foremost. = 5:) *The very last time we shall speak together: || What are you then determined to do?] i. e. I am resolved in such a case to kill myself. What are you determined of? = 6:) — of that philosophy,]* There is certainly an apparent contradiction between the sentiments which Brutus expresses in this, and in his subsequent speech; but there is no real inconsistency. Brutus had laid down to himself as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. Nothing is more natural than this. We lay down a system of conduct for ourselves, but occurrences may happen that will force us to depart from it. = 7:) *arming myself with patience, &c.]* Dr. Warburton thinks, that in this speech something is lost; but there needed only a parenthesis to clear it. The construction is this: I am determined to act according to that philosophy which directed me to blame the suicide of Cato; arming myself with patience, &c. JOHNSON. = 8:) *"give it thee?" — MALONE. = 9:) — being Cato's son.] i. e. worthy of him. = 10:) "shall I do," &c. — MALONE. = 11:) Mr. Malone omits thee. = 12:) That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.] See p. 673. = 13:) *entertain them.]* i. e. receive them into my service. = 14:) *Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.]* To prefer seems to have been the established phrase for recommending a servant. = 15:) *"Good Messala." — MALONE. =**

XXX. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. = 1:) — *reneges* —] Renounces. = 2:) *The triple pillar* —] *Triple* is here used improperly for *third*, or one of three. One of the *triumvirs*, one of the three masters of the world. = 3:) — *bound* —] Bound or limit. = 4:) — *The sum*.] Be brief, *sum* thy business in a few words. = 5:) — *Nay, hear them*.] i. e. the *news*. This word, in Shakspeare's time, was considered as plural. = 6:) *Take in*, &c.] i. e. subdue, conquer. = 7:) *Where's Fulvia's process?*] *Process* here means *summons*. = 8:) — *to sweet*.] To know. = 9:) *Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours*.] For the love of Love, means, for the sake of the queen of love. = 10:) *Let's not confound the time* —] i. e. let us not consume the time. = 11:) *No messenger; but thine and all alone*, &c.] Cleopatra has said, "Call in the messengers;" and afterwards, "Hear the ambassadors." Talk not to me, says Antony, of messengers; I am now wholly thine, and you and I unattended will to-night wander through the streets. = 12:) *That he approves the common liar*.] Fame. That he proves the common liar, fame, in his case, to be a true reporter. = 13:) — *change his horns with garlands!*] i. e. be a triumphant cuckold; a cuckold who will consider his state as an honourable one. Mr. Malone, and some other of the commentators, think the word should be *change*. = 14:) — *to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage*.] Herod paid homage to the Romans, to procure the grant of the kingdom of Judea: but I believe there is an allusion here to the theatrical character of this monarch, and to a proverbial expression founded on it. *Herod* was always one of the personages in the mysteries of our early stage, on which he was constantly represented as a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant, so that *Herod of Jewry* became a common proverb, expressive of turbulence and rage. Thus, Hamlet says of a ranting player, that he "*out-herods Herod*." And, in this tragedy, Alexas tells Cleopatra, that "not even *Herod of Jewry* dare look upon her when she is angry;" i. e. not even a man as fierce as *Herod*. According to this explanation, the sense of the present passage will be — Charmian wishes for a son who may arrive at such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke. STEEVENS. = 15:) — *I love long life better than figs*.] This is a proverbial expression. = 16:) *Then, belike, my children shall have no names*.] If I have already had the best of my fortune, then I suppose I shall never name children, that is, I am never to be married. However, tell me the truth, tell me, *how many boys and wenches?* = 17:) *If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile every wish, a million*.] If every one of your wishes, says the soothsayer, had a womb, and each womb-invested wish were likewise fertile, you then would have a million of children. = 18:) — *Here, at your service*.] MALONE. = 19:) *Extended Asia from Euphrates*.] To extend, is a term used for to seize. = 20:) *When our quick winds lie still*.] The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by quick winds, produces more evil than good. This is Dr. Johnson's opinion, but the expression has been controverted at great length by all the commentators. Mr. Malone reads "quick minds." = 21:) — *the present pleasure*.] By revolution lowering, does become. The opposite of itself. I believe revolution means change of circumstances. This sense appears to remove every difficulty from the passage. — *The pleasure of to-day, by revolutions of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain*. STEEVENS. = 22:) *The hand could pluck her back*, &c.] The verb *could* has a peculiar signification in this place; it does not denote power but inclination. The sense is, the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again. = 23:) — *poorer moment*.] For less reason; upon meaner motives. = 24:) *The cause of our expedience* —] Expedience for expedition. = 25:) *And get her love to part*.] i. e. and prevail on her love to consent to our separation. = 26:) — *more urgent touches*.] Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives. = 27:) — *the courser's hair*, &c.] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. = 28:) *I did not send you*.] You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge. = 29:) — *in our brows' bent*.] i. e. in the arch of our eyebrows. = 30:) — *a race of heaven*.] i. e. had a smack or flavour of heaven. = 31:) — *should safe my going*.] i. e. should render my going not dangerous, not likely to produce any mischief to you. = 32:) *It does from childishness:— Can Fulvia die?*] i. e. though age has not exempted me from folly, I am not so childish, as to have apprehensions from a rival that is no more. And is Fulvia dead indeed? = 33:) *The garbils she awak'd*.] i. e. the commotion she occasioned. The word is derived from the old French *garbouil*, which Cotgreave explains by *hurlyburly*, great stir. = 34:) *O most false love! Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill With sorrowful water?*] Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend. = 35:) *So Antony loves*.] i. e. uncertain as the state of my health is the love of Antony. = 36:) — *to Egypt*.] To me, the queen of Egypt. = 37:) — *Herculean Roman* —] Antony traced his descent from *Anton*, a son of *Hercules*. = 38:) *O, my oblivion is a very Antony, And I am all forgotten*.] Cleopatra has something to say, which seems to be suppressed by sorrow; and after many attempts to produce her meaning, she

cries out: *O, this oblivious memory of mine is as false and treacherous to me as Antony is, and I forget every thing*. *Oblivion*, is boldly used for a memory apt to be deceitful. = 39:) *But that your royalty Holds idleness your subject, I should take you For idleness itself*.] i. e. But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleness in subjection to you, exalting you far above its influence, I should suppose you to be the very genius of idleness itself. = 40:) *Since my becoming kills me*.] There is somewhat of obscurity in this expression; perhaps she may mean — That conduct which, in my own opinion, becomes me, as often as it appears ungraceful to you, is a shock to my sensibility. = 41:) "Sit laurel victory!" — MALONE. = 42:) *One great competitor*.] *Competitor* means here, as it does wherever the word occurs in Shakspeare, *associate* or *partner*. = 43:) — *purchas'd*.] Procured by his own fault or endeavour. = 44:) *So great weight in his lightness*.] The word *light* is one of Shakspeare's favourite play-things. The sense is — His trifling levity throws so much burden upon us. = 45:) *Call on him for't*.] Call on him, is visit him. Says Cæsar — If Antony followed his debaucheries at a time of leisure, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by surfeits and dry bones. JOHNSON. = 46:) *The discontents repair*.] That is, the *malecontents*. = 47:) — *lackeying the varying tide*.] i. e. floating backwards and forwards with the variation of the tide, like a page, or lackey, at his master's heels. = 48:) — *which they ear* —] To ear, is to plough. = 49:) *Lack blood to think on't*.] Turn pale at the thought of it. = 50:) — *and flush youth* —] *Flush* youth is youth ripened to manhood; youth whose blood is at the flow. = 51:) — *thy lascivious wassels*.] *Wassel* is here put for intemperance in general. = 52:) — *gilded puddle* —] There is frequently observable on the surface of stagnant pools that have remained long undisturbed, a reddish gold coloured slime; to this appearance the poet here refers. = 53:) *I knew it for my bond*.] That is, to be my bounden duty. = 54:) — *mandragora*.] A plant of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep. = 55:) "O, 'tis treason!" — MALONE. = 56:) *And burgoonet of men*.] A *burgoonet* is a kind of helmet. = 57:) — *Broad-fronted Cæsar*.] In allusion to Cæsar's baldness. = 58:) — *that great medicine hath With his tinct gilded thee*.] Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine*. JOHNSON. = 59:) — *termagant steed*.] *Termagant* means furious; but Mr. Malone reads *arm-gaunt*, or worn thin and lean in war. = 60:) — *so thick?*] i. e. in such quick succession. = 61:) — *unpeople Egypt*.] By sending out messengers. =

ACT II. = 1:) "all the charms," &c. — MALONE. = 2:) — *thy wan'd lip*.] Shakspeare's orthography [or that of his ignorant publishers] often adds a *d* at the end of a word. Thus, *vile* is (in the old editions) every where spelt *vild*. *Laund* is given instead of *lawn*; why not therefore *wand* for *wan* here. If this however should not be accepted, suppose we read with the addition only of an apostrophe, *wan'd*; i. e. *waned*, decline, gone off from its perfection; comparing Cleopatra's beauty to the moon past the full. PERCY. = 3:) *That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour*.] *Even till a lethe'd dulness*.] i. e. to a *lethe'd* dulness. *Till* was sometimes used instead of *to*. To *prorogue his honour*, &c. means to delay his sense of honour from exerting itself till he is become habitually sluggish. = 4:) — *since he went from Egypt, 'tis A space for further travel*.] i. e. since he quitted Egypt, a space of time has elapsed in which a longer journey might have been performed than from Egypt to Rome. = 5:) — *don'd his helm* —] To *don* is to do on, to put on. = 6:) — *Egypt's widow* —] Julius Cæsar had married her to young Ptolemy, who was afterwards drowned. = 7:) *I cannot hope, &c.*] To *hope*, means to expect. = 8:) — *square* —] That is, quarrel. = 9:) — *It only stands Our lives upon, &c.*] i. e. to exert our utmost force, is the only consequential way of securing our lives. = 10:) This play is not divided into Acts by the author or first editors, and therefore the present division may be altered at pleasure. I think the first Act may be commodiously continued to this place, and the second Act opened with the interview of the chief persons, and a change of the state of action. Yet it must be confessed that it is of small importance, where these unconnected and desultory scenes are interrupted. JOHNSON. = 11:) *Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard, I would not shav't to-day*.] I believe he means, *I would meet him undressed, without show of respect*. JOHNSON. = 12:) *If we compose well here*.] i. e. if we come to a lucky composition, agreement. = 13:) *Nor curstness grow to the matter*.] Let not ill humour be added to the real subject of our difference. = 14:) *Did practise on my state*.] To *practise*, means to employ unwarrantable arts or stratagems. = 15:) — *question*.] i. e. my theme or subject of conversation. = 16:) — *their contestation*.] Was theme for you, you were the word of war. Was theme for you, probably, means only, was proposed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extensive plan; as themes are given for a writer to dilate upon; but this is much contested. = 17:) — *true reports*.] Reports for reporters. = 18:) — *fronted* —] i. e. opposed. = 19:) *I would you had her spirit in such another*.] Antony means to say, I wish you had the spirit of Fulvia, embodied in such another woman as her; I wish you were married to such another spirited woman; and then

you would find, that though you can govern the third part of the world, the management of such a woman is not an easy matter. = 20:) *I told him of myself;*] i. e. told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience. = 21:) *The honour's sacred—*] The meaning appears to be this:—“Cæsar accuses Antony of a breach of honour in denying to send him aid when he required it, which was contrary to his oath. Antony says, in his defence, that he did not deny his aid, but, in the midst of dissipation, neglected to send it: that having now brought his forces to join him against Pompey, he had redeemed that error; and that therefore the honour which Cæsar talked of, was now sacred and inviolate, supposing that he had been somewhat deficient before, in the performance of that engagement.” —The adverb *now* refers to *is*, not to *talks on*; and the line should be pointed thus: *Thus honours sacred that he talks on, now, || Supposing that I lack'd it.* M. MALONE. = 22:) — *nor my power || Work without it:*] Nor my greatness work without mine honesty. = 23:) “*'Tis noble spoken.*” —MALONE. = 24:) *The griefs—*] i. e. grievances. = 25:) — *to atone you.*] i. e. reconcile you. = 26:) — *your considerate stone.*] Mr. Tollet explains the passage in question thus: “I will henceforth seem senseless as a stone, however I may observe and consider your words and actions.” = 27:) “*would be tales.*” —MALONE. = 28:) *Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;*] Lest I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him. = 29:) *Of us, &c.*] In the language of Shakespeare's time, means — *by us.* = 30:) “*Where lies he?*” —MALONE. = 31:) — *be square to her.*] i. e. if report quadrates with her, or suits with her merits. = 32:) *And what they undid, did.*] The wind of the fans seemed to give a new colour to Cleopatra's cheeks, which they were employed to cool; and *what they undid*, i. e. that warmth which they were intended to diminish or allay, *they did*, i. e. they seemed to produce. = 33:) — *tended her i'the eyes.*] Perhaps this expression may signify that the attendants on Cleopatra looked observantly into her eyes, to catch her meaning, without giving her the trouble of verbal explanation; or only means, they performed their duty in the sight of their mistress. = 34:) *And made their bends adorings:*] The plain sense, says Mr. Steevens, of this contested passage seems to be—that these ladies rendered that homage which their assumed characters obliged them to pay to their queen, a circumstance ornamental to themselves. Each inclined her person so gracefully, that the very act of humiliation was an improvement of her own beauty. = 35:) *That yarely frame the office.*] i. e. readily and dexterously perform the task they undertake. = 36:) — *when she is riggish.*] i. e. wanton. = 37:) *A blessed lottery—*] *Lottery* for allotment. = 38:) *I see't in || My motion,*] i. e. the divinitory agitation; but Mr. Theobald reads, with some probability, I see it in my notion. = 39:) — *his quails—*] The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks. = 40:) — *in hoop'd, at odds.*] *In hoop'd* is inclosed, confined, that they may fight. = 41:) — *at mount—*] i. e. Mount Misenum. = 42:) — *music, moody food—*] *Moody*, in this instance, means *melancholy*. Cotgrave explains *moody*, by the French words, *morne* and *triste*. = 43:) — *let us to billiards:*] This is one of the numerous anachronisms there are found in these plays. = 44:) *Not like a formal man.*] i. e. a man in form, i. e. shape. You should come in the form of a fury, and not in the form of a man. = 45:) — *it does allay || The good precedence;*] i. e. abates the good quality of what is already reported. = 46:) *These hands do lack nobility, that they strike || A meaner than myself;*] Perhaps here was intended an indirect censure of queen Elizabeth, for her unprincely and unfeminine treatment of the amiable Earl of Essex. The play was probably not produced till after her death, when a stroke at her proud and passionate demeanour to her courtiers and maids of honour (for her majesty used to chastise them too) might be safely hazarded. In a subsequent part of this scene there is (as Dr. Grey has observed) an evident allusion to Elizabeth's enquiries concerning the person of her rival, Mary, queen of Scots. MALONE. = 47:) — *were submerg'd.*] *Submerg'd* is whelmed under water. = 48:) “*Thou art not what thou'rt sure of.*” —MALONE. = 49:) — *the feature of Octavia.*] By *feature* seems to be meant the cast and make of her face. *Feature*, however, anciently appears to have signified *beauty* in general. = 50:) *Let him for ever go:*] She is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but of Antony. JOHNSON. = 51:) *Thou canst not fear us,*] Thou canst not affright us with thy numerous navy. = 52:) *At land, indeed, || Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house;*] At land, indeed, thou dost exceed me in possessions, having added to thy own my father's house. *O'ercount* seems to be used equivocally, and Pompey perhaps meant so insinuate that Antony not only out-numbered, but had over-reached, him. = 53:) *But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself, &c.*] Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can. = 54:) — *this is from the present,*] i. e. foreign to the object of our present discussion. = 55:) *What counts harsh fortune casts, &c.*] Metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetic. = 56:) — *You and I have known, sir.*] i. e. been acquainted. = 57:) — *conversation.*] i. e. behaviour, manner of acting in common life. = 58:) — *with a Banquet.*] A banquet, in our author's time, frequently signified what we now call a dessert; and from the following dialogue the word must here be understood in that sense. = 59:) — *Some*

o' their plants—] *Plants*, besides its common meaning, is here used for the *foot*, from the Latin. = 60:) *They have made him drink alms-drink.*] A phrase, amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy. = 61:) — *a partizan—*] A pike. = 62:) — *the mean,*] i. e. the middle. = 63:) *Or foizon, follow:*] *Foizon* is a French word signifying plenty, abundance. = 64:) — *I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things;*] *Pyramis* for *pyramid* was in common use in our author's time. From this word Shakespeare formed the English plural, *pyramids*, to mark the indistinct pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated, whose tongue is now beginning to “split what it speaks.” = 65:) — *or sky inclips,*] i. e. embraces. = 66:) — *competitors,*] i. e. confederates, partners. = 67:) — *thy pall'd fortunes—*] *Pall'd* is *vapid*, past its time of excellence; *pall'd* wine, is wine that has lost its original sprightliness. JOHNSON. = 68:) — *Strike the vessels,*] i. e. *chink the vessels one against the other, as a mark of our unanimity in drinking,* as we now say, *chink glasses.* = 69:) *The holding every man shall bear,*] To bear the burden, or, as it is here called, the holding of a song, is the phrase at this day. = 70:) — *with pink eyne:*] Dr. Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, says a pink eye is a small eye, and quotes this passage for his authority. *Pink eyne*, however, may be *red eyes*: eyes inflamed with drinking, are very well appropriated to Bacchus. =

ACT III. = 1:) — *Thy Pacorus, Orides,*] *Pacorus* was the son of *Orides*, king of Parthia. = 2:) “*Better to leave,*” &c. —MALONE. = 3:) *That without which a soldier, and his sword, || Grants scarce distinction.*] *Grant*, for afford. It is badly and obscurely expressed; but the sense is this: *Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and senseless.* Mr. Malone reads “without the which,” and adds *that* to the preceding line. = 4:) — *Arabian bird!*] The phoenix. = 5:) *They are his shards, and he their beetle.*] i. e. They are the wings that raise this heavy lumpish insect from the ground. = 6:) — *as my furthest band—*] As I will venture the greatest pledge of security, on the trial of thy conduct. *Band* and *bond* in our author's time, were synonymous. = 7:) — *therein curious,*] i. e. scrupulous. = 8:) *The elements be kind, &c.*] This is obscure. It seems to mean, *May the different elements of the body, or principles of life, maintain such proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful.* = 9:) — *were he a horse;*] A horse is said to have a cloud in his face, when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill temper, is of course regarded as a great blemish. = 10:) — *did confound—*] To confound is to destroy. = 11:) *Is she as tall as me? &c. &c.*] This scene (says Dr. Grey) is a manifest allusion to the questions put by queen Elizabeth to sir James Melvil, concerning his mistress the queen of Scots. But Melvil's Memoirs were not printed until 1683. = 12:) — *her station—*] *Station*, in this instance, means the act of standing. = 13:) “*her forehead as low*” —MALONE. = 14:) — *so I harry'd him.*] To harry, is to use roughly, harass, subdue; or literally, to hunt. Hence the word *harrier*. King James threatened the Puritans that “he would harry them out of the land.” = 15:) Mr. Malone omits the *O.* = 16:) *Or did it from his teeth.*] Whether this means, as we now say, *in spite of his teeth*, or that he spoke through his teeth, so as to be purposely indistinct, is uncertain. = 17:) Mr. Malone omits *and.* = 18:) — *Wars 'twixt you twain would be,* &c.] The sense is, that war between Cæsar and Antony would engage the world between them, and that the slaughter would be great in so extensive a commotion. = 19:) — *rivalry;*] Equal rank. = 20:) — *upon his own appeal,*] To appeal, in Shakespeare, is to accuse; Cæsar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar's accusation. = 21:) — *More, Domitius;*] I have something more to tell you, which I might have told at first, and delay'd my news. Antony requires your presence. = 22:) *The ostent of our love,*] for — ostentation, which Mr. Malone uses. = 23:) — *potent regiment—*] *Regiment*, is government, authority; he puts his power and his empire into the hands of a false woman. = 24:) — *forspoke my being—*] To forspeak, is to contradict, to speak against, as forbid is to order negatively. = 25:) “*if not denounced against us,*” &c.] —MALONE. = 26:) — *merely lost;*] i. e. entirely, absolutely lost. = 27:) *And take in Tornyne?*] To take in, is to gain by conquest. = 28:) *For he dares us—*] i. e. because he dares us. Mr. Malone reads “For that he dares us.” = 29:) “*muliters,*” —MALONE, the old spelling of *muleteers.* = 30:) *Strange, that his power should be.*] It is strange that his forces should be there. = 31:) — *my Thetis!*] Antony may address Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition; or perhaps in allusion to her voyage down the Cydnus, when she appeared like *Thetis*, surrounded by the Nereids. = 32:) — *but his whole action grows || Not in the power on't:*] i. e. His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, (namely, his land-force,) but on the caprice of a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea. = 33:) *Carries beyond belief.*] Perhaps this phrase is from archery. = 34:) — *distractions,*] Detachments, separate bo-

dies. = 35:) Mr. Malone omits *for*. = 36:) — *and throes forth*,] i. e. emits as in parturition. = 37:) — *this jump*,] i. e. hazard. = 38:) *The Antoniad*, &c.] Which Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship. = 39:) *The greater cantle*—] A piece or lump, or rather a corner. Cæsar, in this play, mentions the *three-nook'd world*. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner. = 40:) — *token'd*—] Spotted. The death of those visited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*. = 41:) — *Yon' ribald-rid nag*—] i. e. Yon strumpet, who is common to every wanton fellow. = 42:) *The brize upon her*,] The brize is the gad-fly. = 43:) — *on't*,] omitted by Mr. Malone. = 44:) — *being loof'd*,] To loof is to bring a ship close to the wind. = 45:) *The wounded chance of Antony*,] i. e. the broken fortunes of Antony. = 46:) — *so lated in the world*,] Alluding to a benighted traveller. = 47:) — *I have lost command*,] i. e. I entreat you to leave me, because I have lost all power to command your absence. = 48:) — *He, at Philippi, kept* || *His sword even like a dancer*;] i. e. Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. = 49:) — *he alone* || *Dealt on lieutenantry*,] i. e. fought by proxy, made war by his lieutenants, or on the strength of his lieutenants. = 50:) *He is unqualified*—] Perhaps, *unqualified* signifies *unmanned* in general, *disarmed of his usual faculties*. = 51:) — *death will seize her*; but—] But has here, as once before in this play, the force of *except*, or *unless*. = 52:) *How I convey my shame*—] How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight. = 53:) — *tied by the strings*,] That is, by the heart-string. = 54:) — *his schoolmaster*,] The name of this person was Euphronius. He was schoolmaster to Antony's children by Cleopatra. = 55:) — *as petty to his ends*, || *As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf* || *To his grand sea*,] His grand sea may mean his full tide of prosperity; or it may mean the sea from which the dew-drop is exhaled. Shakspeare might have considered the sea as the source of dews as well as rain. His is used instead of *its*. = 56:) — *circle of the Ptolemies*—] The diadem; the ensign of royalty. = 57:) — *friend*,] i. e. paramour. = 58:) — *how Antony becomes his flaw*;] That is, how Antony conforms himself to this breach of his fortune. = 59:) — *What though*—] MALONE. = 60:) *Have nick'd his captainship*;] i. e. set the mark of folly on it. = 61:) — *he being* || *The mered question*;] *Mered* is, I suspect, a word of our author's formation, from *mere*: he being the sole, the entire subject or occasion of the war. MALONE. = 62:) — *his gay comparisons apart*, || *And answer me declin'd*,] I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the comparison of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this decline of my age or power. JOHNSON. = 63:) — *be stag'd to the show*,] that is, exhibited, like conflicting gladiators, to the public gaze. = 64:) — *are* || *A parcel of their fortunes*;] i. e. as we should say at present, *are of a piece with them*. = 65:) — *to square*,] i. e. to quarrel. = 66:) *Tell him, from his all-obeying breath*, &c.] *All-obeying* breath is, in Shakspeare's language, breath which all obey. *Obeying* for *obeyed*. So, *inexpressible* for *inexpressible*, *delighted* for *delighting*, &c.] = 67:) — *Give me grace*—] Grant me the favour. = 68:) — *the fullest man*,] The most complete and perfect. = 69:) *Like boys unto a muss*,] i. e. a scramble. = 70:) — *a gem of women*,] Beautiful horses, rich garments, &c. in Chapman's translations, are frequently spoken of as *gems*. "A jewel of a man," is a phrase still in use among the vulgar. = 71:) *By one that looks on feeders*?] A feeder, or an eater, was anciently the term of reproach for a servant. One who looks on feeders, is one who throws away her regard on servants, such as Antony would represent Thyrcus to be. = 72:) *Luxuriously pick'd out*;] *Luxuriously* means *wantonly*. = 73:) *The horned herd*,] It is not without pity and indignation that the reader of this great poet meets so often with this low jest, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury. = 74:) — *to quit me*;] *To repay* me this insult; to requite me. = 75:) *With one that ties his points*?] i. e. with a menial attendant. *Points* were laces with metal tags, with which the old trunkhose were fastened. = 76:) — *as it determines*,] That is, as the hailstone dissolves. = 77:) — *The next Cæsarion smite*;] Cæsarion was Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar. = 78:) — *and fleet*,] *Float* and *fleet* were synonymous. = 79:) *I and my sword will earn our chronicle*;] I and my sword will do such acts as shall deserve to be recorded. = 80:) *Were nice and lucky*,] *Nice* is trifling. = 81:) — *gaudy night*;] This is still an epithet bestowed on feast days in the colleges of either university. *Gaudy*, or *Grand* days in the inns of court, are four in the year, Ascension day, Midsummer day, All-saints day, and Candlemas day. "The etymology of the word," says Blount, in his *Dictionary*, "may be taken from Judge Gawdy, who (as some affirm) was the first institutor of those days, or rather from *gaudium*, because (to say truth) they are days of joy, as bringing good cheer to the hungry students. In colleges they are most commonly called *Gawdy*, in inns of court *Grand days*, and in some other places they are called *Collar days*." Days of good cheer, in some of the foreign universities, are called *Gaudeamus* days. =

ACT IV. = 1:) *Make boot of*—] Take advantage of. = 2:) — *See it done*. MALONE. = 3:) — *Take all*,] Let the survivor take all. No composition, victory or death. = 4:)

— or if, || *A mangled shadow*;] Or if you see me more, you will see me a mangled shadow, only the external form of what I was. = 5:) *And the gods yield you for't*;] i. e. reward you. = 6:) — *onion-ey'd*;] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions. = 7:) *Ant. Ho, ho, ho*;] i. e. stop, or desist. Antony desires his followers to cease weeping. = 8:) — *For I spake*, &c. — MALONE. = 9:) *It signs well*, &c.] i. e. it is a good sign, it bodes well. = 10:) Mr. Malone omits *my*. = 11:) *Briefly, sir*,] That is, quickly, sir. = 12:) *To doff't*—] *To doff* is to do off, to put off. = 13:) *More tight at this, than thou*;] *Tight* is handy, adroit. = 14:) — *Despatch*: — *Enobarbus*! MALONE. = 15:) *Our will is, Antony be took alive*;] It is observable with what judgment Shakspeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero; so the other was not to shine: yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him like. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidst these difficulties Shakspeare has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud, and revengeful. WARBURTON. = 16:) Mr. Malone omits *that*. = 17:) *And feel I am so most*,] i. e. I am pre-eminently the first, the greatest villain of the earth. *To stand alone*, is still used in that sense, where any one towers above his competitors. *And feel I am so most*, must signify, *I feel or know it myself, more than any other person can or does feel it*. REED. = 18:) — *This blows my heart*;] *This generosity*, (says Enobarbus,) swells my heart, so that it will quickly break, if thought break it not, a swifter mean. = 19:) — *but thought will do't, I feel*,] *Thought*, in this passage, as in many others, signifies *melancholy*. = 20:) — *and our oppression*—] i. e. the force by which we are oppressed or overpowered. = 21:) — *clip your wives*,] *To clip* is to embrace. = 22:) *To this great fairy*—] Mr. Upton has well observed, that *fairy*, which Dr. Warburton and Sir T. Hanmer explain by *inchantress*, comprises the idea of power and beauty. JOHNSON. = 23:) — *proof of harness*—] i. e. armour of proof. *Harnois*, Fr. *Arnese*, Ital. = 24:) *The world's great snare*—] i. e. the war. = 25:) — *our younger brown*; — MALONE. = 26:) *Get goal for goal of youth*,] At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a *goal*; to win a goal, is to be a superior in a contest of activity. = 27:) *Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them*;] i. e. hack'd as much as the men to whom they belong; or perhaps, *Bear our hack'd targets* with spirit and exultation, such as becomes the brave warriors that own them. = 28:) — *tabourines*;] A *tabourin* was a small drum. It is often mentioned in our ancient romances. = 29:) — *the court of guard*;] i. e. the guard-room, the place where the guard musters. The same expression occurs again in *Othello*. = 30:) — *list him*. — MALONE. = 31:) — *disponge upon me*;] i. e. discharge, as a sponge, when squeezed, discharges the moisture it had imbibed. STEEVENS. = 32:) — *Throw my heart*—] The pathetic of Shakspeare too often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble scene destroyed by the intrusion of a conceit so far-fetched and un-affecting. JOHNSON. = 33:) — *sleep*. MALONE. = 34:) *The hand of death hath raught him*,] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb to reach. = 35:) *Hark, the drums* || *Demurely*—] *Demurely* for solemnly. = 36:) For "further on," Mr. Malone reads, or rather substitutes, "Let's seek a spot," &c. = 37:) *Where their appointment we may best discover*, || *And look on their endeavour*,] i. e. where we may best discover their numbers, and see their motions. = 38:) *But being charg'd, we will be still by land*, || *Which, as I take't, we shall*;] i. e. unless we be charg'd we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. *But being charg'd* was a phrase of that time, equivalent to *unless we be*. = 39:) *Triple-turn'd whore*! She first belonged to Julius Cæsar, then to Antony, and now, as he supposes, to Augustus. It is not likely that in recollecting her turnings, Antony should not have that in contemplation which gave him most offence. = 40:) — *this grave charm*,] By this *grave charm*, is meant, *this sublime, this majestic beauty*; or rather, *this deadly, or destructive piece of witchcraft*. = 41:) — *was my crownet, my chief end*,] i. e. last purpose, probably from *finis coronat opus*. = 42:) *Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose*, || *Beguil'd me*, &c.] There is a kind of pun in this passage, arising from the corruption of the word *Egyptian* into *gipsy*. The old law-books term such persons as ramble about the country, and pretend skill in palmistry and fortune-telling, *Egyptians*. *Fast and loose* is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends, and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking at the belt or girdle*, and perhaps was practised by the gipsies in the time of Shakspeare. SIR J. HAWKINS. = 43:) — *to the very heart of loss*,] To the utmost loss possible. = 44:) — *most monster-like, be shown* || *For poor'st diminutives, to dolts*;] i. e. shown as monsters are, not only for the smallest piece of money, but to the most stupid and vulgar spectators. Mr. Malone reads "for dolts," i. e. farthings. = 45:) *Let me lodge*

Lichas on the horns o'the moon;] This image our poet may have taken from Seneca's *Hercules*, who says Lichas being launched into the air, sprinkled the clouds with his blood; or more probably from Golding's version of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. = 46:) *Than Telamon for his shield;*] i. e. than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield. *The boar of Thessaly* was the boar killed by *Melcager*. = 47:) *Was never so emboss'd.*] A hunting term; when a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *imboast*. = 48:) *They are black vesper's pageants.*] The beauty both of the expression and the illusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakspeare's age. = 49:) *The rack dislimns;*] i. e. the fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture. = 50:) "Unarm, Eros;" — MALONE. = 51:) *thy continent.*] i. e. the thing that contains thee. = 52:) — *Seal then, and all is done.*] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the sealing completes the contract; so he hath determined to die, and nothing remained but to give the stroke. = 53:) — *pleach'd arms.*] Arms folded in each other. = 54:) *His corrigible neck.*] *Corrigible* for *corrected*, and afterwards *penetrative* for *penetrating*. = 55:) *His baseness that ensued?*] The poor conquered wretch that followed. JOHNSON. = 56:) — *the worship of the whole world.*] The worship is the dignity, the authority. = 57:) Mr. Malone omits *yet*. = 58:) *She had dispos'd with Cæsar.*] To dispose, in this instance, perhaps signifies to make terms, to settle matters. = 59:) "Woe, woe are we," &c. MALONE. = 60:) "O sun," — MALONE. = 61:) — *darkling.*] i. e. without light. = 62:) In this passage, says Mr. Steevens, for the sake of somewhat like metre, one word has been omitted and others transposed. Mr. Malone arranges the passage thus: — "O Antony, Antony, Antony, || "Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help; help, friends || "Below," &c. = 63:) *Be brooch'd with me;*] *Be brooch'd*, i. e. *adorn'd*. A *brooch* was an ornament formerly worn in the hat. = 64:) — *still conclusion.*] Sedate determination; silent coolness of resolution. = 65:) *Here's sport, indeed!*] Cleopatra, perhaps, by this affected levity, this phrase which has no determined signification, only wishes to inspire Antony with cheerfulness, and encourage those who are engaged in the melancholy task of drawing him up into the monument. = 66:) — *into heaviness.*] *Heaviness* is here used equivocally for *sorrow* and *weight*. = 67:) *Quicken with kissing;*] That is, *Revive by my kiss*. = 68:) *The soldier's pole.*] He at whom the soldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for observation. = 69:) — *the meanest chares.*] i. e. task-work. Hence our term *chare-woman*. =

ACT V. = 1:) *Being so frustrate.*] *Frustrate*, for *frustrated*, was the language of Shakspeare's time. = 2:) — *thus to us?*] i. e. with a drawn and bloody sword in thy hand. = 3:) — *but it is a tidings || To wash the eyes of kings.*] That is, *May the gods rebuke me*, if this be not *tidings* to *make kings weep*. Mr. Malone omits *a*. = 4:) — *But we do lance || Diseases in our bodies;*] When we have any bodily complaint, that is curable by scarifying, we use the lancet; and if we neglect to do so, we are destroyed by it. Antony was to me a disease; and by his being cut off, I am made whole. We could not both have lived in the world together. MALONE. = 5:) — *his thoughts.*] *His* is here used for *its*. = 6:) *Our equalness to this.*] That is, *should have made us*, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die. = 7:) — *fortune's knave.*] The servant of fortune. = 8:) — *And it is great, &c.*] The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide, are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act which bolts up change; it produces a state, *Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,* || *The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.* Which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level. The speech is abrupt, but perturbation in such a state is surely natural. JOHNSON. = 9:) — *that will pray in aid for kindness.*] *Praying in aid* is a term used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question. = 10:) — *send him || The greatness he has got.*] i. e. her crown which he has won. = 11:) *Worth many babes and beggars!*] Why, death, wilt thou not rather seize a queen, than employ thy force upon *babes* and *beggars*? = 12:) — *will once be necessary.*] *Once* may mean *sometimes*. = 13:) Mr. Malone omits *as*. = 14:) — *his rear'd arm || Crested the world;*] Alluding to some of the old crests in heraldry, where a raised arm on a wreath was mounted on the helmet. = 15:) *As plates.*] Mr. Steevens justly interprets *plates* to mean silver money. It is a term in heraldry. The balls or roundels in an escutcheon of arms, according to their different colours, have different names. If *gules*, or red, they are called *torteauxes*; if *or*, or yellow, *bezants*; if *argent*, or white, *plates*, which are buttons of silver without any impression, but only prepared for the stamp. = 16:) *To vie strange forms.*] *To vie* was a term at cards. = 17:) — *yet, to imagine || An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,* || *Condemning shadows quite.*] The word *piece* is a term appropriated to works of art. Here nature and fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *past the size of dreaming*; he was more by *nature* than *fancy* could present in sleep. = 18:) *I cannot*

project.] i. e. I cannot shape or form my cause, &c. = 19:) — *seel my lips.*] It means, close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are closed. To *seel* hawks was the technical term. = 20:) *O rarely base!*] i. e. base in an uncommon degree. = 21:) *Parcel the sum of my disgraces by.*] The meaning either is, "that this fellow should add one more parcel or item to the sum of my disgraces, namely, his own malice;" or, "that this fellow should tot up the sum of my disgraces, and add his own malice to the account." = 22:) — *modern friends.*] *Modern* means here, as it generally does in these plays, *common* or *ordinary*. = 23:) *With one.*] *With*, in the present instance, has the power of *by*. = 24:) *Through the ashes of my chance;*] Or *fortune*. The meaning is, *Begone*, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecility of my present weak condition. = 25:) *We answer others' merits.*] As *demerits* was often used, in Shakspeare's time, as synonymous to *merit*, so *merit* might have been used in the sense which we now affix to *demerit*; or the meaning may be only, — we are called to account, and to answer in our own names for acts, with which others, rather than we, *deserve* to be charged. = 26:) — *and scald rhymers.*] *Scald* was a word of contempt, implying poverty, disease, and filth. = 27:) — *the quick comedians.*] The lively, inventive, quick-witted comedians. = 28:) — *boy my greatness.*] The parts of women were acted on the stage by boys. = 29:) "What poor," &c. — MALONE. = 30:) — *now the fleeting moon.*] *Fleeting* is inconstant. = 31:) — *the pretty worm of Nilus.*] *Worm* is the Teutonic word for *serpent*; we have the *blind-worm* and *slow-worm* still in our language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monster, seen sometimes in the Northern ocean, the *sea-worm*. = 32:) — *will do his kind.*] The serpent will act according to his nature. = 33:) *Yare, yare.*] i. e. make haste, be nimble, be ready. = 34:) *Have I the aspick in my lips?*] are my lips poison'd by the aspick, that my kiss has destroy'd thee? = 35:) — *Dost fall?*] Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, or I know not why she should fall so soon. STEEVENS. = 36:) *He'll make demand of her;*] He will enquire of her concerning me, and kiss her for giving him intelligence. = 37:) "Come, thou mortal wretch," &c. — MALONE. = 38:) — *ass || Unpoliced!*] i. e. an ass without more policy than to leave the means of death within my reach, and thereby deprive his triumph of its noblest decoration. = 39:) — *Downy windows, close;*] Charmian, in saying this must be conceived to close Cleopatra's eyes; one of the first ceremonies performed toward a dead body. = 40:) — *and then play.*] i. e. play her part in this tragic scene by destroying herself: or she may mean, that having performed her last office for her mistress, she will accept the permission given her before, to "play till doomsday." = 41:) — *something blown;*] The flesh is somewhat puffed or swoln. = 42:) *She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite.*] To pursue conclusions, is to try experiments. = 43:) — *shall clip.*] i. e. infold. = 44:) — *their story is || No less in pity, than his glory, &c.*] i. e. the narrative of such events demands not less compassion for the sufferers, than glory on the part of him who brought on their sufferings. =

XXXI. CYMBELINE.

ACT I. = 1:) *You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods || No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;* || *Still seem, as does the king's.*] This passage is so difficult, that commentators may differ concerning it without animosity or shame. I am now to tell my opinion, which is, that the lines stand as they were originally written, and that a paraphrase, such as the licentious and abrupt expressions of our author too frequently require, will make emendation unnecessary. *We do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods* — our countenances, which, in popular speech, are said to be regulated by the temper of the blood, — *no more obey the laws of heaven,* — which direct us to appear what we really are, — *than our courtiers:* — that is, than the *bloods* of our courtiers; but our bloods, like theirs, — *still seem as doth the king's* JOHNSON. Mr. Malone reads "— than our courtiers || Still seem," &c. = 2:) *You speak him far.*] i. e. you praise him extensively. = 3:) — *Tenantius,*] was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, being the younger son of his elder brother Lud, king of the southern part of Britain; on whose death Cassibelan was admitted king. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first attack, but being vanquished by Julius Cæsar on his second invasion of Britain, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, Tenantius, Lud's younger son (his elder brother Androgeus having fled to Rome) was established on the throne, of which they had been unjustly deprived by their uncle. According to some authorities, Tenantius quietly paid the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan; according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakspeare supposes the latter to be the truth. = 4:) — *Liv'd in court,* || *(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd.*] This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any great degree loved and praised, is truly rare. JOHNSON. = 5:) *A glass that feated them;*] *A glass* that formed them; a model by the contemplation and inspection of which they formed their manners. *Feat* Min-

sheu interprets, fine, neat, brave. = 6:) — to his mistress,] means — as to his mistress. = 7:) “the gentleman,” the queen, &c. STEEVENS, edit. 1793. = 8:) (*Always reserv’d my holy duty,*) I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty. = 9:) i. e. he gives me a valuable consideration in new kindness (purchasing, as it were, the wrong I have done him,) in order to renew our amity, and make us friends again. MALONE. = 10:) *And sear up* —] i. e. close up. = 11:) *While sense can keep it on!*] i. e. while sense can maintain its operations; while sense continues to have its usual power. *To keep on* signifies to continue in a state of action. = 12:) — a manacle —] A manacle properly means what we now call a hand-cuff. = 13:) — a touch more rare || *Subdues all pangs, all fears.*] i. e. a more exquisite feeling; a superior sensation. = 14:) — a puttock.] A puttock is a mean degenerate species of hawk, too worthless to deserve training. = 15:) — *overbuys me* || *Almost the sum he pays.*] So small is my value, and so great is his, that in the purchase he has made (for which he paid himself), for much the greater part, and nearly the whole, of what he has given, he has nothing in return. The most minute portion of his worth would be too high a price for the wife he has acquired. = 16:) — *your best advice*] i. e. consideration, reflection. = 17:) — *her beauty and her brain go not together:*] I believe the lord means to speak a sentence, “Sir, as I told you always, beauty and brain go not together.” JOHNSON. = 18:) — *she’s a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.*] She has a fair outside, a specious appearance, but not wit. But to understand the whole force of Shakspeare’s idea, it should be remembered, that anciently almost every sign had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism underneath it. = 19:) — *’twere a paper lost,* || *As offer’d mercy is.*] Perhaps the meaning is, that the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loss of a pardon to a condemned criminal. = 20:) — *next vantage.*] Next opportunity. = 21:) — *encounter me with orisons,*] i. e. meet me with reciprocal prayer. = 22:) — *makes him* —] *Makes him,* means *forms him.* = 23:) — *words him,* — a great deal from the matter.] Makes the description of him very distant from the truth. = 24:) — *under her colours,*] Under her banner; by her influence. = 25:) “less quality.” MALONE. = 26:) — *I did atone, &c.*] *To atone* signifies in this place to reconcile. = 27:) — *upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.*] Importance is here, as elsewhere in Shakspeare, importunity, instigation. = 28:) — *rather shunned to go even with what I heard, &c.*] i. e. he rather studied to avoid conducting himself by the opinions of other people, than to be guided by their experience. = 29:) — *confounded one the other.*] To confound, in our author’s time, signified — to destroy. = 30:) — *which may, without contradiction,*] Which, undoubtedly, may be publicly told. = 31:) — *though I profess, &c.*] Posthumus means to bestow the most exalted praise on Imogen, a praise the more valuable as it was the result of reason, not of amorous dotage. I make my avowal, says he, in the character of her adorer, not of her possessor. — I speak of her as a being I reverence, not as a beauty whom I enjoy. — I rather profess to describe her with the devotion of a worshipper, than the raptures of a lover. = 32:) — *to convince* —] *Convince for overcome.* = 33:) — *abused* —] *Deceived.* = 34:) — *approbation* —] *Proof.* = 35:) — “I wonder,” — MALONE. = 36:) *Other conclusions?*] *Other experiments.* = 37:) — *quench;*] i. e. grow cool. = 38:) — *to shift his being,*] To change his abode. = 39:) — *that leans?*] That inclines towards its fall. = 40:) *Think what a chance thou changest on;*] i. e. think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service. = 41:) *Of liegers for her sweet;*] A lieger ambassador is one that resides in a foreign court to promote his master’s interest. = 42:) — “your trust.” — MALONE. = 43:) — *he* || *Is strange and peevish.*] He is a foreigner and easily fretted: but *strange* may signify *shy* or *backward*: and *peevish* anciently meant weak, silly. = 44:) — “account his,” — MALONE. = 45:) *What both you spur and stop.*] What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from it. JOHNSON. = 46:) — *to an empery,*] *Empery* is a word signifying sovereign command; now obsolete. = 47:) *With tomboys,*] We still call a masculine, a forward girl, *tomboy.* = 48:) — *hir’d with that self-exhibition, &c.*] *Gross strumpets,* hired with the very pension which you allow your husband. = 49:) — “of a false report,” — MALONE. = 50:) — *being strange,*] i. e. being a stranger. =

ACT II. = 1:) — *kissed the jack upon an up-cast,*] He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. *To kiss the jack* is a state of great advantage. = 2:) — *every companion* —] The use of *companion* was the same as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt. = 3:) — *press the rushes,*] It was the custom in the time of our author to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. = 4:) *Under these windows;*] i. e. her eyelids. = 5:) — *like the crimson drops || I the bottom of a cowslip.*] This simile contains the smallest out of a thousand proofs that Shakspeare was an observer of nature, though, in this instance, no very accurate describer of it, for the drops alluded to are of a deep yellow. STEEVENS. = 6:) — *you dragons of the night!*] The task of drawing the chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. = 7:) *His steeds to water at those springs || On chalic’d flowers that lies;*] i. e. the morning sun dries

up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers: The cup of a flower is called *calix*, whence *chalice.* = 8:) *And winking Mary-buds begin || To ope their golden eyes;*] The *mary-gold* is supposed to shut itself up at sun-set. = 9:) — *I will consider your music the better:*] i. e. I will pay you more amply for it. = 10:) *To orderly solicits;*] i. e. regular courtship, courtship after the established fashion. = 11:) *And towards himself his goodness forexpent on us || We must extend our notice.*] That is, we must extend towards himself our notice of his goodness heretofore shown to us. Our author has many similar ellipses. = 12:) — *false themselves,*] Perhaps, in this instance, *false* is not an adjective, but a verb. = 13:) — *so verbal;*] Is, so *verbose*, so full of talk. = 14:) *The contract, &c.*] Here Shakspeare has not preserved, with his common nicety, the uniformity of character. The speech of Cloten is rough and harsh, but certainly not the talk of one — “Who can’t take two from twenty, for his heart, || “And leave eighteen —.” His argument is just and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil nations: as for rudeness, he seems not to be much undermatched. JOHNSON. = 15:) — *in self-figured knot;*] A *self-figured knot* is a knot formed by yourself. = 16:) *A hilding for a livery,*] A low fellow, only fit to wear a livery, and serve as a lacquey. = 17:) — *if ’twere made || Comparative for your virtues,*] If it were considered as a compensation adequate to your virtues, to be styled, &c. = 18:) *I am sprighted with a fool;*] i. e. I am haunted by a fool, as by a *spright.* = 19:) (*Statist* —] i. e. Statesman. = 20:) *To their approvers,*] i. e. To those who try them. = 21:) *And Cydnus swell’d above the banks, or for || The press of boats, or pride:*] Iachimo’s language is such as a skilful villain would naturally use, a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gaiety shows his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art. = 22:) *So likely to report themselves;*] So near to speech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking picture.* = 23:) *Was as another nature, dumb;*] The meaning is this: The sculptor was as nature, but as nature dumb; he gave every thing that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion.* In *breath* is included *speech.* = 24:) — *nicely || Depending on their brands.*] Here seems to be a kind of tautology. *Brands* may be a part of the *andirons*, on which the wood for the fire was supported, as the upper part, in which was a kind of rack to carry a spit, is more properly termed the *andiron.* These irons, on which the wood lies across, generally called *dogs*, are here termed *brands.* = 25:) *This is her honour!* — *Let it be granted you have seen all this, &c.*] The expression is ironical. Iachimo relates many particulars, to which Posthumus answers with impatience: “This is her honour!” — That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the corruption of her honour. JOHNSON. = 26:) *The cognizance* —] The badge; the token; the visible proof. = 27:) — *pervert the present wrath* —] For *avert.* = 28:) “We are all bastards;” — MALONE. =

ACT III. = 1:) — *thine uncle,*] Cassibelan was great uncle to Cymbeline, who was son to Tenantius, the nephew of Cassibelan. = 2:) (*O, giglot fortune!*)] *O false and inconstant fortune!* A *giglot* was a strumpet. = 3:) — *against all colour,*] Without any pretence of right. = 4:) “Mulumtius made our laws.” MALONE. = 5:) — *keep at utterance;*] Means to keep at the extremity of defiance. *Combat à outrance* is a desperate fight, that must conclude with the life of one of the combatants. = 6:) — *I am perfect,*] I am well informed. = 7:) — *What false Italian || (As poisonous-tongue’d, as handed,*)] About Shakspeare’s time the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the suspicion of Italian poisons yet more common. = 8:) — *take in some virtue.*] To take in a town, is to conquer it. = 9:) *Thy mind to her is now as low,*] That is, thy mind compared to her is now as low, as thy condition was, compared to hers. = 10:) *Art thou a feodary for this act,*] *Feodary* means, here, a confederate, or accomplice. = 11:) *I am ignorant in what I am commanded,*] i. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder. = 12:) *For it doth physic love;*] That is, grief for absence keeps love in health and vigour. = 13:) — *speak thick,*] i. e. crowd one word on another, as fast as possible. = 14:) *Why should excuse be born or e’er begot?*] Why should I contrive an excuse, before the act is done, for which excuse will be necessary. = 15:) *A franklin’s housewife.*] A *franklin* is literally a freeholder, with a small estate, neither villain nor vassal. = 16:) — *may jet* —] i. e. strut, walk proudly. = 17:) — *their impious turbands on,*] The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen. = 18:) *This service is not service, &c.*] In war it is not sufficient to do duty well; the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act. = 19:) *The sharded beetle* —] i. e. the beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry husks or shards. = 20:) — *attending for a check;*] *Check* may mean, in this place, a reproof; but I rather think it signifies command, controul. Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida*, the restrictions of Aristotle are called Aristotle’s checks. STEEVENS. = 21:) — *than doing nothing for a babe;*] As it was once the custom in England for favourites at court to beg the wardship of infants who were born to great riches, our author may allude to it on this occasion. Frequent complaints were made that nothing was done towards the education of these

neglected orphans. = 22:) — *no life to ours.*] i. e. compared with ours. = 23:) *To stride a limit.*] To overpass his bound. = 24:) *What should we speak of.*] This dread of an old age, unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind. JOHNSON. = 25:) — *I stole these babes.*] Shakspeare seems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob their father of heirs. — The latter part of this soliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reason why Belarius should now tell to himself what he could not know better by telling it. JOHNSON. = 26:) — *haviour* —] This word, as often as it occurs in Shakspeare, should not be printed as an abbreviation of *behaviour*. *Haviour* was a word commonly used in his time. = 27:) — *drug-damn'd* —] This is another allusion to Italian poisons. = 28:) — *states*.] Persons of highest rank. = 29:) *Whose mother was her painting.*] *Some jay of Italy*, made by art; the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense *painting* may not be improperly termed her mother. = 30:) *And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls.*] *I must be ripp'd.*] To hang by the walls, does not mean, to be converted into hangings for a room, but to be hung up, as useless among the neglected contents of a wardrobe. = 31:) *Wilt lay the heaven on all proper men; &c.*] i. e. says Mr. Upton, "wilt infect and corrupt their good name, (like sour dough that leaveneth the whole mass,) and wilt render them suspected." = 32:) *That cravens my weak hand.*] i. e. makes me a coward. = 33:) *That now thou tir'st on.*] A hawk is said to tire upon that which she pecks; from *tirer*, French. = 34:) *To be unbent.*] To have thy bow unbent, alluding to a hunter. = 35:) — *into* — MALONE. = 36:) *As quarrellous as the weasel.*] This character of the weasel is not warranted by naturalists. Weasels, however, were formerly kept in houses instead of cats, for the purpose of killing vermin. = 37:) *Wherein you are happy.*] i. e. wherein you are accomplished. = 38:) — *Your means abroad, &c.*] As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me. = 39:) — — *This attempt* || *I'm soldier to.*] i. e. I am equal to this attempt; I have enough of ardour to undertake it. = 40:) — — *May* || *This night forestall him of the coming day.*] i. e. may his grief this night prevent him from ever seeing another day, by an anticipated and premature destruction! = 41:) *And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite* || *Than lady, ladies, woman;*] *She has all courtly parts*, says he, *more exquisite than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.* = 42:) *To him that is most true.*] Pisanio, notwithstanding his master's letter, commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him as true, supposing, as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain, equally an enemy to them both. = 43:) *If any thing that's civil.*] *Civil*, for human creature. = 44:) — *woodman.*] A woodman, in its common acceptation (as in the present instance) signifies a hunter. = 45:) — *'tis our match.*] i. e. our compact. = 46:) — *"resty sloth"* — MALONE. = 47:) Mr. Malone omits *sir*. = 48:) *I am fallen in this offence.*] *In*, according to the ancient mode of writing, is here used instead of *into*. = 49:) *He wrings at some distress.*] i. e. writhes with anguish. = 50:) *That nothing gift of differing multitudes.*] The poet must mean, that court, that obsequious adoration, which the shifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. = 51:) — — *and to you the tribunes.* || *For this immediate levy, he commands* || *His absolute commission.*] He commands the commission to be given to you. So we say, I ordered the materials to the workmen. =

ACT IV. = 1:) — *for* —] i. e. because. = 2:) — *in single oppositions.*] In single combat. = 3:) — *imperseverant* —] *Imperseverant* may mean no more than *perseverant*, like *imbosomed*, *impassioned*, *immasked*. = 4:) *Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom* || *Is breach of all.*] Keep your daily course uninterrupted; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion. = 5:) *The imperious seas* —] *Imperious* was used by Shakspeare for *imperial*. = 6:) *I could not stir him.*] Not move him to tell his story. = 7:) — *gentle, but unfortunate;*] *Gentle*, is well-born, of birth above the vulgar. = 8:) *Mingle their spurs together.*] *Spurs* are the longest and largest leading roots of trees. = 9:) *It is great morning.*] A Gallicism. *Grand jour*. = 10:) *Yield, rustic mountaineer.*] I believe, upon examination, the character of Cloten will not prove a very consistent one. Act I. sc. iv. the lords who are conversing with him on the subject of his rencontre with Posthumus, represent the latter as having neither put forth his strength or courage, but still advancing forwards to the prince, who retired before him; yet at this his last appearance, we see him fighting gallantly, and falling by the hand of Guiderius. The same persons afterwards speak of him as of a mere ass or idiot; and yet, Act III. sc. i. he returns one of the noblest and most reasonable answers to the Roman envoy: and the rest of his conversation on the same occasion, though it may lack form a little, by no means resembles the language of folly. He behaves with proper dignity and civility at parting with Lucius, and yet is ridiculous and brutal in his treatment of Imogen. Belarius describes him as not having sense enough to know what fear is (which he defines as being sometimes the effect of judgment;) and

yet he forms very artful schemes for gaining the affection of his mistress, by means of her attendants; to get her person into his power afterwards; and seems to be no less acquainted with the character of his father, and the ascendancy the queen maintained over his uxorious weakness. We find Cloten, in short, represented at once as brave and dastardly, civil and brutish, sagacious and foolish, without that subtilty of distinction, and those shades of gradation between sense and folly, virtue and vice, which constitute the excellence of such mixed characters as Polonius in *Hamlet*, and the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS. = 11:) — — *the snatches in his voice,* || *And burst of speaking.*] This is one of our author's strokes of observation. An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confused and cloudy understanding. = 12:) — *"the cure of fear:"* — MALONE. = 13:) *I am perfect, what:*] *I am well informed, what.* = 14:) — *take us in.*] i. e. conquer, or subdue us. = 15:) *For we do fear the law?*] *For* is here used in the sense of *because*. = 16:) *Did make my way long forth.*] Fidele's sickness made my walk forth from the cave tedious. = 17:) — *To gain his colour.*] i. e. to restore him to the bloom of health, to recall the colour of it into his cheeks. = 18:) — *lamenting toys.*] *Toys* formerly signified freaks, or frolics. = 19:) — *what coast thy sluggish crare* —] A crare is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of middle ages, *crayera*. = 20:) *Stark.*] i. e. stiff. = 21:) — *clouted brogues* —] are shoes strengthened with clout or hob-nails. In some parts of England, thin plates of iron called clouts, are likewise fixed to the shoes of ploughmen and other rustics. *Brog* is the Irish word for a kind of shoe peculiar to that kingdom. = 22:) *The ruddock* is the red-breast, and is so called by Chaucer and Spenser. = 23:) *To winter-ground thy corse.*] *To winter-ground* a plant, is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter-season, by straw, dung, &c. laid over it. This precaution is commonly taken in respect of tender trees or flowers, such as Arviragus, who loved Fidele, represents her to be. = 24:) *He was paid for that:*] *Paid* is for *punished*. = 25:) — — *reverence,* || *(That angel of the world.)*] *Reverence* or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world. = 26:) *Consign to thee.*] Perhaps to *consign to thee*, is to seal the same contract with thee, i. e. add their names to thine upon the register of death. = 27:) *No exorciser harm thee!*] Shakspeare invariably uses the word *exorciser* to express a person who can raise spirits, not one who lays them. = 28:) *'Ods pittikins!*] This diminutive adjuration is derived from *God's my pity*, which likewise occurs in *Cymbeline*. = 29:) — *his Jovial face* —] *Jovial face* signifies in this place, such a face as belongs to Jove. It is frequently used in the same sense by other old dramatic writers. = 30:) — *that irregular devil.*] *Irregular* (if there be such a word) must mean lawless, licentious, out of rule, *jura negans sibi nata*. = 31:) — *the maintop!*] i. e. the top of the mainmast. = 32:) — *'tis pregnant,* pregnant!] i. e. 'tis a ready, apposite conclusion. = 33:) *Sienna's brother.*] i. e. (as I suppose Shakspeare to have meant) brother to the prince of Sienna; but, unluckily, Sienna was a republic. STEEVENS. = 34:) — *"Fidele, sir."* MALONE. = 35:) — *these poor pickaxes* —] Meaning her fingers. = 36:) — *arm him.*] That is, *Take him up in your arms.* = 37:) *I am amaz'd with matter.*] i. e. confounded by a variety of business. = 38:) *Your preparation can affront,* &c.] Your forces are able to face such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us. = 39:) — *to the note o'the king,*] I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour. = 40:) — *revolts* —] i. e. revolters. = 41:) — — *a render* || *Where we have liv'd.*] An account of our place of abode. This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of an old man. = 42:) — *their quarter'd fires.*] *Quarter'd fires*, probably means no more than *fires in the respective quarters* of the Roman army. =

ACT V. = 1:) — *bloody Handkerchief.*] The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio in the foregoing Act determined to send. = 2:) *Yea, bloody cloth, &c.*] This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech throughout all its tenor, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence, then tries to disburden himself by imputing part of the crime to Pisanio; he next soothes his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods for the happiness of Imogen. He is now grown reasonable enough to determine, that having done so much evil, he will do no more; that he will not fight against the country which he has already injured; but as life is not longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered. JOHNSON. = 3:) — *to put on* —] Is to incite, to instigate. = 4:) *And make them dread it to the doers' thrift.*] Of the various meanings assigned by the commentators, the following appears the most intelligible: — "Some you snatch from hence for little faults; others you suffer to heap ills on ills, and afterwards make them dread their having done so, to the eternal welfare of the doers." The whole speech is in a religious strain. — *Thrift* signifies a state of prosperity. It is not the commission of the crimes that is supposed to be for the doer's thrift, but his dreading them afterwards, and of course re-

penting, which ensures his salvation. = 5:) — *this carl,*] *Carl* or *churl*, (ceopl, Sax.) is a clown or husbandman. = 6:) *The country base,*] i. e. a rustic game called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*. = 7:) — *for preservation cas'd, or shame,*] *Shame* for modesty. = 8:) — *bugs* —] *Terrors*. = 9:) *Nay, do not wonder at it:*] Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach, that wonder is all that he was made for. = 10:) — *I, in mine own woe, charm'd,*] Alluding to the common superstition of charms being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and so is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this superstition. = 11:) — *great the answer be* —] *Answer*, as once in this play before, is *retaliation*. = 12:) — *a silly habit,*] *Silly* is *simple* or *rustic*. = 13:) *That gave the affront with them.*] That is, that turned their faces to the enemy. = 14:) *Enter Cymbeline, &c.*] This is the only instance in these plays of the business of the scene being entirely performed in dumb show. The direction must have proceeded from the players, as it is perfectly unnecessary, and our author has elsewhere [in *Hamlet*] expressed his contempt of such mummery. RITSON. = 15:) *Solemn Music, &c.*] It is the universal opinion that this vision, masque, and prophecy, were the interpolation of the players. One would think that, Shakspeare's style being too refined for his audiences, the managers had employed some playwright of the *old school* to regale them with a touch of "King Cambyzes' vein." The margin would be too honourable a place for so impertinent an interpolation. = 16:) *And to become the geck* —] A *geck* is a fool. = 17:) — *to foot us:*] i. e. to grasp us in his pounces. = 18:) — *sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much:*] i. e. sorry that you have paid too much out of your pocket, and sorry that you are paid, or *subdued*, too much by the liquor. = 19:) — *being drawn of heaviness:*] *Drawn* is *embowelled*, *exenterated*. — So in common language a fowl is said to be *drawn*, when its intestines are taken out. = 20:) — *jump the after-enquiry* —] That is, *venture* at it without thought. = 21:) — *I never saw one so prone.*] i. e. forward. = 22:) *Scene V.*] Let those who talk so confidently about the skill of Shakspeare's contemporary, Jonson, point out the conclusion of any one of his plays which is wrought with more artifice, and yet a less degree of dramatic violence than this. In the scene before us, all the surviving characters are assembled; and at the expense of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be discovered on this occasion to offend the most scrupulous advocate for regularity: and, I think, as little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a catastrophe which is intricate without confusion, and not more rich in ornament than in nature. STEEVENS. = 23:) — *bore in hand to love* —] i. e. insidiously taught to depend on her love. = 24:) *So feat,*] So ready; so dexterous in waiting. = 25:) *His favour is familiar* —] I am acquainted with his countenance. = 26:) *I know not why, nor wherefore,*] *To say, live, boy:*] I know not what should induce me to say, live, boy. = 27:) *Quail to remember,*] *To quail*, is to sink into dejection. = 28:) — *as Dian* —] i. e. as if Dian. = 29:) — *averring notes* —] Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as *averred* or confirmed my report. = 30:) *Some upright justicer!*] *Justicer* is used by Shakspeare thrice in *King Lear*. The most ancient law books have *justicers* of the peace, as frequently as *justices* of the peace. = 31:) — *and she herself.*] That is, — she was not only the temple of virtue, but *virtue herself*. = 32:) — *these staggers* —] This wild and delirious perturbation. *Staggers* is the horse's apoplexy. = 33:) *Think, that you are upon a rock;*] In this speech, or in the answer, there is little meaning. Perhaps, she would say, — Consider such another act as equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me see whether you will repeat it. = 34:) — *a durlard* —] In this place means a person stupidly unconcerned. = 35:) *Your pleasure was my mere offence, &c.*] My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only. = 36:) *Thou weep'st, and speak'st.*] "Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate." The king reasons very justly. JOHNSON. = 37:) — *fierce abridgement* —] *Fierce* is *vehement*, *rapid*. = 38:) — *which* || *Distinction should be rich in.*] i. e. which ought to be rendered distinct by a liberal amplitude of narrative. = 39:) *And your three motives to the battle,*] That is, though strangely expressed, the motives of you three for engaging in the battle. = 40:) — *spritely shows* —] are groups of sprites, ghostly appearances. = 41:) *Make no collection of it;*] A collection is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises. =

XXXII. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. = 1:) — *my successive title* —] i. e. my title to the succession. = 2:) — *chastis'd with his arms* —] MALONE. = 3:) *Thou great defender of this Capitol,*] Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred. = 4:) *To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx!*] Here we have one of the numerous classical notions that are scattered with a pedantic profu-

sion through this piece. MALONE. = 5:) *Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.*] It was supposed by the ancients, that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to their friends and relations, to solicit the rites of funeral. = 6:) *Patient yourself, &c.*] *Patient* is here a verb. = 7:) — *here in rest,* — MALONE. = 8:) *And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!*] *To outlive an eternal date* is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame. JOHNSON. = 9:) *That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,*] The maxim of Solon here alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced to be happy before his death. = 10:) — *don this robe,*] i. e. do on this robe, put it on. = 11:) In Mr. Steevens' edition, 15 vol. 1793, the following line occurs here, which is omitted in the subsequent editions: "And led my country's strength successfully." = 12:) *Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.*] Here is rather too much of the *ἐπιτρον πρότιρον*. = 13:) *Lav. Not I, my lord;*] It was pity to part a couple who seem to have corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse her, already wishes he were to choose again; and she, who was engaged to Bassianus, (whom she afterwards marries,) expresses no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her subsequent raillery to Tamora is of so coarse a nature, that if her tongue had been all she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author (whoever he was) might have escaped censure on the score of poetic justice. STEEVENS. = 14:) Mr. Malone omits of. = 15:) — *changing piece* —] Spoken of Lavinia. *Piece* was then, as it is now, used personally as a word of contempt. = 16:) *To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.*] A *ruffler* was a kind of cheating bully; and is so called in a statute made for the punishment of vagabonds in the 27th year of King Henry VIII. Hence, perhaps, this sense of the verb, to *ruffle*. *Rufflers* are likewise enumerated among other vagabonds, by Holinshed, Vol. I. p. 183. = 17:) *I am not bid* —] i. e. invited. = 18:) — *play'd your prize;*] A technical term in the ancient fencing-school. =

ACT II. = 1:) — *this nymph,* — MALONE. = 2:) *Clubs, clubs!*] This was the usual outcry for assistance, when any riot in the street happened. = 3:) — *to steal a shive,*] A *shive* is a *slice*. = 4:) — *yet worn* —] Mr. Malone omits *yet*, and makes a dissyllable of *worn*. Mr. Steevens very properly says, "Let him who can read *worn* as a dissyllable, read it so." = 5:) *To square for this?*] *To square* is to *quarrel*. = 6:) — *by kind* —] That is, by nature, which is the old signification of *kind*. = 7:) — *with her sacred wit,*] *Sacred* here signifies *accursed*; a Latinism. = 8:) — *file our engines with advice,*] i. e. remove all impediments from our designs by advice. The allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by conferring smoothness, facilitates the motion of the wheels which compose an engine or piece of machinery. = 9:) — *to inherit it.*] *To inherit* formerly signified to possess. = 10:) — *for their unrest,*] *Unrest*, for *disquiet*, is a word frequently used by the old writers. = 11:) *That have their alms, &c.*] This is obscure. It seems to mean only they who are to come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it. = 12:) — *as is a nurse's song* || *Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.*] Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, says, "It is observable that the nurses call sleep by, *by*; *lullaby* is therefore *lull to sleep*." But to *lull* originally signified to sleep. *To compose to sleep by a pleasing sound* is a secondary sense retained after its primitive import became obsolete. The verbs to *loll* and *lollop* evidently spring from the same root. And *by* meant *house*; go to *by* is to go to house or cradle. The common compliment at parting, good *by* is good house, may your house prosper; and Selby, the archbishop of York's palace, is great house. So that *lullaby* implies literally *sleep in house*, i. e. the cradle. HOLT WHITE. = 13:) *Should drive* —] i. e. fly with impetuosity at him. = 14:) — *swarth Cimmerian* —] *Swarth* is *black*. The Moor is called *Cimmerian*, from the affinity of blackness to darkness. = 15:) — *but with* — MALONE. = 16:) — *urchins,*] i. e. hedgehogs. = 17:) *Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.*] This is said in fabulous physiology, of those that hear the groan of the mandrake torn up. = 18:) *And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:*] *Painted hope* is only specious hope, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid. JOHNSON. = 19:) — *object hurt* —] MALONE. = 20:) — *who it is;* — MALONE. = 21:) *A precious ring,*] There is supposed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Mr. Boyle believes the reality of its existence. JOHNSON. = 22:) — *timeless* —] i. e. untimely. = 23:) — *scrawl.* — MALONE. = 24:) *If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!*] If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking. JOHNSON. = 25:) Mr. Malone omits *withal*. = 26:) — *Thracian poet's* —] Orpheus. =

ACT III. = 1:) — *good tribunes,* — MALONE. = 2:) — *Why, 'tis no matter, man: or if they did mark,* || *They would not pity me, yet plead I must,* || *All bootless unto them.* — MALONE. = 3:) — *aged* —] MALONE, in his last edition. = 4:) — *her true tears* —] MALONE. = 5:) — *as limbo is from bliss!*] The *Limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men

who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his Paradise of Fools. REED. = 6:) — mesh'd upon her cheeks:] A very coarse allusion to brewing. = 7:) — by still practice.] By constant or continual practice. = 8:) — a father and mother?] Mother perhaps should be omitted, as the following line speaks only in the singular number, and Titus most probably confines his thoughts to the sufferings of a father. STEEVENS. = 9:) Ah, sirrah!] This was formerly not a disrespectful expression. Poins uses the same address to the prince of Wales. =

ACT IV. = 1:) — how she quotes the leaves.] To quote is to observe. = 2:) *Magne Dominator poli, &c.*] *Magne Regnator Deum, &c.* is the exclamation of Hippolytus when Phædra discovered the secret of her incestuous passion in Seneca's tragedy. STEEVENS. = 3:) And swear with me, — as with the woful feere.] *Feere* signifies a companion, and here metaphorically a husband. = 4:) And with a gad of steel.] A gad, from the Saxon, *gād*, i. e. the point of a spear, is used here for some similar pointed instrument. = 5:) *Gracemercy,*] i. e. *grand mercy; great thanks.* = 6:) Mr. Malone omits one of these outs. = 7:) I'll broach the tadpole.] A broach is a spit. I'll spit the tadpole. = 8:) — for this foul escape.] This foul illegitimate child. = 9:) — ignomy.] i. e. ignominy. = 10:) — another leer:] *Leer* is complexion, or hue. = 11:) Go pack with him.] *Pack* here seems to have the meaning of *make a bargain*. Or it may mean, as in the phrase of modern gamblers, to act collusively, or to contrive insidiously. = 12:) "catch her" — MALONE. = 13:) Yet wrung with wrongs.] To wring a horse is to press or strain his back. = 14:) — to wreak —] i. e. revenge. = 15:) "loose you" — MALONE. = 16:) "even with the law," — MALONE. = 17:) — imperious, like thy name.] *Imperious* was formerly used for *imperial*. MALONE. = 18:) — stint their melody:] i. e. stop their melody. = 19:) — honey-stalks to sheep:] *Honey-stalks* are clover-flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for black cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die, but not for sheep. =

ACT V. = 1:) — scath,] i. e. harm. = 2:) To gaze upon a ruinous monastery:] Shakspeare has so perpetually offended against chronology in all his plays, that no very conclusive argument can be deduced from the particular absurdity of these anachronisms, relative to the authenticity of *Titus Andronicus*. And yet the ruined monastery, the popish tricks, &c. that Aaron talks of, and especially the French salutation from the mouth of Titus, are altogether so very much out of place, that I cannot persuade myself even our hasty poet could have been guilty of their insertion, or would have permitted them to remain, had he corrected the performance for another. STEEVENS. = 3:) This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye:] Alluding to the proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye." = 4:) — luxurious woman:] i. e. lascivious woman. = 5:) As true a dog as ever fought at head.] An allusion to bull-dogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front, and seizing his nose. = 6:) Bring down the devil:] It appears from these words, that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off. STEEVENS. = 7:) "Are them thy, &c." — MALONE. = 8:) And of the paste a coffin —] A coffin is the term of art for the cavity of a raised pye. = 9:) — her own increase.] i. e. her own produce. = 10:) And ours, with thine,] And our content runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may. = 11:) — break the parle:] That is, begin the parley. We yet say, he breaks his mind. = 12:) — and basely cozen'd —] i. e. and he basely cozened. = 13:) — to see him fasten'd in the earth.] That justice and cookery may go hand in hand to the conclusion of this play, in Ravenscroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once racked and roasted on the stage. =

XXXIII. PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT I. = 1:) *Pentapolis.*] This is an imaginary city, and its name might have been borrowed from some romance. We meet indeed in history with *Pentapolitana regio*, a country in Africa, consisting of five cities; and from thence perhaps some novelist furnished the sounding title of *Pentapolis*, which occurs likewise in the 37th chapter of *Kyng Appolyn of Tyre*, 1510, as well as in Gower, the *Gesta Romanorum*, and Twine's translation from it. It should not, however be concealed, that *Pentapolis* is also found in an ancient map of the world, MS. in the Cotton Library, British Museum, Tiberius, B. V. That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre*, a city of Phœnicia in Asia; *Tharsus*, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; *Mitylene*, the capital of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean Sea; and *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia. STEEVENS. = 2:) "that old" — MALONE. = 3:) It hath been sung at festivals, || On ember-eves, and holy-ales:] i. e. says Dr. Farmer, church-ales. = 4:) "The

purpose is to make men glorious; || *Et bonum quo antiquius, &c.*" MALONE. = 5:) "This Antioch then, Antiochus the great, || Built up: This city, for his chiefest seat." MALONE. = 6:) — unto him took a pheere,] This word, which is frequently used by our old poets, signifies a mate or companion. = 7:) — full of face,] i. e. completely, exuberantly beautiful. = 8:) "Bad child, worse father, &c." — MALONE. = 9:) — account no sin,] *Account* for accounted. = 10:) — thither frame,] i. e. shape or direct their course thither. = 11:) *As yon grim looks do testify.*] Gower must be supposed here to point to the heads of those unfortunate wights, which, he tells us, in his poem, were fixed on the gate of the palace at Antioch. = 12:) — and testy wrath || *Could never be her mild companion.*] i. e. the companion of her mildness. = 13:) *A countless glory,*] i. e. her face, like the firmament, invites you to a blaze of beauties too numerous to be counted. Mr. Malone reads "her countless glory." = 14:) — all thy whole heap must die,] i. e. thy whole mass must be destroyed. There seems to have been an opposition intended. *Thy whole heap*, thy body, must suffer for the offence of a part, thine eye. The word *bulk*, like *heap*, in the present passage, was used for *body* by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. = 15:) — like to them, to what I must:] that is, — to prepare this body for that state to which I must come. = 16:) *Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe, &c.*] The meaning may be — I will act as sick men do: who having had experience of the pleasures of the world, and only a visionary and distant prospect of heaven, have neglected the latter for the former; but at length feeling themselves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal pleasures, but prepare calmly for futurity. = 17:) "I wait the sharpest blow, || *Ant.* Scorning advice. — Read," &c. — MALONE. = 18:) *Sharp physic is the last:*] i. e. the intimation in the last line. = 19:) *For he's no man on whom perfections wait,*] means no more than — he's no honest man, that knowing, &c. = 20:) — to make man —] i. e. to produce for man, &c. = 21:) *The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:* || *To stop the air would hurt them.*] Pericles means, by this similitude, to show the danger of revealing the crimes of princes; for as they feel themselves hurt by the publication of their shame, they will, of course, prevent a repetition of it, by destroying the person who divulged it. = 22:) *Copp'd hills —*] i. e. rising to a top or head. *Copp'd Hall*, in Essex, was so named from the lofty pavilion on the roof of the old house, which has been since pulled down. The upper tire of masonry that covers a wall is still called the *copping* or *coping*. Highcrowned hats were anciently called *copatain hats*. STEEVENS. = 23:) "through'd" — MALONE. = 24:) *Your expression misinterpreting,*] Your expression of the riddle being a mistaken one; not interpreting it rightly. = 25:) *Where —*] *Where*, in this place, has the power of *whereas*. = 26:) — *Thaliard.*] This name is somewhat corrupted from *Thaliarch*, i. e. *Thaliarchus*. = 27:) "Let your," &c. — MALONE. = 28:) "Why should this charge," &c. — MALONE. = 29:) — and cares it be not done,] And makes provision that it may not be done. = 30:) "Who wants no more," &c. — MALONE. = 31:) *To which that breath —*] i. e. the breath of flattery. = 32:) *When signior Sooth —*] A near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in *The Winter's Tale*: "— and his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by sir Smile, his neighbour." = 33:) *That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!*] Heaven forbid, that kings should stop their ears, and so prevent them from hearing their secret faults! — To let formerly signified to hinder. = 34:) "Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects." MALONE. = 35:) *Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:*] To smooth formerly signified to flatter, but in this place means to stroke. = 36:) — to grieve them,] That is, to lament their fate. = 37:) *But in our orbs —*] i. e. in our different spheres. = 38:) — *this truth shall ne'er convince,*] Overcome. = 39:) "the king's seas must please," — MALONE; who adds, "i. e. must do their pleasure, must treat him as they will." = 40:) "unseen with mischief's eyes," — MALONE. = 41:) "too sound" — MALONE. = 42:) — so jetted —] To jet is to strut, or walk proudly. = 43:) "who not us'd to hunger's savour," — MALONE. Mr. Steevens has remarked that many of the various readings of this play (and perhaps the same may be said of others) are exchanges of one kind of nonsense for another. = 44:) — their power,] By power is meant forces. = 45:) *Whereas no glory's —*] *Whereas*, it has been already observed, was anciently used for *where*. = 46:) *Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,*] The sense is — *Deluded by the pacific appearance of this navy, you talk like one, who has never learned the common adage*, "that the fairest outsides are most to be suspected." = 47:) "But bring they what they will, and what they can, what need we fear?" — MALONE. = 48:) — if he on peace consist:] If he stands on peace. =

ACT II. = 1:) "That will prove," &c. — MALONE. = 2:) *I'll show you those —*] I will now exhibit to you persons, who, after suffering small and temporary evils, will at length be blessed with happiness. = 3:) *The good in conversation —*] *Conversation* is conduct, behaviour. Gower means to say — The good prince (on whom I bestow my best wishes) is still engaged at Tharsus, where every man, &c. = 4:) *Thinks all is writ he spoken can:*] Pays as much respect to whatever Pericles says, as if it were holy writ. = 5:) "to make it glorious:" — MALONE. = 6:) — forth, &c.] i. e. thoroughly, from beginning to end. But Mr. Malone

reads, "for though he strive," &c. = 7:) — *what shall be next*, || *Pardon old Gower; this long's the text.*] The meaning of this may be — *Excuse old Gower from telling you what follows.* The very text to it has proved of too considerable length already. = 8:) — *with a wannion.*] A phrase of which the meaning is obvious, though I cannot explain the word at the end of it. It is common in many of our old plays. STEEVENS. *Wannion* may be a corruption of *vengeance* which is now in use on similar occasions. = 9:) — *when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled?*] Malone considers this prognostic as arising merely from the superstition of the sailors: but captain Cook, in his second voyage to the South Seas, mentions the playing of porpusses round the ship as a certain sign of a violent gale of wind. = 10:) — *throng'd up,* — MALONE. = 11:) *For I am a man,* || *For is because.* Mr. Malone reads, "For that I am," &c. = 12:) — *flap-jacks;*] In some counties a *flap-jack* signifies an apple-puff; but anciently it seems to have meant a *pancake*. = 13:) Some of these speeches are arranged in prose by Mr. Malone. The difference is not worth pointing out. = 14:) "Were my fortunes" — MALONE. = 15:) "I could wish" — MALONE. = 16:) — *bots on't,*] The *bots* are the worms that breed in horses. = 17:) *And, though it was mine own,* i. e. *And I thank you, though it was my own.* = 18:) — *this brace:*] The *brace* is the armour for the arm. = 19:) "The which the gods" — MALONE. = 20:) "have given it again:" — MALONE. = 21:) "in his will," — MALONE. = 22:) — *his bidding* — i. e. *holds its being*, or place, there. = 23:) — *a pair of bases.*] *Bases* appear to have been a kind of loose breeches; or, as Mr. Archdeacon Nares thinks, a kind of embroidered mantle which hung down from the middle to about the knees or lower, and worn by knights on horseback. See his "Glossary," 4to. 1822. = 24:) — *the triumph?*] A *triumph*, in the language of Shakspeare's time, signified any public show, such as a *mask*, or *revel*, &c. = 25:) *Return them, we are ready;* i. e. *return them notice, that we are ready,* &c. = 26:) "my royal father," — MALONE. = 27:) The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*] What we now call the motto, was sometimes termed the *word* or *mot* by our old writers. *Le mot*, French. = 28:) — *Più per dultura que per forza.*] That is, *more by sweetness than by force.* The author should have written *Mas per dultura*, &c. *Più* in Italian, signifies *more*; but, I believe, there is no such Spanish word. MALONE. = 29:) "He seems to be a stranger; but his present || is a wither'd branch, that's only green at top;" — MALONE. = 30:) — *the whippstock,* i. e. the carter's whip. = 31:) *The outward habit by the inward man.* i. e. that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit. This kind of inversion was formerly very common. = 32:) "You are princes and my guests." MALONE. = 33:) *These cates resist me, she not thought upon.* i. e. *go against my stomach.* Mr. Steevens would read, however, — *be not thought upon.* = 34:) — *and princes, not doing so,* || *Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd* || *Are wonder'd at.* i. e. when they are found to be such small insignificant animals, after making so great a noise. = 35:) *Therefore to make's entrance* — By his *entrance*, I believe, is meant his present *trance*, the *reverie* in which he is supposed to be sitting. STEEVENS. But Mr. Malone arranges the words thus: "Therefore to make his entrance more sweet, || Here say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him." = 36:) — *this standing-bowl of wine to him.*] A *standing-bowl* was a bowl resting on a foot. = 37:) *Even in your armours, as you are address'd,* || *As you are accoutered,* prepared for combat. = 38:) *So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.* i. e. the excellence of this exhibition has justified the solicitation by which it was obtained. = 39:) *See, not a man, &c.* || To what this charge of partiality was designed to conduct, we do not learn; for it appears to have no influence over the rest of the dialogue. = 40:) *And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,* || *Resolv'd* is satisfied, free from doubt. = 41:) *Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure;* i. e. the most probable in our opinion. = 42:) "the seat," — MALONE. = 43:) *This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,* || *It were to be wished that Simonides* (who is represented as a blameless character) had hit on some more ingenuous expedient for the dismissal of these wooers. Here he tells them as a solemn truth, what he knows to be a fiction of his own. = 44:) — *get you to bed.* || I cannot dismiss the foregoing scene, till I have expressed the most supreme contempt of it. Such another gross, nonsensical dialogue, would be sought for in vain among the earliest and rudest efforts of the British theatre. It is impossible not to wish that the *knights* had horsewhipped *Simonides*, and that *Pericles* had kicked him off the stage. STEEVENS. =

ACT III. = 1:) *With your fine fancies quaintly eche;* i. e. *eke out.* = 2:) — *the Lords kneel to the former* || The Lords kneel to *Pericles*, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter that he is king of Tyre. By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, *Pericles* has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him. = 3:) *By many a dearn and painful perch, &c.* || *Dearn* signifies *lonely, solitary.* A *perch* is a measure of five yards and a half. = 4:) *By the four opposing coignes,* || By the four opposite corner-stones that unite and bind together the great fabric of the world. = 5:) *Can stead the quest.* i. e. *help, befriend, or assist the search.* = 6:) "t'oppress;" — MALONE. = 7:) "Come not home in twice six moons, || He obedient to their

dooms," — MALONE. = 8:) — *half the flood* || *Hath their keel cut;* || They have made half their voyage with a favourable wind. = 9:) — *well-a-near!* || This exclamation is equivalent to *well-a-day*, and is still used in Yorkshire. = 10:) *I nill relate,* || The further consequences of this storm I shall not describe. = 11:) *Which might not what by me is told.* i. e. which might not conveniently convey what by me is told, &c. What ensues may conveniently be exhibited in action; but action could not well have displayed all the events that I have now related. = 12:) *In your imagination hold* || *This stage, the ship, upon whose deck* || *The sea-tost, &c.* || It is clear from these lines, that when the play was originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship. The ensuing scene and some others must have suffered considerably in the representation, from the poverty of the stage apparatus in the time of our author. For prince Mr. Malone reads *Pericles*, a trisyllable which the metre does not admit. = 13:) — *who, if it had* || *Conceit,* || If it had thought. = 14:) *Vie honour with yourselves.* || The meaning is, *In this particular you might learn from us a more honourable conduct.* But Mr. Malone reads, "Use honour with you." = 15:) *Quiet and gentle thy conditions!* || *Conditions* anciently meant *qualities*; dispositions of mind. = 16:) — *as chiding a nativity,* i. e. as noisy a one. = 17:) *Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,* i. e. thou hast already lost more (by the death of thy mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee. = 18:) — *I do not fear the flaw;* i. e. the blast. = 19:) *Slack the bolins there;* || *Bowlines* are ropes by which the sails of a ship are governed when the wind is unfavourable. They are slackened when it is high. = 20:) *And aye-remaining lamps, &c.* || Instead of a monument erected above thy bones, AND perpetual lamps to burn near them, the spouting-whale shall oppress thee with his weight, and the mass of waters shall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head. = 21:) *The very principals did seem to rend,* || *And all to topple;* || The *principals* are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building. The word *topple* means *tumble.* = 22:) 'Tis not our husbandry. || *Husbandry* here signifies economical prudence. = 23:) *Virtue and cunning* — *Cunning* means here knowledge. = 24:) *To please the fool and death.* || Mr. Malone says, that the *Fool* and *Death* were principal personages in the old moralities; but Mr. Steevens thinks this more than doubtful, yet allows that they occurred in dances. = 25:) In Mr. Malone's first edition this passage stands thus: *Cer.* "Set it down; let us || Look upon it." In his second edition: *Cer.* "Set it down; let's look on it." = 26:) — *mundane* — i. e. worldly. = 27:) "Fear not, my lord, but think || Your grace," &c. — MALONE. = 28:) "teach me to it," — MALONE. = 29:) — *mask'd Neptune,* i. e. insidious waves that wear a treacherous smile. = 30:) *Where you may 'bide until your date expire.* || Until you die. =

ACT IV. = 1:) "Imagine *Pericles* arriv'd at Tyre, || Welcom'd and settled to his own desire. || His woful queen leave at Ephesus, || Unto Diana there a votaress." MALONE. = 2:) *Which makes her both the heart and place* || *Of general wonder.* || Such an education as rendered her the center and situation of general wonder. = 3:) — *oft the wrack* || *Of earned praise,* || Praise that has been well deserved. = 4:) *Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk* — *Sleided* silk is untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's sley or slay. = 5:) *That still records with moan;* || *To record* anciently signified to sing. = 6:) *Vail to her mistress Dian;* || *To vail* is to bow, to do homage. = 7:) *With absolute Marina;* i. e. highly accomplished, perfect. = 8:) *The pregnant instrument of wrath* — *Pregnant*, in this instance, means prepared, instructed; or perhaps, ready. = 9:) *Prest for this blow.* || *Prest* is ready; *prêt*, Fr. = 10:) "shall as a carpet," — MALONE. = 11:) *Whirring me from my friends.* || *Whirring* or *whirring* had formerly the same meaning. A bird that flies with a quick motion, accompanied with noise, is said to *whirr* away. = 12:) — *your favour's changed* — i. e. countenance, look. = 13:) — *ere the sea mar it, &c.* i. e. ere the sea mar your walk upon the shore by the coming in of the tide, walk there with Leonine. We see plainly by the circumstance of the pirates, that *Marina*, when seized upon, was walking on the sea-shore; and Shakspeare was not likely to reflect that there is little or no tide in the Mediterranean. CHARLEMONT. = 14:) "And it pierces and sharpens the stomach." MALONE. = 15:) *With more than foreign heart.* || With the same warmth of affection as if I was his countrywoman. = 16:) *Our paragon to all reports,* || Our fair charge, whose beauty was once equal to all that fame said of it. = 17:) *Wash'd off a canvas-climber;* || A *canvas-climber* is one who climbs the mast, to furl, or unfurl, the *canvas* or *sails*. Mr. Malone concludes *Marina's* speech at "deck," and places the rest of it at the end of *Marina's* next speech. = 18:) Mr. Malone omits *speedily.* = 19:) "roguing thieves" — MALONE. = 20:) *Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them* || *If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.* || The sentiments incident to vicious professions suffer little change within a century and a half. = 21:) — *the commodity wages not with the danger;* i. e. is not equal to it. = 22:) — *I have gone thorough* — i. e. I have bid a high price for her, gone far in my attempt to purchase her. = 23:) — *that she may not be raw in her entertainment.* || Unripe, unskilful. = 24:) "For to seek," &c. —

MALONE. = 25:) — *that cowers i'the hams?*] To cower is to sink by bending the hams. = 26:) — *he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.*] If there were no other proof of Shakspeare's hand in this piece, this admirable stroke of humour would furnish decisive evidence of it. **MALONE.** = 27:) — *we should lodge them with this sign.*] If a traveller from every part of the globe were to assemble in Mitylene, they would all resort to this house, while we had such a sign to it as this virgin. = 28:) — *a mere profit.*] i. e. an absolute, a certain profit. = 29:) — *thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels.*] Thunder is not supposed to have an effect on fish in general, but on eels only, which are roused by it from the mud, and are therefore more easily taken. = 30:) *Becoming well thy feat:*] *Feat*, i. e. of a piece with the rest of thy exploit. = 31:) — *at night;* — **MALONE.** = 32:) *Unless you play the impious innocent.*] She calls him, an *impious* simpleton, because such a discovery would touch the life of one of his own family, his wife. An *innocent* was formerly a common appellation for an idiot. = 33:) — *coward a spirit.* **MALONE.** = 34:) — *a malkin,* || *Not worth the time of day.*] A *malkin* is a coarse wench. *Not worth the time of day*, is, not worth a good day, or good morrow; undeserving the most common and usual salutation. = 35:) *It greets me,*] Perhaps *it greets me*, may mean, *it pleases me*, *c'est à mon gré*. If *greet* be used in its ordinary sense of *saluting* or *meeting with congratulation*, it is surely a very harsh phrase. = 36:) — *doth with thine angel's face* || *Seize with thine eagle's talons.* **MALONE.** = 37:) *Making,* (to take your imagination,) || *From bourn to bourn,* || *Making,* &c. is travelling (with the hope of engaging your attention) from one division or boundary of the world to another; i. e. we hope to interest you by the variety of our scene, and the different countries through which we pursue our story. = 38:) — *for true old woe;*] i. e. for such tears as were shed when, the world being in its infancy, dissimulation was unknown. All poetical writers are willing to persuade themselves that sincerity expired with the first ages. = 39:) *A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,*] What is here called his *mortal vessel*, (i. e. his body,) is styled by Cleopatra her *mortal house*. = 40:) — *Now please you wit* — *Now be pleased to know.* = 41:) — *(and swears she'll never stint,)* || *She'll never cease.* = 42:) — *while our scene must play* — **MALONE.** = 43:) *Now, the gods to bless your honour!*] This use of *to* in composition with verbs (as Mr. Tyrwhitt remarks) is very common in Gower and Chaucer. = 44:) *Were you a gamester, &c.*] A *gamester* was formerly used to signify a *wanton*. = 45:) — *Some more; — be sage.*] Lysimachus says this with a sneer. — *Proceed with your fine moral discourse.* = 46:) — *under the cope,*] i. e. under the cope or covering of heaven. = 47:) — *my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!*] Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture, during the season of Christmas. The *bawd* means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue. = 48:) — *to every coystrel* || *That hither comes enquiring for his tib;*] To every mean or drunken fellow that comes to enquire for a girl. *Coystrel* is properly a wine-vessel. *Tib* is a contraction of *Tabitha*, probably it was formerly a cant name for a strumpet. = 49:) *As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.*] Marina, who is designed for a character of juvenile innocence, appears much too knowing in the impurities of a brothel; nor are her expressions more chastised than her ideas. **STEEVENS.** = 50:) — *For that which thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,* || *Would own a name too dear. That the gods* || *Would safely from this place deliver me,* &c. **MALONE.** =

ACT V. = 1:) — *and with her needl composes* — *Needl* for *needle*. = 2:) *Her inkle,*] *Inkle*, anciently signified a particular kind of *crewel* or *worsted* with which ladies worked flowers, &c. = 3:) *In your supposing once more put your sight;*] Once more put your sight under the guidance of your imagination. = 4:) *Where, what is done in action, more, if might,* || *Where all that may be displayed in action, shall be exhibited; and more should be shown, if our stage would permit.* The poet seems to be aware of the difficulty of representing the ensuing scene. = 5:) *But to prorogue his grief.*] To lengthen or prolong his grief. = 6:) — *one mortal night,*] *Mortal* is here used for *pernicious, destructive.* = 7:) — *through his deafen'd parts,*] i. e. his ears. = 8:) — *She is all happy as the fairest of all,* || *And, with her fellow maids, is now upon* || *The leafy shelter,* — **MALONE.** = 9:) — *Exit Lord, in the Barge of Lysimachus.*] It may seem strange that a fable should have been chosen to form a drama upon, in which the greater part of the business of the last act should be transacted at sea: and wherein it should even be necessary to produce two vessels on the scene at the same time. But the customs and exhibitions of the modern stage give this objection to the play before us a greater weight than it really has. It appears, that, when *Pericles* was originally performed, the theatres were furnished with no such apparatus as by any stretch of the imagination could be supposed to present either a sea, or a ship; and that the audience were contented to behold vessels sailing in and out of port, in their *mind's eye* only. This licence being once granted to the poet, the lord, in the instance now before us, walked off the stage, and returned again in a few minutes, leading in Marina, without any sensible impropriety; and the present drama, exhibited before such indulgent spectators, was not more in-

commodious in the representation than any other would have been. **MALONE.** = 10:) *Is't not a goodly presence?*] Is she not beautiful in her form? = 11:) — *prosperous and artificial feat* — **MALONE.** = 12:) — *like a comet:* — **MALONE.** = 13:) — *and awkward casualties* — *Awkward* is adverse. = 14:) *You make more rich to owe?*] To owe in ancient language is to possess. The meaning of the compliment is: These endowments, however valuable in themselves, are heightened by being in your possession. They acquire additional grace from their owner. **STEEVENS.** = 15:) — *a palace* || *For the crown'd truth to dwell in:*] It is observable that our poet, when he means to represent any quality of the mind as eminently perfect, furnishes the imaginary being whom he personifies with a crown. = 16:) — *and smiling* || *Extremity out of act.*] By her beauty and patient meekness disarming Calamity, and preventing her from using her uplifted sword. = 17:) *No motion?*] i. e. no puppet dress'd up to deceive me. = 18:) *I will believe you by the syllable, &c.*] i. e. I will believe every word you say. = 19:) — *drawn to do't,* — **MALONE.** = 20:) *Though doubts did ever sleep.*] i. e. though nothing ever happened to awake a scruple or doubt concerning your veracity. = 21:) — *tell me now* || *My drowned queen's name* (as in the rest you said || *Thou hast been godlike perfect,*) the heir of kingdoms, || *And a mother like to Pericles thy father.* **MALONE.** = 22:) *And give them repetition to the life.*] i. e. Repeat your misfortunes so feelingly and so exactly, that the language of your narration may imitate to the life the transactions you relate. = 23:) — *goddess argentinc,*] That is, regent of the silver moon. = 24:) — *blown sails;*] i. e. swollen. = 25:) — *then dumb.* **MALONE.** = 26:) *Till he had done his sacrifice,*] That is, till Pericles had done his sacrifice. = 27:) *The interim, pray you, all confound.*] To confound here signifies to consume. = 28:) *That he can hither come so soon,* || *Is by your fancy's thankful boon.*] *Thankful boon* may signify — the licence you grant us in return for the pleasure we have afforded you in the course of the play; or, the boon for which we thank you. But Mr. Malone reads “thankful doom.” = 29:) — *who, O goddess,* || *Wears yet thy silver livery.*] i. e. her white robe of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity. = 30:) — *to my sense* — *Sense* is here used for *sensual passion*. = 31:) — *supposed dead,* || *And drown'd.*] *Drown'd*, in this instance, does not signify suffocated by water, but overwhelmed in it. = 32:) — *the fair-betrothed* — i. e. fairly contracted, honourably affianced. = 33:) *In Antioch,*] i. e. *Antiochus.* =

XXXIV. KING LEAR.

ACT I. = 1:) — *in the division of the kingdom,*] There is something of obscurity or inaccuracy in this preparatory scene. The king has already divided his kingdom, and yet when he enters he examines his daughters, to discover in what proportions he should divide it. Perhaps Kent and Gloster only were privy to his design, which he still kept in his own hands, to be changed or performed as subsequent reasons should determine him. **JOHNSON.** = 2:) — *that curiosity in neither* — *Curiosity* is scrupulousness, or capriciousness. = 3:) — *of either's moiety.*] The strict sense of the word *moiety* is *half, one of two equal parts*: but Shakspeare commonly uses it for *any part or division*. = 4:) — *being so proper.*] i. e. handsome. = 5:) — *some year elder than this,*] i. e. about a year. = 6:) — *express our darker purpose.*] That is, we have already made known in some measure our desire of parting the kingdom; we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition. This interpretation will justify or palliate the exordial dialogue. **JOHNSON.** = 7:) — *and 'tis our fast intent* — *Our determined resolution.* = 8:) — *constant will* — *Constant* is firm, determined. *Constant will* is the *certa voluntas* of Virgil. = 9:) *Beyond all manner of so much* — *Beyond* all assignable quantity. I love you beyond limits, and cannot say it is so much, for how much soever I should name, it would be yet more. = 10:) — *that I profess, &c.*] *In that*, i. e. *inasmuch as*, I profess myself, &c. = 11:) *Which the most precious square of sense possesses;*] Perhaps *square* means only *compass, comprehension*; or, the full complement of all the senses. = 12:) *No less in space, validity,*] *Validity*, for worth, value; not for integrity, or good title. = 13:) *Strive to be interest'd;*] To *interest* and to *interesse*, are not, perhaps, different spellings of the same verb, but are two distinct words though of the same import; the one being derived from the Latin, the other from the French *interessé*. = 14:) — *will come* — **MALONE.** = 15:) — *generation* — i. e. his children. = 16:) — *all the additions to a king;*] All the titles belonging to a king. = 17:) — *execution of the rest,*] *All the other business.* = 18:) *Reverbs* — This is, perhaps, a word of the poet's own making, meaning the same as *re-verbates*. = 19:) *The true blank of thine eye.*] The blank is the white or exact mark at which the arrow is shot. See better, says Kent, and keep me always in your view. = 20:) *(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)* || *Our potency made good,*] i. e. *They to whom I have yielded my power and authority, yielding me the ability to dispense it in this instance, take thy reward.* = 21:) — *by Jupiter,*] Shakspeare makes his Lear too much a mythologist: he

had Hecate and Apollo before. JOHNSON. = 22:) *He'll shape his old course*—] He will follow his old maxims; he will continue to act upon the same principles. = 23:) — *quest of love?*] *Quest of love is amorous expedition.* The term originated from Romance. A quest was the expedition in which a knight was engaged. = 24:) — *seeming*—] is *beautiful*, or rather, *specious*. = 25:) — *owes*,] i. e. *is possessed of*. = 26:) *Election makes not up on such conditions.*] *Election comes not to a decision*; in the same sense as when we say, “I have made up my mind on that subject.” = 27:) — *or your fore-vouch'd affection* [*Fall into taint*:] Either her offence *must be monstrous*, or, if she has not committed any such offence, the affection which you always professed to have for her *must be tainted and decayed*, and is now without reason alienated from her. = 28:) (If for I want, &c.) If this be my offence, that I want the glib and oily art, &c. = 29:) “It is no more but this?” — MALONE. = 30:) — *with respects*,] i. e. with cautious and prudential considerations. = 31:) — *from the entire point*.] Single, unmixed with other considerations. = 32:) *Thou lovest here*,] *Here and where* have the power of nouns. Thou lovest this residence to find a better residence in another place. = 33:) — *plaited cunning*—] i. e. *complicated, involved, cunning*. = 34:) — *of long-engrafted condition*,] i. e. of *qualities of mind, confirmed by long habit*. = 35:) — *let us hit*—] i. e. *let us agree*. = 36:) — *i'the heat*,] i. e. *we must strike while the iron's hot*. = 37:) *Thou, nature, art my goddess*;] Edmund calls *nature* his goddess, for the same reason that we call a bastard a *natural son*; one, who according to the law of nature, is the child of his father, but according to those of civil society, is *nullius filius*. = 38:) *Stand in the plague of custom*;] Wherefore should I acquiesce, submit tamely to the plagues and injustice of custom? = 39:) *The curiosity of nations*—] i. e. the idle, nice distinctions of the world. = 40:) — *to deprive me*,] *To deprive was*, in our author's time, synonymous to *disinherit*. = 41:) — *subscrib'd his power*!] *To subscribe* in Shakspeare, is to *yield or surrender*. = 42:) — *exhibition*!] is *allowance*. The term is yet used in the universities. = 43:) — *All this done* [*Upon the gad*!] i. e. *is done suddenly, or, as before, while the iron is hot*. A *gad* is an *iron bar*. = 44:) — *idle and fond*—] Weak and foolish. = 45:) — *where, if you*—] *Where, for whereas*. = 46:) — *to your honour*,] It has been already observed that this was the usual mode of address to a lord in Shakspeare's time. = 47:) — *pretence*—] *Pretence* is design, purpose. = 48:) — *I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution*,] i. e. he would give all he possessed to be certain of the truth; for that is the meaning of the words *to be in a due resolution*. = 49:) — *convey the business*—] *To convey* is to *carry through*; in this place it is to *manage artfully*: we say of a juggler, that he has a clean conveyance. = 50:) — *the wisdom of nature*—] that is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences. = 51:) — *and treachers*,] for *treacherous*. = 52:) — *O, these eclipses do portend these divisions*! *fa, sol, la, mi*.] The commentators, not being musicians, have regarded this passage perhaps as unintelligible nonsense, and therefore left it as they found it, without bestowing a single conjecture on its meaning and import. Shakspeare however shows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmization, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural, that ancient musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on music say, *mi contra fa est diabolus*: the interval *fa mi*, including a *tritonus*, or sharp 4th, consisting of three tones, without the intervention of a semi-tone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F G A B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies, compares the dislocation of events, *the times being out of joint*, to the unnatural and offensive sounds, *fa, sol, la, mi*. DR. BURNEY. = 53:) *Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd* [*With checks, as flatteries*, — *when they are seen abus'd*.] i. e. when old fools will not yield to the appliances of persuasion, harsh treatment must be employed to compel their submission. When *flatteries are seen to be abus'd* by them, *checks must be used*, as the only means left to subdue them. = 54:) *That can my speech diffuse*,] *To diffuse* speech, signifies to *disorder* it, and so to *disguise* it. = 55:) — *to converse with him that is wise, and says little*;] *To converse* signifies immediately and properly to *keep company*, not to *discourse or talk*. = 56:) — *and to eat no fish*.] In queen Elizabeth's time the Papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *He's an honest man, and eats no fish*; to signify he's a friend to the government and a Protestant. = 57:) — *jealous curiosity*,] *Punctilious jealousy*. = 58:) — *a very pretence*.—] *Pretence* in Shakspeare generally signifies *design*. = 59:) *Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away*.] This is an endearing circumstance in the fool's character, and creates such an interest in his favour, as his wit alone might have failed to procure for him. STEEVENS. = 60:) — *all my living*,] *Living* in Shakspeare's time signified *estate, or property*. = 61:) — *Lady, the brach*,] *Brach* is a bitch of the hunting kind. = 62:) *Lend less than thou owest*,] That is, *do not lend all that thou hast*. *To owe*, in old English, is to *possess*. = 63:) *Learn more than thou trowest*,] *To trow*, is an old word which signifies to *believe*. = 64:) — *if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't*:] A satire on the gross abuses of monopolies at that time; and the cor-

ruption and avarice of the courtiers, who commonly went shares with the patentee. = 65:) *Fools had ne'er less grace in a year*;] There never was a time when fools were less in favour; and the reason is, that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place. Such I think is the meaning. JOHNSON. = 66:) — *that frontlet*—] A *frontlet* was a forehead-cloth, used formerly by ladies at night to render that part smooth. Lear, I suppose, means to say, that Goneril's brow was as completely covered by a frown, as it would be by a frontlet. MALONE. = 67:) *That's a sheal'd peascod*,] i. e. now a mere husk, which contains nothing. The outside of a king remains, but all the intrinsic parts of royalty are gone: he has nothing to give. = 68:) — *put it on*—] i. e. *promote, push it forward*. = 69:) *By your allowance*;] *By your approbation*. = 70:) — *were left darkling*.] Shakspeare's fools are certainly copied from the life. The originals whom he copied were no doubt men of quick parts; lively and sarcastic. Though they were licensed to say any thing, it was still necessary to prevent giving offence, that every thing they said should have a playful air; we may suppose therefore that they had a custom of taking off the edge of too sharp a speech by covering it hastily with the end of an old song, or any glib nonsense that came into the mind. I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with which Shakspeare often finishes his fool's speeches. Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. = 71:) — *for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge and reason, &c.*] Were I to judge from the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, or reason, I should be induced to think I had daughters, yet that must be a false persuasion; — It cannot be. = 72:) *Which they will make an obedient father*.] *Which*, is on this occasion used with two deviations from present language. It is referred, contrary to the rules of grammarians, to the pronoun *I*, and is employed, according to a mode now obsolete, for *whom*, the accusative case of *who*. = 73:) — *o'the favour*—] i. e. of the complexion. = 74:) — *still depend*,] *Depend*, for continue in service. = 75:) *Than the sea-monster*!] Mr. Upton observes, that the sea-monster is the *hippopotamus*, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude. = 76:) — *like an engine*,] By an engine is meant the rack. = 77:) — *from her derogate body*—] *Derogate* for *degraded, blasted*. = 78:) — *cadent tears*—] i. e. falling tears. = 79:) *Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits*,] Her maternal cares and good offices. = 80:) *The untented woundings*—] *Untented* wounds, means wounds in their worst state, not having a tent in them to digest them: and may possibly signify here such as will not admit of having a tent put into them for that purpose. = 81:) *At point*,] Completely armed, and consequently ready at appointment or command on the slightest notice. = 82:) “trust too far:” — MALONE. = 83:) — *compact it more*.] Unite one circumstance with another, so as to make a consistent account. = 84:) — *more attack'd*—] *To be at task*, is to be liable to *reprehension and correction*. = 85:) — *there before you*.] He means the town of Gloster. = 86:) — *thy other daughter will use thee kindly*:] The fool uses the word *kindly* here in two senses: it means *affectionately*, and like the rest of her kind. = 87:) *I did her wrong*:] He is musing on Cordelia. = 88:) *To take it again perforce*!] The subject of Lear's meditation is the resumption of that moiety of the kingdom which he had given to Goneril. =

ACT II. = 1:) — *queazy question*,] *Queazy*, means delicate, unsettled, what requires to be handled nicely. = 2:) *Advise yourself*,] i. e. consider, recollect yourself. = 3:) — *gasted*—] Frighted. = 4:) — *arch*—] i. e. *chief*; a word now used only in composition, as *arch-angel, arch-duke*. = 5:) *And found him pight to do it, with curst speech*—] *Pight* is pitched, fixed, settled. *Curst* is severe, harsh, vehemently angry. = 6:) *My very character*,] i. e. my very handwriting. = 7:) — *of my land*, — [*To make thee capable*.] i. e. capable of succeeding to my land. = 8:) *He did bewray his practice*;] i. e. *discover, betray*. *Practice* is always used by Shakspeare for *insidious mischief*. = 9:) — *of some poize*,] i. e. of some weight or moment. = 10:) — *from our home*;] Not at home, elsewhere. = 11:) — *action-taking knave*;] i. e. a fellow, who, if you beat him, would bring an action for the assault. = 12:) — *addition*,] i. e. titles. These titles were probably familiar in Shakspeare's time among the lower classes, although their meaning be now lost. The conjectures of the annotators have been but idly employed on them. = 13:) — *vanity the puppet's part*,] Alluding to the old *moralities*, in which vanity, iniquity, and other vices, were personified. = 14:) — *neat slave*,] You finical rascal. = 15:) — *this unbolted villain*—] *Unbolted* mortar is mortar made of unsifted lime, and therefore to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes. This *unbolted villain* is therefore this coarse rascal. = 16:) *Which are too intrinse*—] for *intrinsecate*. = 17:) — *and turn their halcyon beaks, &c.*] The *halcyon* is the bird otherwise called the *king-fisher*. The vulgar opinion was, that this bird, if hung up, would vary with the wind, and by that means show from what point it blew. = 18:) — *epileptic visage*!] The frightened countenance of a man ready to fall in a fit. = 19:) — *Camelot*.] Was the place where the romances say king Arthur kept his court in the West; so this alludes to some proverbial speech in those romances. = 20:) — *likes me not*,] i. e. pleases me not. = 21:) — *constrains the garb*, [*Quite from his nature*:] Forces his

outside or his appearance to something totally different from his natural disposition. = 22:) On flickering *Phæbus* front.] To flicker is to flutter; like the motion of a flame. = 23:) — though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.] Though I should win you, displeased as you now are, to like me so well as to entreat me to be a knave. JOHNSON. = 24:) “I never gave him any.” — MALONE. = 25:) — *fleshment* —] A young soldier is said to flesh his sword, the first time he draws blood with it. *Fleshment*, therefore, is here metaphorically applied to the first act of service, which Kent, in his new capacity, had performed for his master. = 26:) “Here again.” — MALONE. = 27:) But *Ajax* is their fool.] i. e. is a fool to them. = 28:) It should be remembered, that formerly in great houses, as still in some colleges, there were moveable stocks for the correction of the servants. FARMER. = 29:) Good king, that must approve the common saw! &c.] The saw alluded to, is in Heywood’s *Dialogues on Proverbs*, “In your running from him to me, ye runne.” = 30:) — elf all my hair in knots;] Hair thus knotted, was vulgarly supposed to be the work of elves and fairies in the night. = 31:) Of *Bedlam* beggars.] These were a species of beggars, such as had been in *Bedlam*, and when partly recovered and allowed to go out, were licensed to beg. Edgar borrows his dress from them, and the phrases of *Poor Tom*, *Poor Tom is a-cold*. = 32:) — wooden pricks,] i. e. skewers. = 33:) *Poor* pelting villages,] Beggarly or petty. = 34:) — lunatic bans,] To ban, is to curse. = 35:) — *Poor Turlupin!* poor *Tom!*] For *Turlupin*. In the fourteenth century there was a new species of gipsies, called *Turlupins*, a fraternity of naked beggars, which ran up and down Europe. = 36:) — he wears cruel garters!] Probably a quibble was here intended. *Cruel* signifies worsted, of which stockings, garters, night-caps, &c. are made. = 37:) — wooden nether-stocks.] *Nether-stocks* is the old word for stockings. *Breeches* were at that time called “men’s overstocks.” = 38:) To do upon respect such violent outrage:] To be so grossly deficient in respect. = 39:) — spite of intermission,] i. e. without pause, without suffering time to intervene. = 40:) They summon’d up their meiny,] *Meiny*, i. e. people; from *mesne*, a house. *Mesnie*, a family, Fr. = 41:) — dolours —] Quibble between *dolours* and *dollars*. = 42:) O, how this mother, &c.] *Lear* here affects to pass off the swelling of his heart, ready to burst with grief and indignation, for the disease called the *Mother*, or *Hysterica passio*, which, in our author’s time, was not thought peculiar to women only. = 43:) — this remotion —] From their own house to that of the earl of Gloster. = 44:) Is practice only.] *Practice* is, in Shakspeare, and other old writers, used commonly in an ill sense for unlawful artifice. = 45:) — i’ the paste —] The paste, or crust of a pie, in Shakspeare’s time, was called a *coffin*. = 46:) — scant her duty.] i. e. be deficient in her duty, but the expression is inaccurate. = 47:) — the house?] The order of families, duties of relation. = 48:) Age is unnecessary:] i. e. old age has few wants, or it may mean that old people are useless. = 49:) “mood is on.” — MALONE. = 50:) Thy tender-hefted nature —] *Hefted* seems to mean the same as *heaved*. *Tender-hefted*, i. e. whose bosom is agitated by tender passions. = 51:) — to scant my sizes,] To contract my allowances or proportions settled. *Sizes* are certain portions of bread, beer, or other victuals, which in public societies are set down to the account of particular persons: a word still used in colleges. = 52:) Allow obedience,] Allow sometimes signifies approve. = 53:) — that indiscretion finds,] Or thinks. = 54:) — less advancement] A still worse or more disgraceful situation. = 55:) — being weak, seem so.] Since you are weak, be content to think yourself weak. = 56:) — and sumpter —] *Sumpter* is a horse that carries necessities on a journey, though sometimes used for the case to carry them in. = 57:) — embossed carbuncle,] *Embossed* is, swelling, protuberant. = 58:) “’Tis his own blame; hath put himself,” &c. — MALONE. =

ACT III. = 1:) — the cub drawn bear —] i. e. whose dugs are drawn dry by its young. For no animals leave their dens by night but for prey. = 2:) — the warrant of my art,] On the strength of my skill in physiognomy. = 3:) Either in snuffs and packings —] *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances. = 4:) — are but furnishings;] Or samples. = 5:) — have secret feet —] i. e. secret footing. = 6:) — thought-executing —] Doing execution with rapidity equal to thought. = 7:) *Vaunt* couriers —] *Avant couriers*, Fr. This phrase is not unfamiliar to other writers of Shakspeare’s time. It originally meant the foremost scouts of an army. = 8:) — court holy-water —] Proverbial for fair words. = 9:) You owe me no subscription;] Subscription for obedience. = 10:) — Gallow —] signifies to scare or frighten. = 11:) — concealing continents,] *Continent* stands for that which contains or incloses. = 12:) These dreadful summoners grace.] *Summoners* are here the officers that summon offenders before a proper tribunal. = 13:) “gave you all,” — MALONE. = 14:) — Bless thy five wits!] So the five senses were called by our old writers. = 15:) — taking!] To take is to blast, or strike with malignant influence. = 16:) — pelican daughters.] The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother’s blood. = 17:) — wore gloves in my cap,] i. e. his mistress’s favours: which was the fashion of that time. = 18:) — light of ear,] *Credulous* of evil, ready to receive malicious reports. = 19:) — web and the pin,] Dis-

eases of the eye. = 20:) *Saint Withold*, &c.] i. e. *Saint Withold* traversing the wold or downs, met the night-mare; he obliged her to alight from those persons whom she rides, and plight her troth to do no more mischief. This is taken from a story of him in his legend. *Ninesfold* means her nine familiars. = 21:) — the wall-newt, and the water;] i. e. the water-newt. = 22:) — whipped from tything to tything,] A *tything* is a division of a place, a district; the same in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times every hundred was divided into *tythings*. = 23:) *Modo he’s call’d, and Mahu.*] The names of pretended spirits. = 24:) *Child Rowland* —] The word *child* (however it came to have this sense) is often applied to knights, &c. in old historical songs and romances. = 25:) — *Pray*, innocent,] Perhaps he is here addressing the fool. *Fools* were anciently called *innocents*. = 26:) “whizzing” — MALONE. = 27:) Come o’er the bourn,] A *boorn* in the north signifies a rivulet or brook. = 28:) — brach, or lym; &c.] Names of particular sorts of dogs. = 29:) — you will say, they are Persian attire;] Alluding, perhaps, to *Clytus* refusing the Persian robes offered him by Alexander. = 30:) — free things,] States clear from distress. = 31:) Mark the high noises;] Attend to the great events that are approaching, and make thyself known when that false opinion now prevailing against thee shall, in consequence of just proof of thy integrity, revoke its erroneous sentence. = 32:) — and thyself bewray,] i. e. discover. = 33:) — my lord of Gloster.] Meaning Edmund, newly invested with his father’s titles. The steward, speaking immediately after, mentions the old earl by the same title. = 34:) Hot questrists after him,] A *questrist* is one who goes in search or quest of another. = 35:) Though well we may not pass upon his life — — yet our power —] Shall do a courtesy to our wrath,] To do a courtesy is to gratify, to comply with. To pass, is to pass a judicial sentence. = 36:) — corky arms,] Dry, withered, husky arms. = 37:) Will quicken,] i. e. quicken into life. = 38:) — my hospitable favours —] Favours means the same as features, i. e. the different parts of which a face is composed. = 39:) “at peril” — MALONE. = 40:) — the course,] The running of the dogs upon me. = 41:) — subscrib’d:] Yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion. = 42:) — the overture of thy treasons —] *Overture* is here used for an opening or discovery. It was he who first laid thy treasons open to us. = 43:) — the old course of death,] that is, die a natural death. =

ACT IV. = 1:) — World, world, O world! —] But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,] O world! if reverses of fortune and changes such as I now see and feel, from ease and affluence to poverty and misery, did not show us the little value of life, we should never submit with any kind of resignation to the weight of years, and its necessary consequence, infirmity and death. MALONE. = 2:) Our mean secures us;] *Mean* is here a substantive, and signifies a middle state. Mr. Malone reads, “Our means secure us.” = 3:) — I cannot daub it —] i. e. disguise. = 4:) That slaves your ordinance, &c.] The language of Shakspeare is very licentious, and his words have often meanings remote from the proper and original use. To *slave* or *beslave* another is to treat him with terms of indignity: in a kindred sense, to *slave* the ordinance, may be, to slight or ridicule it. JOHNSON. To *slave* an ordinance, is to treat it as a slave, to make it subject to us, instead of acting in obedience to it. = 5:) — Our wishes, on the way, —] May prove effects.] What we wish, before our march is at an end, may be brought to happen, i. e. the murder or despatch of her husband. = 6:) Decline your head: &c.] She bids him decline his head, that she might give him a kiss (the steward being present), and that it might appear only to him as a whisper. = 7:) I have been worth the whistle.] *Goneril*’s meaning seems to be — There was a time when you would have thought me worth the calling to you; reproaching him for not having summoned her to consult with on the present critical occasion. = 8:) She that herself will sliver and disbranch —] From her material sap,] She who breaks the bonds of filial duty, and becomes wholly alienated from her father, must wither and perish, like a branch separated from that sap which supplies it with nourishment, and gives life to the matter of which it is composed. = 9:) — amongst them fell’d him dead:] i. e. they fell’d. = 10:) “better May:” — MALONE. = 11:) Made she no verbal question? —] Means only, did she enter into no conversation with you? In this sense our poet frequently uses the word *question*, and not simply as the act of interrogation. = 12:) Let pity not be believed!] i. e. let not such a thing as pity be supposed to exist! = 13:) — clamour moisten’d:] that is, her out-cries were accompanied with tears. = 14:) — govern our conditions;] i. e. regulate our dispositions. = 15:) — some dear cause —] Some important business. = 16:) — fumiter,] i. e. fumitory. = 17:) — harlocks,] A typographical error for *charlock*, or wild mustard. = 18:) — the means to lead it.] The reason which should guide it. = 19:) — important —] For importunate. = 20:) No blown ambition —] No inflated, no swelling pride. = 21:) His nighted life;] i. e. his life made dark as night, by the extinction of his eyes. = 22:) She gave strange o’erliads,] *O’erliade*, Fr. a cast, or significant glance of the eye. = 23:) — I do advise you, take this note:] *Note* means in this place not a letter, but a remark. Therefore observe what I am saying. = 24:) — her cock;] Her cock-boat. = 25:) — when life itself —] Yields to the theft:] When life is willing to be destroyed. = 26:)

Thus might he pass indeed:] Thus might he die in reality. = 27:) *Had'st thou been aught but gossamer.*] *Gossamer*, the white and cobweb-like exhalations that fly about in hot sunny weather. = 28:) — *chalky bourn*:] *Bourn* seems here to signify a hill. Its common signification is a brook. But in Milton and Shakspeare it means only a boundary, and here certainly means “this chalky boundary of England, towards France.” = 29:) *Horns wheel'd.*] *Wheel'd*, signifies varied with protuberances; or twisted, convolved. = 30:) — *the clearest gods.*] The purest; the most free from evil. = 31:) *That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper:*] In several counties, to this day, they call a stuffed figure, representing a man, and armed with a bow and arrow, set up to fright the crows from the fruit and corn, a *crow-keeper*, as well as a *scare-crow*. = 32:) — *the brown bills.*] A bill was a kind of battle-axe, affixed to a long staff. = 33:) — *O, well-flown, bird!* — i.e. the clout, &c.] Lear is here raving of archery, and shooting at butts, as is plain by the words *i'the clout*, that is, the white mark they set up and aim at; hence the phrase, to *hit the white*. = 34:) *The trick of that voice—*] *Trick* is a word frequently used for the air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or gesture, which distinguishes it from others. = 35:) *But to the girdle, &c.*] *But* is here used for only. = 36:) — *Dost thou squiny at me?*] To *squiny* is to look askint. = 37:) — *I'll able 'em.*] An old phrase signifying to qualify, or uphold them. = 38:) — *a man of salt.*] *A man of salt* is a man of tears. = 39:) *Then there's life in it.*] The case is not yet desperate. = 40:) — *the main descry*] *Stands on the hourly thought.*] The main body is expected to be descry'd every hour. The expression is harsh. = 41:) — *my worsen spirit—*] Perhaps, *my evil genius*. = 42:) — *“made lame”* — MALONE. = 43:) *Briefly thyself remember:*] i. e. quickly recollect the past offences of thy life, and recommend thyself to heaven. = 44:) — *go your gait.*] *Gang your gait* is a common expression in the north. = 45:) — *che vor'ye.*] *I warn you*. Edgar counterfeits the western dialect. = 46:) — *your costard—*] *Costard*, i. e. head. = 47:) — *my bat—*] i. e. club, or staff. = 48:) — *no matter vor your foins.*] To *foin* is to make what we call a thrust in fencing. Shakspeare often uses the word. = 49:) *O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!*] *O undistinguishing licentiousness of a woman's inclinations!* = 50:) *Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified, &c.*] I'll cover thee. In Staffordshire, to *rake* the fire, is to cover it with fuel for the night. The epithet, *unsanctified*, refers to his want of burial in consecrated ground. = 51:) *Be better suited:*] i. e. be better dressed. = 52:) *These weeds are memories—*] i. e. memorials, remembrancers. = 53:) — *my made intent:*] An intent made, is an intent formed. = 54:) *Of this child-changed father!*] i. e. changed to a child by his years and wrongs; or changed by his children. = 55:) — *to watch (poor perdu!)*] *With this thin helm?*] The allusion is to the forlorn hope in an army, which are put upon desperate adventures, and called in French *enfants perdus*. With this thin helm? i. e. bare-headed. = 56:) *To make him even o'er the time he has lost.*] i. e. to reconcile it to his apprehension. =

ACT V. = 1:) — *his constant pleasure.*] His settled resolution. = 2:) — *forefended place?*] i. e. prohibited, forbidden. = 3:) *That thought abuses you.*] That thought imposes on you. = 4:) *Not bolds the king;*] i. e. emboldens him to assert his former title. = 5:) — *make oppose.*] Compel to oppose us. = 6:) *Sir, you speak nobly.*] This reply must be understood ironically. = 7:) *And machination ceases.*] i. e. all designs against your life will have an end. = 8:) — *greet the time.*] i. e. be ready to meet the occasion. = 9:) — *carry out my side,*] Edmund means, hardly shall I be able to make my party good; to maintain my cause. = 10:) *Ripeness is all:*] i. e. to be ready, prepared, is all. = 11:) — *to censure them.*] i. e. to pass sentence or judgment on them. = 12:) *The goujeers—*] The goujeers, i. e. *Morbus Gallicus*. = 13:) — *flesh and fell.*] *Flesh and skin*. = 14:) *Will not bear question;*] *Question*, here, as in many other places, signifies discourse, conversation. = 15:) *And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes—*] i. e. turn the lancemen whom we have hired by giving them press-money. = 16:) *Requires a fitter place.*] i. e. the determination of the question what shall be done with Cordelia and her father, should be reserved for greater privacy. = 17:) *The which immediacy—*] *Immediacy* is close and immediate connexion with me, and direct authority from me. = 18:) *The let-alone lies not in your good will.*] Whether he shall not or shall, depends not on your choice. = 19:) — *thy single virtue;*] i. e. valour; a Roman sense of the word. = 20:) *Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,*] *My oath, and my profession;*] The privilege of this oath means the privilege gained by taking the oath administered in the regular initiation of a knight professed. = 21:) — *'say of breeding breathes,*] *Say* is sample, a taste. = 22:) *Where they shall rest for ever.*] *To that place*, where they shall rest for ever; i. e. thy heart. = 23:) — *“I know't.”* MALONE. = 24:) *This would have seem'd a period, &c.*] The sense may probably be this: *This would have seem'd a period to such as love not sorrow; but — another, i. e. but I must add another, i. e. another period, another kind of conclusion to my story, such as will increase the horrors of what has been already told.* = 25:) — *“threw me on my father:”* — MALONE. = 26:) — *“she hath confess'd it.”* MALONE. = 27:) *This judgment, &c.*] If Shakspeare had studied Aristotle all his life, he would not

perhaps have been able to mark with more precision the distinct operations of terror and pity. *TYRWHITT.* = 28:) *That she fordid herself.*] *To fordo* signifies to destroy. = 29:) *Kent. Is this the promis'd end?*] *Edg. Or image of that horror?*] By the *promis'd end* Kent does not mean that conclusion which the state of their affairs seemed to promise, but the end of the world. = 30:) *Fall, and cease!*] Albany is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, *Rather fall, and cease to be, at once, than continue in existence only to be wretched.* = 31:) *If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,*] *One of them we behold.*] i. e. if Fortune, to display the plenitude of her power, should brag of two persons, one of whom she had highly elevated, and the other she had wofully depressed, we now behold the latter. = 32:) — *of difference and decay,*] *Decay* for misfortunes. = 33:) *Nor no man else;*] Kent means, *I welcome!* No, nor no man else. = 34:) — *this great decay may come,*] *This great decay* is Lear, *this piece of decay'd royalty*, *this ruin'd majesty.* = 35:) *With boot,*] With advantage, with increase. = 36:) *And my poor fool is hang'd!*] This is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia, (not his fool, as some have thought,) on whose lips he is still intent, and dies away while he is searching there for indications of life. *Poor fool*, in the age of Shakspeare, was an expression of endearment. = 37:) *Pray you, undo this button:*] The Rev. Dr. J. Warton judiciously observes, that the swelling and heaving of the heart is described by this most expressive circumstance. =

XXXV. ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I. = 1:) This prologue, after the first copy was published in 1597, received several alterations, both in respect of correctness and versification. In the folio it is omitted. — The play was originally performed by the *Right Hon. the Lord of Hunsdon his servants*. In the first of king James I. was made an act of parliament for some restraint or limitation of noblemen in the protection of players, or of players under their sanction. STEEVENS. Under the word PROLOGUE, in the copy of 1599, is printed *Chorus*, which I suppose meant only that the prologue was to be spoken by the same person who personated the chorus at the end of the first act. The original prologue, in the quarto of 1597, stands thus: “Two household friends, alike in dignity, “In faire Verona, where we lay our scene, “From civil broyles broke into enmitie, “Whose civil warre makes civil handes uncleane. “From forth the fallall loynes of these two foes “A paire of starre-crost lover tooke their life; “Whose misadventures, piteous overthrowes, “Through the continuing of their fathers’ strife, “And death-markt passage of their parents’ rage, “Is now the two howres traffique of our stage. “The which, if you with patient eares attend, “What here we want, wee’ll studie to amend.” MALONE. = 2:) — *we’ll not carry coals.*] A phrase formerly used to signify the bearing injuries. = 3:) — *poor John.*] is hake, dried, and salted. = 4:) — *here comes two of the house of the Montagues.*] It should be observed, that the partizans of the Montague family wore a token in their hats, in order to distinguish them from their enemies, the Capulets. Hence, throughout this play, they are known at a distance. = 5:) *Clubs, bills, &c.*] When an affray arose in the streets, *clubs* was the usual exclamation. = 6:) — *mis-temper’d weapons—*] *are angry weapons.* = 7:) — *“to the same.”* MALONE. = 8:) — *to his will!*] i. e. that the blind god should yet be able to direct his arrows at those whom he wishes to hit, that he should wound whomever he wills, or desires to wound. = 9:) *Why, such is love’s transgression.*] Such is the consequence of unskilful and mistaken kindness. = 10:) *Tell me in sadness,*] that is, *gravely, or seriously.* = 11:) *And, in strong proof, &c.*] As this play was written in the reign of queen Elizabeth, I cannot help regarding these speeches of Romeo as an oblique compliment to her majesty, who was not liable to be displeased at hearing her chastity praised after she was suspected to have lost it, or her beauty commended in the 67th year of her age, though she never possessed any when she was young. Her declaration, that she would continue unmarried, increases the probability of the present supposition. STEEVENS. = 12:) — *wisely too fair, &c.*] There is in her too much sanctimonious wisdom united with beauty, which induces her to continue chaste with the hopes of attaining heavenly bliss. = 13:) *To call hers, exquisite, in question more:*] More into talk; to make her unparalleled beauty more the subject of thought and conversation. = 14:) *These happy masks, &c.*] i. e. the masks worn by female spectators of the play. = 15:) *What doth her beauty serve,*] i. e. what end does it answer. = 16:) *She is the hopeful lady of my earth;*] This is a Gallicism: *Fille de terre* is the French phrase for an heiress. = 17:) *My will to her consent is but a part:*] To, in this instance, signifies in comparison with, in proportion to. = 18:) *Inherit at my house;*] To inherit, in the language of Shakspeare’s age, is to possess. = 19:) *Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.*] The plantain leaf is a blood-stauncher, and was formerly applied to green wounds. = 20:) — *crush a cup of wine.*] This cant expression seems to have been once common among

low people. We still say, in cant language — *to crack a bottle*. = 21:) *Your lady's love* —] *Your lady's love* is the love you bear to your lady. = 22:) — *to my teen* —] To my sorrow. = 23:) *Nay, I do bear a brain*:] That is, I have a perfect remembrance or recollection. = 24:) — *it stinted*,] i. e. it stopped, it forbore from weeping. = 25:) — *a man of wax*.] Well made, as if he had been modelled in wax. = 26:) — *the margin of his eyes*.] The comments on ancient books were always printed in the margin. = 27:) *The fish lives in the sea*; &c.] i. e. is not yet caught. = 28:) *The date is out of such prolixity*:] Introductory speeches are out of date or fashion. = 29:) *We'll measure them a measure*,] i. e. a dance. = 30:) *Give me a torch*.] A torch-bearer seems to have been a constant appendage on every troop of masks, and was not reckoned a degrading office. = 31:) — *doth quote deformities*?] To quote is to observe. = 32:) *Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels*:] It has been already observed, that it was anciently the custom to strew rooms with *rushes*, before carpets were in use. = 33:) *I'll be a candle-holder, and look on*, —] *The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done*.] An allusion to an old proverbial saying, which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest. = 34:) *She is the fairies' midwife*:] I apprehend, and with no violence of interpretation, that by "the fairies' midwife," the poet means, *the midwife among the fairies*, because it was her peculiar employment to steal the newborn babe in the night, and to leave another in its place. The poet here uses her general appellation, and character, which yet has so far a proper reference to the present train of fiction, as that her illusions were practised on persons in bed or asleep; for she not only haunted women in child-bed, but was likewise the incubus or night-mare. Shakspeare, by employing her here, alludes at large to her midnight pranks performed on sleepers: but denominates her from the most notorious one, of her personating the drowsy midwife, who was insensibly carried away into some distant water, and substituting a new birth in the bed or cradle. It would clear the appellation to read the *fairy midwife*. The poet avails himself of Mab's appropriate province, by giving her this nocturnal agency. T. WARTON. = 35:) — *of little atomies* —] An obsolete substitute for *atoms*. = 36:) *And then dreams he of smelling out a suit*: &c.] In our author's time, a court solicitation was called, simply, a *suit*, and a process, a *suit at law*, to distinguish it from the other. = 37:) *Spanish blades*.] A sword is called a *toledo*, from the excellence of the Toletan steel. = 38:) *And bakes the elf-locks*, &c.] This was a common superstition; and seems to have had its rise from the horrid disease called the *Plica Polonica*. = 39:) — *court-cupboard*.] The *court-cupboard* perhaps served the purpose of what we call at present the *side-board*. The use which now is made of those *cupboards* is to display at public festivals the *flaggons*, *cans*, *cups*, *beakers*, and other antique silver vessels of the company, some of which, (with the names of the donors inscribed on them,) are remarkably large. = 40:) — *save me a piece of marchpane*:] *Marchpanes* were composed of filberts, almonds, pistachoes, pine-kernels, and sugar of roses, with a small proportion of flour. = 41:) *A hall! a hall!*] An exclamation signifying *make room*. = 42:) — *turn the tables up*.] Before this phrase is generally intelligible, it should be observed that ancient tables were flat leaves, joined by hinges, and placed on tressels. When they were to be removed, they were therefore *turned up*. = 43:) "It seems she hangs upon," &c. — MALONE. = 44:) — *to scath you*:] i. e. to do you an injury. = 45:) — *You are a princex; go*:] A *princex* is a coxcomb, or a spoiled child. = 46:) "unworthiest" — MALONE. = 47:) [Kissing her.] Our poet here, without doubt, copied from the mode of his own time; and kissing a lady in a public assembly, we may conclude, was not thought indecorous. = 48:) — *towards*.] *Towards* is ready at hand. = 49:) *That fair*.] *Fair*, it has been already observed, was formerly used as a substantive, and was synonymous to beauty. Mr. Malone reads "for which love groan'd for." =

ACT II. = 1:) "pronounce but —" MALONE. = 2:) *When king Cophetua*, &c.] Alluding to an old ballad preserved in the first volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. = 3:) "he stirreth not," — MALONE. = 4:) *The ape is dead*.] This phrase appears to have been frequently applied to young men, in our author's time, without any reference to the mimicry of that animal. It was an expression of tenderness, like *poor fool*. = 5:) *By her high forehead*.] A high forehead was in Shakspeare's time thought eminently beautiful. = 6:) — *the humorous night*:] means humid, the moist dewy night. = 7:) Mr. Malone has thought proper to add two indecent lines here, which all other editors have omitted. = 8:) *He jests at scars*.] Mercutio, whose jests he overheard; or perhaps it is an allusion to his having conceived himself so armed with the love of Rosaline, that no other beauty could make any impression on him. = 9:) *Be not her maid*.] Be not a votary to the moon, to Diana. = 10:) — *no let* —] i. e. no stop or hinderance. = 11:) *And, but thou love me*.] And so thou do but love me. Or it may mean, *unless thou love me*. = 12:) — *cunning to be strange*.] To be *strange*, is to put on affected coldness, to appear shy. = 13:) *To lure this tassel-gentle back again*.] The *tassel* or *tiercel* (for so it should be spelt) is the male of the *goss-hawk*; so called, because it is a *tierce* or *third* less than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. =

14:) "Madam!" MALONE. = 15:) *And flecked darkness* —] *Flecked* is spotted, dappled, streaked, or variegated. = 16:) "From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:" — MALONE. = 17:) — *powerful grace*.] Efficacious virtue. = 18:) — *to the earth* —] i. e. to the inhabitants of the earth. = 19:) — *with that part* —] i. e. with the part which smells; with the olfactory nerves. = 20:) — *I stand on sudden haste*.] i. e. it is of the utmost consequence for me to be hasty. = 21:) — *the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft*:] The allusion is to archery. The clout or white mark at which the arrows are directed, was fastened by a black pin placed in the center of it. To hit this was the highest ambition of every marksman. = 22:) *More than prince of cats*.] *Tybert*, the name given to the cat, in the story-book of *Reynard the Fox*. = 23:) — *a gentleman of the very first house*, — *of the first and second cause*:] i. e. a gentleman of the first rank, of the first eminence among these duellists; and one who understands the whole science of quarrelling, and will tell you of the *first cause*, and the *second cause*, for which a man is to fight. = 24:) — *the hay*.] All the terms of the modern fencing-school were originally Italian; the rapier, or small thrusting-sword, being first used in Italy. The *hay* is the word *hai*, you have it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist, from which our fencers, on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out *ha!* = 25:) — *your French slop*.] *Slops* are large loose breeches or trousers, worn at present only by sailors. = 26:) *The slip, sir, the slip*:] In our author's time there was a counterfeit piece of money distinguished by the name of a *slip*. = 27:) — *then is my pump well flowered*.] It was the custom to wear ribbons in the shoes formed into the shape of roses, or of any other flowers. = 28:) *O single-soled jest*.] i. e. slight, unsolid, feeble. = 29:) — *if thy wits run the wild goose chase*.] One kind of horse-race, which resembled the flight of *wild-geese*, was formerly known by this name. Two horses were started together; and which ever rider could get the lead, the other was obliged to follow him over whatever ground the foremost jockey chose to go. That horse which could distance the other, won the race. = 30:) — *bitter sweeting*:] Is an apple of that name. = 31:) — *a wit of cheverel*.] *Cheverel* is soft leather for gloves. = 32:) *My fan, Peter*.] The business of *Peter* carrying the *nurse's fan*, seems ridiculous according to modern manners; but such was formerly the practice. = 33:) *God ye good den*.] i. e. God give you a good even. = 34:) — *lady, lady, lady*.] The burthen of an old song. = 35:) — *what saucy merchant was this*, &c.] The term *merchant*, which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the lowest sort of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman*; signifying that the person showed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. The term *chap*, i. e. *chapman*, a word of the same import with *merchant* in its less respectable sense, is still in common use among the vulgar, as a general denomination for any person of whom they mean to speak with freedom or disrespect. = 36:) — *of his ropery*?] *Ropery* was anciently used in the same sense as *roguery* is now. = 37:) — *none of his skains-mates*:] A *skein* or *skain* was either a knife or a short dagger. By *skains mates* the nurse means none of his loose companions who frequent the fencing-school with him, where we may suppose the exercise of this weapon was taught. = 38:) — *like a tackled stair*:] Like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship. = 39:) — *top-gallant of my joy* —] The *top-gallant* is the highest extremity of the mast of a ship. = 40:) *Too swift arrives* —] He that travels too fast is as long before he comes to the end of his journey, as he that travels slow. Precipitation produces mishap. = 41:) *A lover may bestride the gossomers* —] The *gossomer* is the long white filament which flies in the air in summer. = 42:) *Conceit*.] *Conceit* here means imagination. =

ACT III. = 1:) *The day is hot*.] It is observed, that, in Italy, almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer. = 2:) *A la stoccata* —] *Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier. = 3:) — *Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears*?] We should read *pilche*, which signifies a cloke or coat of skins, meaning the scabbard. = 4:) *This day's black fate on more days doth depend*:] This day's unhappy destiny hangs over the days yet to come. There will yet be more mischief. = 5:) — *respective lenity*.] Cool, considerate gentleness. = 6:) — *be my conduct now*.] Conduct for conductor. = 7:) — *as thou art true*.] As thou art just and upright. = 8:) *How nice* —] How slight, how unimportant, how petty. = 9:) *Affection makes him false*.] The charge of falsehood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to show, how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality. JOHNSON. = 10:) *Spread thy close curtain, love performing night!* || *That run-away's eyes may wink*; &c.] Juliet first wishes for the absence of the sun, and then invokes the night to spread its curtain close around the world: *Spread thy close curtain, love performing night!* Next, recollecting that the night would seem short to her, she speaks of it as of a *run-away*, whose flight she would wish to retard, and whose eyes she would blind, lest they should make discoveries. = 11:) — *Come, civil night*.] *Civil* is grave, decently solemn. = 12:) *Hood my unmann'd blood bating in*

my cheeks.] These are terms of falconry. An unmanned hawk is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating*, (not *baiting*, as it has hitherto been printed,) is flattering with the wings as striving to fly away. = 13:) "upon" — MALONE. = 14:) — the garish sun.] *Garish* is gaudy, showy. = 15:) — say thou but I.] In Shakspeare's time the affirmative particle *ay* was usually written *I*, and here it is necessary to retain the old spelling. = 16:) *God save the mark!*] This proverbial exclamation occurs again, with equal obscurity, in *Othello*, Act I. sc. 1. = 17:) — what tongue shall smooth thy name.] To smooth, in ancient language, is to stroke, to caress, to fondle. = 18:) *Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.*] That is, is worse than the loss of ten thousand Tybalts. = 19:) *Which modern lamentation, &c.*] i. e. trite, common. = 20:) "then banished," — MALONE. = 21:) *This is dear mercy.*] The old copies read *mere* mercy, which in ancient language signifies absolute mercy. = 22:) — More validity, || More honourable state, more courtship lives || In carrion flies, than Romeo:] *Validity* seems here to mean worth or dignity. By *courtship*, the author seems to mean, the state of a lover; that dalliance, in which he who courts or woos a lady is sometimes indulged. = 23:) *Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.*] i. e. talk over thy affairs. = 24:) *Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask, &c.*] To understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using matchlocks, instead of locks with flints as at present, were obliged to carry a lighted match hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden flask in which they kept their powder. = 25:) *And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.*] And thou torn to pieces with thine own weapons. = 26:) — here stands all your state:] The whole of your fortune depends on this. = 27:) — mew'd up —] This is a phrase from falconry. A mew was a place of confinement for hawks. = 28:) *Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender —*] *Desperate* means only bold, adventurous, as if he had said in the vulgar phrase, *I will speak a bold word, and venture to promise you my daughter.* = 29:) *Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:*] This is not merely a poetical supposition. It is observed of the nightingale, that, if undisturbed, she sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks together. = 30:) — the pale reflex —] The appearance of a cloud opposed to the moon. = 31:) *I have more care to stay —*] *Care* for inclination. = 32:) — sweet division:] *Division* seems to have been the technical phrase for the pauses or parts of a musical composition. = 33:) *Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.*] The *hunts-up* was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. But a *huntsup* also signified a morning song to a new-married woman, the day after her marriage, and is used here in that sense. = 34:) *That is renown'd for faith?*] This *Romeo*, so renown'd for faith, was but the day before dying for love of another woman: yet this is natural. *Romeo* was the darling object of Juliet's love, and *Romeo* was, of course, to have every excellence. = 35:) — procures her hither?] *Procures* for brings. = 36:) *Ay, madam, from, &c.*] Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover. JOHNSON. = 37:) — in happy time.] *A la bonne heure.* This phrase was interjected, when the hearer was not quite so well pleased as the speaker. = 38:) *The county Paris,*] *Paris*, though in one place called *earl*, is most commonly styled the *countie* in this play. Shakspeare seems to have preferred, for some reason or other, the *Italian comte* to our *count*: perhaps he took it from the old English novel, from which he is said to have taken his plot: and in which *Paris* is first styled a *young earle*, and afterwards *counte*, *countee*, *county*; according to the unsettled orthography of the time. = 39:) *I think it best you married with the county.*] The character of the nurse exhibits a just picture of those whose actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the trust reposed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the consequences of her first infidelity. STEEVENS. =

ACT IV. = 1:) *And I am nothing slow, &c.*] *His haste shall not be abated by my slowness.* = 2:) *Or shall I come to you at evening mass?*] Juliet means *vespers*. There is no such thing as *evening mass*. = 3:) *Shall be the label to another deed,*] The seals of deeds in our author's time were not impressed on the parchment itself on which the deed was written, but were appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to the deed. = 4:) *Shall play the umpire;*] That is, this knife shall decide the struggle between me and my distresses. = 5:) — commission of thy years and art —] *Commission* is for authority or power. = 6:) *If no unconstant toy, &c.*] If no fickle freak, no light caprice, no change of fancy, hinder the performance. = 7:) "Give me, give me! O tell me not of fear." — MALONE. = 8:) — go hire me twenty cunning cooks.] *Twenty cooks for half a dozen guests!* Either Capulet has altered his mind strangely, or our author forgot what he had just made him tell us. See. p. 821. = 9:) — from shrift —] i. e. from confession. = 10:) — gadding?] The primitive sense of this word was to straggle from house to house, and collect money, under pretence of singing carols to the blessed Virgin. = 11:) — becomed love —] *Becomed* for *becoming*: one participle for the other; a frequent practice with our author. = 12:) *For I have need, &c.*] Juliet plays most of her pranks under the appearance of religion: perhaps Shakspeare meant to

punish her hypocrisy. JOHNSON. = 13:) — green in earth,] i. e. fresh in earth, newly buried. = 14:) *Lies fest'ring —*] *To fester* is to corrupt. = 15:) — is it not like, that I,] This speech is confused, and inconsequential, according to the disorder of Juliet's mind. = 16:) — be distraught,] *Distraught* is distracted. = 17:) *They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.*] i. e. in the room where paste was made. So *laundry, spicery, &c.* = 18:) *The curfew bell —*] The curfew bell is universally rung at eight or nine o'clock at night; generally according to the season. The term is here used with peculiar impropriety, as it is not believed that any bell was ever rung so early as three in the morning. The derivation of *curfew* is well known, but it is a mere vulgar error that the institution was a badge of slavery imposed by the Norman Conqueror. To put out the fire became necessary only because it was time to go to bed: And if the curfew commanded all fires to be extinguished, the morning bell ordered them to be lighted again. In short, the ringing of those two bells was a manifest and essential service to people who had scarcely any other means of measuring their time. RITSON. = 19:) — a mouse-hunt in your time:] In Norfolk, and many other parts of England, the cant term for a weasel is — a mouse-hunt. The intrigues of this animal, like those of the cat kind, are usually carried on during the night. This circumstance will account for the appellation which Lady Capulet allows her husband to have formerly deserved. = 20:) Mr. Malone omits this second dead! = 21:) — O, play me some merry dump,] A dump anciently signified some kind of dance, as well as sorrow. But on this occasion it means a mournful song. Dumps were heavy mournful tunes; possibly indeed any sort of movements were once so called, as we sometimes meet with a merry dump. Hence *doleful dumps*, deep sorrow, or grievous affliction, as in the verses above, and in the less ancient ballad of *Chevy Chase*. It is still said of a person uncommonly sad, that he is in the dumps. = 22:) *No money, on my faith; but the gleeck: I will give you the minstrel.*] Shakspeare's pun has here remained unnoticed. A *Gleekman* or *Gligman*, as Dr. Percy has shown, signified a minstrel. The word *gleeck* here signifies scorn; and is borrowed from the old game so called. = 23:) — *Simon Catling?*] A *catling* was a small lute-string made of cat-gut. = 24:) — *Hugh Rebeck?*] The fiddler is so called from an instrument with three strings, which is mentioned by several of the old writers. *Rebec, rebequin.* =

ACT V. = 1:) *Act V.*] The Acts are here properly enough divided, nor did any better distribution than the editors have already made occur to me in the perusal of this play; yet it may not be improper to remark, that in the first folio, and I suppose the foregoing editions are in the same state, there is no division of the Acts, and therefore some future editor may try, whether any improvement can be made, by reducing them to a length more equal, or interrupting the action at more proper intervals. JOHNSON. = 2:) *If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,*] By the eye of sleep Shakspeare perhaps means the visual power, which a man asleep is enabled, by the aid of imagination, to exercise; or perhaps the eye of the god of sleep. = 3:) *My bosom's lord —*] These three lines are very gay and pleasing. But why does Shakspeare give *Romeo* this involuntary cheerfulness just before the extremity of unhappiness? Perhaps to show the vanity of trusting to those uncertain and casual exaltations or depressions, which many consider as certain foretokens of good and evil. JOHNSON. = 4:) *An alligator stuff'd,*] I was many years ago assured, that formerly, when an apothecary first engaged with his druggist, he was gratuitously furnished by him with these articles of show, which were then imported for that use only. I have met with the alligator, tortoise, &c. hanging up in the shop of an ancient apothecary at Limehouse, as well as in places more remote from our metropolis. See Hogarth's *Marriage Alamode*, Plate III. — It may be remarked, however, that the apothecaries dismissed their alligators, &c. some time before the physicians were willing to part with their amber headed canes and solemn periwigs. STEEVENS. = 5:) *An if a man, &c.*] This phraseology, which means simply — *If*, was not unfrequent in Shakspeare's time and before. = 6:) *One of our order, to associate me,*] Each friar has always a companion assigned him by the superior when he asks leave to go out; and thus they are a cheek upon each other. = 7:) — was not nice,] i. e. was not written on a trivial or idle subject. = 8:) — dear employment:] That is, action of importance. Gems were supposed to have great powers and virtues. = 9:) *I do defy thy conjurations,*] *Paris* conceived *Romeo* to have burst open the monument for no other purpose than to do some villainous shame on the dead bodies, such as witches are reported to have practised; and therefore tells him he defies him, and the magic arts which he suspects he is preparing to use. But perhaps the true meaning here is, "I refuse to do as thou conjurest me to do, i. e. to depart." = 10:) *A grave? O, no; a lantern,*] A lantern may not, in this instance, signify an enclosure for a lighted candle, but a *louvre*, or what in ancient records is styled *lanternium*, i. e. a spacious round or octagonal turret full of windows, by means of which cathedrals, and sometimes halls, are illuminated. = 11:) — presence —] A presence is a public room. = 12:) — by a dead man interr'd.] *Romeo* being now determined to put an end to his life, considers himself as already dead. =

13:) — O, how may I || *Call this a lightning?*] Romeo had, just before, been in high spirits, a symptom, which he observes, was sometimes called a *lightning* before death: but how, says he, (for no situation can exempt Shakspeare's characters from the vice of punning) can I term this *sad and gloomy prospect a lightning?* = 14:) *A dateless bargain to engrossing death!*] *Engrossing* seems to be used here in its clerical sense. = 15:) *Come, bitter conduct,*] *Conduct* for *conductor*. = 16:) *Have my old feet stumbled at graves?*] This accident was reckoned ominous. = 17:) *Who is it, &c.*] *To consort*, is to keep company with. = 18:) *I dreamt my master and another fought,*] This is one of the touches of nature that would have escaped the hand of any painter less attentive to it than Shakspeare. What happens to a person while he is under the manifest influence of fear, will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer, book 8th, represents Rhesus dying fast asleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a sword into his bosom. Eustathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in such a condition, says Mr. Pope, awakes no further than to see confusedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a vision. = 19:) *This dagger hath mista'en, — for, lo! his house || Is empty on the back of Montague, — || And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.*] Shakspeare quaintly represents the dagger as having mistaken its place, and "it mis-sheathed," i. e. "mis-sheathed itself" in the bosom of Juliet. It appears that the dagger was anciently worn behind the back. = 20:) *I will be brief,*] It is much to be lamented, that the poet did not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew. JOHNSON. = 21:) *Have lost a brace of kinsmen:*] Mercutio and Paris: Mercutio is expressly called the prince's kinsman in Act III. sc. iv.; and that Paris also was the prince's kinsman, may be inferred from other passages. = 22:) *Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:*] This line has reference to the novel from which the fable is taken. Here we read that Juliet's female attendant was banished for concealing the marriage; Romeo's servant set at liberty because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders; the apothecary taken, tortured, condemned, and hanged; while friar Laurence was permitted to retire to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and tranquillity. STEEVENS. =

XXXVI. HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I. = 1:) *Hamlet,*] i. e. *Amleth*. The *h* transferred from the end to the beginning of the name. STEEVENS. = 2:) — *me:*] i. e. *me* who am already on the watch, and have a right to demand the watch-word. = 3:) *The rivals of my watch,*] *Rivals* for partners. = 4:) — *approve our eyes,*] He may make good the testimony of our eyes; be assured by his own experience of the truth of that which we have related, in consequence of having been eye-witnesses to it. *To approve*, in Shakspeare's age, signified to make good, or establish. = 5:) *Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.*] It has always been a vulgar notion that spirits and supernatural beings can only be spoken to with propriety or effect by persons of learning. = 6:) — *it harrows me, &c.*] *To harrow* is to conquer, to subdue. The word is of Saxon origin. = 7:) — *sledded* —] A *sled*, or *sledge*, is a carriage without wheels, made use of in the cold countries. = 8:) *He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.*] He speaks of a prince of Poland whom he slew in battle. *Polack* was, in that age, the term for an inhabitant of Poland. Mr. Malone reads *Polacks*. = 9:) — *jump at this dead hour,*] *Jump* and *just* were synonymous in the time of Shakspeare. = 10:) *In what particular thought to work,*] i. e. what particular train of thinking to follow. = 11:) — *gross and scope* —] General thoughts, and tendency at large. = 12:) *Why such impress of shipwrights,*] *Impress* signifies here the act of retaining shipwrights by giving them what was called *prest* money (from *prêt*, Fr.) for holding themselves in readiness to be employed. = 13:) — *as, by the same co-mart,*] *And carriage of the article design'd,*] *Co-mart* is supposed to mean a joint bargain, a word perhaps of our poet's coinage. *Carriage* is import: *design'd*, is formed, drawn up between them. = 14:) *Of unimproved, &c.*] *Full of unimproved mettle*, is full of spirit not regulated or guided by knowledge or experience. = 15:) *Shark'd up a list, &c.*] Picked up without distinction, as the *shark*-fish collects his prey. = 16:) *That hath a stomach in't:*] *Stomach*, in the time of our author, was used for constancy, resolution. = 17:) — *romage* —] Commonly written — *rummage*. It is not, however, certain that the word *romage* has been properly explained. *Romage*, on shipboard, must have signified a scrupulous examination into the state of the vessel and its stores. Respecting land-service, the same term implied a strict inquiry into the kingdom, that means of defence might be supplied where they were wanted. *Rummage*, is properly explained by Johnson in his dictionary, as it is at present daily used, — to search for any thing. = 18:) [*I think, &c.*] These lines, confined within crotchets, throughout this play, and some others which we have not noticed, are omitted in the folio edition of 1623. The omissions leave the play sometimes

better, and sometimes worse, and seem made only for the sake of abbreviation. JOHNSON. = 19:) *Well may it sort,*] The cause and effect are proportionate and suitable. = 20:) — *the question of these wars.*] The theme or subject. = 21:) — *palmy state of Rome,*] *Palmy* for *victorious*. = 22:) *As, stars, with trains of fire and dews of blood, || Disasters in the sun:*] This passage is not in the folio. By the quartos therefore our imperfect text is supplied; for an intermediate verse being evidently lost, it were idle to attempt a union that never was intended. I have therefore signified the supposed deficiency by a vacant space. MALONE. = 23:) — *and the moist star, &c.*] i. e. the moon. = 24:) *And even* —] Not only such prodigies have been seen in Rome, but the elements have shown our countrymen like forerunners and foretokens of violent events. = 25:) *And prologue to the omen coming on,*] i. e. the approaching dreadful and portentous event. = 26:) *If thou hast any sound,*] The speech of Horatio to the spectre is very elegant and noble, and congruous to the common traditions of the causes of apparitions. JOHNSON. = 27:) *Whether in sea, &c.*] According to the pneumatology of that time, every element was inhabited by its peculiar order of spirits, who had dispositions different, according to their various places of abode. The meaning therefore is, that all *spirits extravagant*, wandering out of their element, whether aerial spirits visiting earth, or earthly spirits ranging the air, return to their station, to their proper limits in which they are confined. = 28:) — *erring spirit* —] *Erring* is here used in the sense of *wandering*. = 29:) *No fairy takes,*] *No fairy strikes* with lameness or diseases. This sense of *take* is frequent in this author. = 30:) *Collegued with this dream of his advantage,*] This imaginary advantage, which Fortinbras hoped to derive from the unsettled state of the kingdom. = 31:) — *to suppress || His further gait herein;*] *Gate* or *gait* is here used in the northern sense, for *proceeding*, *passage*; from the A. S. verb *gac*. A *gate* for a path, passage, or street, is still current in the north. = 32:) — *more than the scope* —] More is comprized in the general design of these articles, which you may explain in a more diffused and dilated style. = 33:) — *dilated articles, &c.*] i. e. the articles when dilated. = 34:) *Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.*] *A little more than kin*, is a little more than a common relation. The king was certainly something *less than kind*, by having betrayed the mother of Hamlet into an indecent and incestuous marriage, and obtained the crown by means which he suspects to be unjustifiable. = 35:) — *veiled lids* —] With lowering eyes, cast down eyes. = 36:) — *obsequious sorrow:*] *Obsequious* is here from *obsequies*, or funeral ceremonies. = 37:) *In obstinate condolment,*] *Condolment*, for *sorrow*. = 38:) — *a will most incorrect* —] i. e. *ill-regulated*, not sufficiently regulated by a sense of duty and submission to the dispensations of Providence. = 39:) *To reason most absurd;*] *Reason* is here used in its common sense, for the faculty by which we form conclusions from arguments. = 40:) *And, with no less nobility of love,*] *Eminence and distinction of love*. = 41:) — *bend you to remain* —] i. e. subdue your inclination to go from hence, and remain, &c. = 42:) *No jocund health,*] The king's intemperance is very strongly impressed; every thing that happens to him gives him occasion to drink. = 43:) — *the king's rouse* —] i. e. the king's draught of jollity. = 44:) — *resolve itself into a dew!*] *Resolve* means the same as *dissolve*. = 45:) — *merely*] *Is entirely, absolutely*. = 46:) *Hyperion to a satyr:*] *Hyperion* or *Apollo* is represented in all the ancient statues, &c. as exquisitely beautiful, the satyrs hideously ugly. = 47:) *That he might not beteem* —] i. e. *permit*, or *suffer*. = 48:) — *I'll change that name* —] I'll be your servant, you shall be my friend. = 49:) — *what make you* —] A familiar phrase for *what are you doing*. = 50:) — *the funeral bak'd meats* —] It was anciently the general custom to give a cold entertainment to mourners at a funeral. In distant counties this practice is continued among the yeomanry. = 51:) — *dearest foe in heaven,*] *Dearest* is most immediate, consequential, important. = 52:) *Season your admiration* —] that is, temper it. = 53:) *With an attent ear;*] *Attent* for *attentive*. = 54:) *In the dead waist and middle of the night,*] This strange phrasology seems to have been common in the time of Shakspeare. By *waist* is meant nothing more than *middle*. = 55:) — *with the act of fear,*] *Fear* was the cause, the active cause that distill'd them by the force of operation which we strictly call *act* in voluntary, and *power* in involuntary agents, but popularly call *act* in both. JOHNSON. = 56:) — *wore his beaver up,*] Though *beaver* properly signified that part of the helmet which was *let down*, to enable the wearer to drink, Shakspeare always uses the word as denoting that part of the helmet, which, when raised up, exposed the face of the wearer: and such was the popular signification of the word in his time. = 57:) *The perfume and suppliance of a minute;*] i. e. what was supplied to us for a minute; or, perhaps, an amusement to fill up a vacant moment, and render it agreeable. = 58:) *In thews,*] i. e. in sinews, muscular strength. = 59:) *And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch || The virtue of his will:*] From *eucata*, which signifies only a prudent foresight, or caution; but, passing through French hands, it lost its innocence, and now signifies *fraud*, *deceit*. The *virtue of his will* means, his *virtuous intentions*. = 60:) — *unmaster'd* —] i. e. *licentious*. = 61:) — *keep you in the rear, &c.*] That is, do not advance so far as your affection would lead you. = 62:) *The chariest maid* —] *Chary* is cautious. = 63:) — *recks not his own read.*] That is, heeds not his own lessons. = 64:) —

the shoulder of your sail,] This is a common sea phrase. = 65:) Look thou character.] i. e. write, strongly infix. = 66:) But do not dull thy palm with entertainment || Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.] The literal sense is, Do not make thy palm callous by shaking every man by the hand. The figurative meaning may be, Do not by promiscuous conversation make thy mind insensible to the difference of characters. JOHNSON. = 67:) — each man's censure,] Censure is opinion. = 68:) Are most select and generous, chief in that.] i. e. the nobility of France are select and generous above all other nations, and chiefly in the point of apparel; the richness and elegance of their dress. Mr. Malone reads, "Are of a most select and generous chief, in that." = 69:) — of husbandry.] i. e. of thrift; economical prudence. = 70:) — my blessing season this in thee.] Infix it in such a manner as that it never may wear out. = 71:) — servants tend.] i. e. your servants are waiting for you. = 72:) — yourself shall keep the key of it.] i. e. your counsels are as sure of remaining locked up in my memory, as if yourself carried the key of it. = 73:) Unsifted —] Unsifted for untried. Untried signifies either not tempted, or not refined; unsifted signifies the latter only, though the sense requires the former. = 74:) — Tender yourself more dearly;] To tender is to regard with affection. = 75:) — fashion you may call it;] She uses fashion for manner, and he for a transient practice. = 76:) Set your entreatments —] i. e. the objects of entreaty; the favours for which lovers sue. = 77:) Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers —] A broker in old English meant a bawd or pimp. = 78:) Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,] i. e. bonds or engagements of love. = 79:) — an eager air.] That is, a sharp air, *aigre*, Fr. = 80:) — takes his rouse,] A rouse is a large dose of liquor, a debauch. = 81:) Keeps wassel,] i. e. devotes the night to jollity. = 82:) — the swaggering up-spring —] The blustering upstart. = 83:) This heavy-headed revel, east and west,] This heavy-headed revel makes us traduced east and west, and taxed of other nations. = 84:) The pith and marrow of our attribute.] The most valuable part of the praise that would be otherwise attributed to us. = 85:) — complexion,] i. e. humour; as sanguine, melancholy, phlegmatic, &c. = 86:) — that too much o'er-leavens || The form of plausible manners;] That intermingles too much with their manners; infects and corrupts them. Plausible, in our poet's age signified gracious, pleasing, popular. = 87:) — fortune's star,] The word *star* in the text signifies a scar of that appearance. It is a term of *farriery*: the white star or mark so common on the forehead of a dark coloured horse, is usually produced by making a scar on the place. RITSON. = 88:) As infinite as man may undergo,] As large as can be accumulated upon man. = 89:) — often dout,] To *dout*, signified in Shakspeare's time, and yet signifies in Devonshire and other western counties, to do out, to efface, to extinguish. The commentators, however, have not made sense of this passage, which Malone gives thus, equally unintelligibly: — "The dram of eale || Doth all the noble substance of a doubt, || To his own scandal." = 90:) — questionable shape,] Questionable means here propitious to conversation, easy and willing to be conversed with. = 91:) — tell, || Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death, || Have burst their cerements!] Hamlet, amazed, at an apparition, which, though in all ages credited, has in all ages been considered as the most wonderful and most dreadful operation of supernatural agency, enquires of the spectre, in the most emphatic terms, why he breaks the order of nature, by returning from the dead; this he asks in a very confused circumlocution, confounding in his fright the soul and body. Why, says he, have thy bones, which with due ceremonies have been entombed in death, in the common state of departed mortals, burst the folds in which they were embalmed? Why has the tomb, in which we saw thee quietly laid, opened his mouth, that mouth which, by its weight and stability, seemed closed for ever? The whole sentence is this: *Why dost thou appear, whom we know to be dead?* JOHNSON. = 92:) — in complete steel,] It is probable, that Shakspeare introduced his ghost in armour, that it might appear more solemn by such a discrimination from the other characters; though it was really the custom of the Danish kings to be buried in that manner. = 93:) — to shake our disposition,] Disposition, for frame. = 94:) — a more removed ground:] i. e. remote. = 95:) — pin's fee;] The value of a pin. = 96:) That beetles o'er his base —] That hangs o'er his base, like what is called a beetle brow. A verb probably of our author's coinage. = 97:) — deprive your sovereignty of reason,] i. e. your ruling power of reason. When poets wish to invest any quality or virtue with uncommon splendour, they do it by some allusion to regal eminence. = 98:) — puts toys of desperation,] Toys, for whims. = 99:) — that lets me:] To let among our old authors signifies to prevent, to hinder. It is still a word current in the law, and to be found in almost all leases. = 100:) And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed || That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,] Shakspeare, apparently through ignorance, makes Roman Catholics of these Pagan Danes; and here gives a description of purgatory; but yet mixes it with the Pagan fable of Lethe's wharf. Mr. Malone reads "roots itself." = 101:) — mine orchard,] Orchard for garden. = 102:) With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,] The word here used was more probably designed for a *metathesis*, either of the poet or transcriber, for *hebenon*, that is, *henbane*; of which the most common kind (*hyoscyamus niger*) is certainly narcotic,

and perhaps, if taken in a considerable quantity, might prove poisonous. = 103:) — at once despatch'd:] Despatch'd, for bereft. = 104:) Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;] Unhousel'd is without having received the sacrament. Disappointed, as Dr. Johnson observes, "is the same as unappointed, and may be properly explained unprepared. A man well furnished with things necessary for an enterprize, was said to be well appointed." Unanel'd is without extreme unction. = 105:) — pale his uneffectual fire:] Fire that is no longer seen when the light of morning approaches. = 106:) — this distracted globe,] i. e. in this head confused with thought. = 107:) My tables,] Table-books in the time of our author appear to have been used by all ranks of people. In the church they were filled with short notes of the sermon, and at the theatre with the sparkling sentences of the play. = 108:) — Now to my word;] Hamlet alludes to the watch-word given every day in military service, which at this time he says is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.* = 109:) — come, bird, come.] This is the call which falconers use to their hawk in the air, when they would have him come down to them. = 110:) "This not to do, swear;" — MALONE. = 111:) Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!] The skill displayed in Shakspeare's management of his ghost, is too considerable to be overlooked. He has rivetted our attention to it by a succession of forcible circumstances: — by the previous report of the terrified centinels, — by the solemnity of the hour at which the phantom walks, — by its martial stride and discriminating armour, visible only *per incertam lunam*, by the glimpses of the moon, — by its long taciturnity, — by its preparation to speak, when interrupted by the morning cock, — by its mysterious reserve throughout its first scene with Hamlet, — by his resolute departure with it, and the subsequent anxiety of his attendants, — by its conducting him to a solitary angle of the platform, — by its voice from beneath the earth, — and by its unexpected burst on us in the closet. Hamlet's late interview with the spectre, must in particular be regarded as a stroke of dramatic artifice. The phantom might have told his story in the presence of the officers and Horatio, and yet have rendered itself as inaudible to them, as afterwards to the queen. But suspense was our poet's object; and never was it more effectually created, than in the present instance. Six times has the royal semblance appeared, but till now has been withheld from speaking. For this event we have waited with impatient curiosity, unaccompanied by lassitude, or remitted attention. The ghost in this tragedy, is allowed to be the genuine product of Shakspeare's strong imagination. When he afterwards avails himself of traditional phantoms, as in *Julius Caesar* and *King Richard III.*, they are but efficacious pageants; nay, the apparition of Banquo is a mute exhibitor. Perhaps our poet despaired to equal the vigour of his early conceptions on the subject of preternatural beings, and therefore allotted them no further eminence in his dramas; or was unwilling to diminish the power of his principal shade, by an injudicious repetition of congenial images. STEEVENS. =

ACT II. = 1:) — Danskers —] Danske is the ancient name of Denmark. = 2:) — another scandal —] i. e. a very different and more scandalous failing, namely, habitual incontinency. = 3:) That's not my meaning:] That is not what I mean when I permit you to accuse him of drabbing. = 4:) A savageness —] Savageness for wildness. = 5:) Of general assault.] i. e. such as youth in general is liable to. = 6:) — prenominate crimes,] i. e. crimes already named. = 7:) — in yourself.] In your own person, not by spies. = 8:) — Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;] Down gyved means hanging down like the loose cincture which confines the fetters round the ancles. = 9:) — all his bulk,] i. e. all his body. = 10:) "help," — MALONE. = 11:) — foredoes itself,] To foredo is to destroy. = 12:) I had not quoted him:] i. e. observed him. = 13:) — it is as proper to our age, &c.] This is not the remark of a weak man. The vice of age is too much suspicion. Men long accustomed to the wiles of life cast commonly beyond themselves, let their cunning go farther than reason can attend it. This is always the fault of a little mind, made artful by long commerce with the world. JOHNSON. = 14:) This must be known; which, being kept close, might move || More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.] i. e. this must be made known to the king, for (being kept secret) the hiding Hamlet's love might occasion more mischief to us from him and the queen, than the uttering or revealing of it will occasion hate and resentment from Hamlet. = 15:) To show us so much gentry,] Gentry, for complaisance. = 16:) For the supply, &c.] That the hope which your arrival has raised may be completed by the desired effect. JOHNSON. = 17:) — in the full bent,] The full bent, is the utmost extremity of exertion. The allusion is to a bow bent as far as it will go. = 18:) — the trail of policy —] The trail is the course of an animal pursued by the scent. = 19:) — the fruit —] The desert after the meat. = 20:) — borne in hand,] i. e. deceived, imposed on. = 21:) To give the assay —] To take the assay was a technical expression, originally applied to those who tasted wine for princes and great men. = 22:) My liege, and madam, to expostulate —] To expostulate, for to enquire or discuss. WARBURTON makes the character of Polonius, a character only of manners, discriminated by properties superficial, accidental, and acquired. The poet intended a nobler delineation of a mixed character of manners and of

nature. Polonius is a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident in his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is truly represented as designed to ridicule the practice of those times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained. This part of his character is accidental, the rest is natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his repositories of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel; but as the mind in its enfeebled state cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to sudden dereliction of his faculties, he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and falls again into his former train. This idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom, will solve all the phenomena of the character of Polonius. JOHNSON. = 23:) — *more above,* is, *moreover, besides.* = 24:) *If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;* || *Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;* || *Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;* || *What might you think?* i. e. if either I had conveyed intelligence between them, and been the confident of their amours [*play'd the desk, or table-book*]; or had connived at it, only observed them in secret, without acquainting my daughter with my discovery [*giving my heart a mute and dumb working*]; or lastly, been negligent in observing the intrigue, and overlooked it [*look'd upon this love with idle sight*]; or concealed it; what would you have thought of me? = 25:) “*prescripts gave her,*” — MALONE. = 26:) *Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;* She took the fruits of advice when she obeyed advice, the advice was then made fruitful. = 27:) *I'll board him* — i. e. accost, address him. = 28:) “*should be*” — MALONE. = 29:) *How pregnant, &c.* Pregnant is ready, dexterous, apt. = 30:) *Rosencrantz* — There was an ambassador of that name in England about the time when this play was written. = 31:) *Then are our beggars, bodies;* Shakspeare seems here to design a ridicule of those declamations against wealth and greatness, that seem to make happiness consist in poverty. = 32:) — *too dear, a halfpenny.* i. e. a halfpenny too dear: they are worth nothing. = 33:) *Nay, then I have an eye of you;* An eye of you means, I have a glimpse of your meaning. = 34:) “*faculty!*” — MALONE. = 35:) — *lenten entertainment* — i. e. sparing, like the entertainments given in *Lent*. = 36:) — *we coted them on the way;* To cote is to overtake. = 37:) — *the lady shall say her mind, &c.* The lady shall mar the measure of the verse, rather than not express herself freely or fully. = 38:) *How chances it, they travel?* To travel in Shakspeare's time was the technical word, for which we have substituted to *stroll*. = 39:) — *an airy of children, &c.* Relating to the playhouses then contending, the *Bank-side*, the *Fortune*, &c. played by the children of his majesty's chapel. = 40:) — *little eyases, that cry out on the top of question,* Little eyases; i. e. young nestlings, creatures just out of the egg. The meaning seems to allude to boys who ask a common question in the highest note of the voice, and declaim in common conversation. = 41:) — *escoted?* Paid. From the French *escot*, a shot or reckoning. = 42:) — *Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing?* Will they follow the profession of players no longer than they keep the voices of boys, and sing in the choir? = 43:) — *their writers do them wrong, &c.* I should have been very much surprised if I had not found Ben Jonson among the writers here alluded to. STEEVENS. = 44:) — *to tarre them on to controversy;* To provoke any animal to rage, is to tarre him. The word is said to come from the Greek word *ταρσος*. = 45:) — *Hercules and his load too.* The allusion may be to the *Globe* playhouse on the Bankside, the sign of which was *Hercules carrying the globe*. = 46:) *It is not very strange: for my uncle* — I do not wonder that the new players have so suddenly risen to reputation, my uncle supplies another example of the facility with which honour is conferred upon new claimants. JOHNSON. = 47:) — *in little.* i. e. in miniature. = 48:) — *let me comply, &c.* To comply is apparently used in the sense of — to compliment. = 49:) — *I know a hawk from a hand-saw.* A proverbial speech. = 50:) — *For the law of writ,* Writ, for writing, composition. = 51:) Why, *As by lot, God wot, — &c.* The old song from which these quotations are taken has a place in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. = 52:) — *the pious chanson* — The pious chansons were a kind of Christmas carols, containing some scriptural history thrown into loose rhymes, and sung about the streets by the common people when they went at that season to solicit alms. Hamlet is here repeating some scraps from a song of this kind, and when Polonius enquires what follows them, he refers him to the first row (i. e. division) of one of these, to obtain the information he wanted. = 53:) — *my abridgment* — He calls the players afterwards the *brief chronicles of the times*; but I think he now means only those who will shorten my talk. JOHNSON. = 54:) — *thy face is valanced* — i. e. fringed with a beard. The valance is the fringes or drapery hanging round the tester of a bed. = 55:) — *to beard me* — To beard, anciently signified to set at defiance. = 56:) — *by the altitude of a chopine.* A chopine is a high shoe, or rather, a clog,

worn by the Italians. = 57:) — *be not cracked within the ring.* That is, cracked too much for use. This is said to a young player who acted the parts of women. = 58:) — *caviare to the general;* Caviare is a Russian delicacy made of the roe of the sturgeon. The general, the common people. = 59:) — *cried in the top of mine,* Were higher than mine. = 60:) — *indite the author of affection;* i. e. convict the author of being a fantastical affected writer. = 61:) — *an honest method,* Honest, for chaste. = 62:) *Now is he total gules;* Gules is a term in the barbarous jargon peculiar to heraldry, and signifies red. = 63:) — *trick'd* — i. e. smeared, painted. An heraldic term. = 64:) — *the mobled queen* — Mobled or mabled signifies veiled; or according to Johnson, huddled, grossly covered. = 65:) *With bisson rheum;* Bisson or beesen, i. e. blind. A word still in use in some parts of the north of England. = 66:) — *the cue for passion,* The hint, the direction. This phrase is theatrical, and occurs at least a dozen times in our author's plays. = 67:) *Like John a dreams,* John a-dreams, i. e. of dreams, means only John the dreamer; a nickname for any ignorant silly fellow. = 68:) — *unpregnant of my cause,* Not quickened with a new desire of vengeance; not teeming with revenge. = 69:) *A damn'd defeat was made.* Defeat, for destruction. = 70:) — *kindless* — Unnatural. = 71:) — *About my brains!* Wits, to your work. Brain, go about the present business. = 72:) — *tent him* — Search his wounds. = 73:) — *if he do blench,* If he shrink, or start. = 74:) *More relative than this:* More nearly related, closely connected. =

ACT III. = 1:) — *o'er-raught on the way;* O'er-raught is over-reached, that is, over-took. = 2:) *Alfront Ophelia;* To affront, is only to meet directly. = 3:) — *espials* — i. e. spies. = 4:) *'Tis too much prov'd,* It is found by too frequent experience. = 5:) — *more ugly to the thing that helps it,* That is, compared with the thing that helps it. = 6:) — *shuffled off this mortal coil,* i. e. turmoil, bustle. = 7:) — *There's the respect,* i. e. the consideration. = 8:) — *the whips and scorns of time,* It may be remarked, that Hamlet, in his enumeration of miseries, forgets, whether properly or not, that he is a prince, and mentions many evils to which inferior stations only are exposed. JOHNSON. = 9:) — *might his quietus make* || *With a bare bodkin?* The first expression probably alluded to the writ of discharge, which was formerly granted to those barons and knights who personally attended the king on any foreign expedition; and were therefore exempted from the claims of scutage, or a tax on every knight's fee. This discharge was called a *quietus*. A *bodkin* was the ancient term for a small dagger. = 10:) — *Nymph, in thy orisons, &c.* This is a touch of nature. Hamlet, at the sight of Ophelia, does not immediately recollect that he is to personate madness, but makes her an address grave and solemn, such as the foregoing meditation excited in his thoughts. JOHNSON. = 11:) *“your honesty should”* — MALONE. = 12:) — *into his likeness;* The modern editors read *its likeness*; but the text is right. Shakspeare and his contemporaries frequently use the personal for the neutral pronoun. = 13:) — *with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in,* To put a thing into thought, is to think on it. = 14:) — *make your wantonness your ignorance;* You mistake by wanton affectation, and pretend to mistake by ignorance. = 15:) — *the mould of form,* The model by whom all endeavoured to form themselves. JOHNSON. = 16:) — *with ecstasy;* The word *ecstasy* was anciently used to signify some degree of alienation of mind. = 17:) — *be round with him;* Reprimand him with freedom. = 18:) — *periwig-pated* — This is a ridicule on the quantity of false hair worn in Shakspeare's time; for wigs were not in common use till the reign of Charles II. = 19:) — *the groundlings;* In our early play-houses the pit had neither floor nor benches. Hence the term of *groundlings* for those who frequented it. = 20:) — *Termagant;* Termagant (says Dr. Percy) is the name given in the old romances to the god of the Sarazens; in which he is constantly linked with Mahound, or Mohammed. = 21:) — *out-herods Herod;* The character of Herod, in the ancient mysteries, was always a violent one. = 22:) — *pressure.* Resemblance as in a print. = 23:) — *the censure of which one,* The meaning is, “the censure of one of which.” = 24:) — *in your allowance,* In your approbation. = 25:) — *speak no more than is set down for them;* The clown very often addressed the audience, in the middle of the play, and entered into a contest of raillery and sarcasm with such of the audience as chose to engage with him. It is to this absurd practice that Shakspeare alludes. = 26:) — *the pregnant hinges of the knee,* I believe the sense of pregnant in this place, is, quick, ready, prompt. JOHNSON. = 27:) *Whose blood and judgment* — According to the doctrine of the four humours, desire and confidence were seated in the blood, and judgment in the phlegm, and the due mixture of the humours made a perfect character. JOHNSON. = 28:) — *Fulcan's stithy.* Stithy is a smith's anvil. = 29:) — *nor mine now.* A man's words, says the proverb, are his own no longer than he keeps them unspoken. = 30:) — *at Ophelia's Feet.* To lie at the feet of a mistress during any dramatic representation, seems to have been a common act of gallantry. = 31:) — *Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.* Nay then, says Hamlet, if my father be so long dead as you say, let the devil wear black; as for me, so far from wearing a mourn-

ing dress, I'll wear the most costly and magnificent suit that can be procured: *a suit trimmed with sables*; which in our poet's time was the richest dress worn in England. = 32:) — *suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse*:] Amongst the country May-games, there was an hobby-horse, which, when the puritanical humour of those times opposed and discredited these games, was brought by the poets and ballad-makers as an instance of the ridiculous zeal of the sectaries; from these ballads Hamlet quotes a line or two. WARBURTON. = 33:) — *The dumb Show follows*.] And appears to contain every circumstance of the murder of Hamlet's father. Now there is no apparent reason why the usurper should not be as much affected by this mute representation of his crimes, as he is afterwards when the same action is accompanied by words. = 34:) *Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief*.] The word *miching* is daily used in the west of England for *playing truant*, or skulking about in private for *some sinister purpose*; and *malicho*, inaccurately written for *malheco*, signifies *mischief*! so that *miching malicho* is *mischief on the watch for opportunity*. = 35:) — *Be not you ashamed to show, &c.*] The conversation of Hamlet with Ophelia, which cannot fail to disgust every modern reader, is probably such as was peculiar to the young and fashionable of the age of Shakspeare, which was, by no means, the age of delicacy. The poet is, however, blameable: for extravagance of thought, not indecency of expression, is the characteristic of madness, at least of such madness as should be represented on the scene. STEEVENS. = 36:) — *cart*.] A chariot was anciently so called. = 37:) — *sheen*.] Splendour, lustre. JOHNSON. = 38:) — *operant powers*.] *Operant* is active. = 39:) *The instances*.] *The motives*. = 40:) — *what to ourselves is debt*:] The performance of a resolution, in which only the *resolver* is interested, is a debt only to himself which he may therefore remit at pleasure. = 41:) *Their own enactures with themselves destroy*:] What grief or joy *enact* or determine in their violence, is revoked in their abatement. *Enactures* is the word in the quarto; all the modern editions have *enactors*. JOHNSON. = 42:) *An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope*:] May my whole liberty and enjoyment be to live on hermit's fare in a prison. *Anchor* is for *anchoret*. JOHNSON. = 43:) *The mouse-trap*.] He calls it the *mouse-trap*, because it is — “— the thing || In which he'll catch the conscience of the king.” = 44:) *Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, &c.*] It appears from Decker's *Gul's Hornbrooke*, that feathers were much worn on the stage in Shakspeare's time. = 45:) — *turn Turk with me*.] This means to change condition fantastically. = 46:) — *Provencial roses on my razed shoes*.] *Provencial*, or (with the French) *Provençal*. He means roses of *Provence*, a beautiful species of rose, much cultivated; but Mr. Malone reads *Provincial*, from *Provins* in France. *Razed shoes* may mean *slashed shoes*, i. e. with cuts or openings in them. The poet might have written *raised shoes*, i. e. shoes with *high heels*; such as by adding to the stature, are supposed to increase the dignity of a player. = 47:) — *a cry of players*.] Allusion to a pack of hounds, which was once called a *cry* of hounds. = 48:) *Ham. A whole one, I*.] The actors in our author's time had not annual salaries as at present. The whole receipts of each theatre were divided into shares, of which the proprietors of the theatre, or *house-keepers*, as they were called, had some; and each actor had one or more shares, or part of a share, according to his merit. = 49:) — *O Damon dear*.] Hamlet calls Horatio by this name, in allusion to the celebrated friendship between *Damon* and *Pythias*. = 50:) *Why then, belike*.] Hamlet was going on to draw the consequence, when the courtiers entered. JOHNSON. = 51:) — *he likes it not, perdy*.] *Perdy* is the corruption of *par Dieu*, and is not uncommon in the old plays. = 52:) *With drink, sir?*] Hamlet takes particular care that his uncle's love of drink shall not be forgotten. = 53:) — *further trade*.] Further business; further dealing. = 54:) — *by these pickers, &c.*] By these hands. = 55:) — *the proverb is something musty*.] The remainder of this old proverb is — “*While grass doth growe, the silly horse he starves*.” Hamlet means to intimate, that whilst he is waiting for the succession to the throne of Denmark, he may himself be taken off by death. = 56:) — *Recorders*.] i. e. a kind of flute, or flageolet. = 57:) — *To withdraw with you*:] Here Mr. Malone adds the following stage direction: [*Taking Guildenstern aside*.] But these obscure words may refer to some gesture which Guildenstern had used, and which, at first, was interpreted by Hamlet into a signal for him to attend the speaker into another room. “*To withdraw with you?*” (says he) *Is that your meaning?* But finding his friends continue to move mysteriously about him, he adds, with some resentment, a question more easily intelligible. STEEVENS. = 58:) — *ventages*.] The holes of a flute. = 59:) — *They fool me to the top of my bent*.] They compel me to play the fool, till I can endure it no longer. = 60:) — *be shent*.] *To shend*, is to reprove harshly, to treat with rough language. = 61:) *To give them seals*.] i. e. put them in execution. = 62:) *Out of his lunes*.] i. e. his madness, frenzy. Mr. Malone reads *lunacies*. = 63:) *Behind the arras I'll convey myself*.] The arras hangings in Shakspeare's time, were hung at such a distance from the walls, that a person might easily stand behind them unperceived. = 64:) — *of vantage*.] By some opportunity of secret observation. = 65:) *Though inclination be as sharp as will*:] What the king means to say, is, “*That though he was not only willing to pray, but strongly inclined to it, yet his*

intention was defeated by his guilt.” = 66:) *May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?*] He that does not amend what can be amended, *retains* his offence. The king kept the crown from the right heir. JOHNSON. = 67:) *Yet what can it, when one can not repent?*] *What* can repentance do for a man that cannot be penitent, for a man who has only part of penitence, distress of conscience, without the other part, resolution of amendment? JOHNSON. = 68:) *O limed soul*:] This alludes to *bird-lime*. = 69:) — *That would be scann'd*:] i. e. that should be considered, estimated. = 70:) *Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid heat*:] *To hent* is used by Shakspeare for to *seize*, to *catch*, to *lay hold on*. *Hent* is, therefore, *hold*, or *seizure*. *Lay hold on him*, sword, at a more horrid time. = 71:) *As hell, whereto it goes*.] This speech, in which Hamlet, represented as a virtuous character, is not content with taking blood for blood, but contrives damnation for the man that he would punish, is too horrible to be read or to be uttered. JOHNSON. This speech of Hamlet's, as Johnson observes, is horrible indeed; yet some moral may be extracted from it, as all his subsequent calamities were owing to this savage refinement of revenge. M. MASON. = 72:) — *I'll silence me e'en here*.] i. e. *I'll use no more words*. = 73:) Queen. *As kill a king*:] This exclamation may be considered as some hint that the queen had no hand in the murder of Hamlet's father. = 74:) — *from the body of contraction*.] *Contraction* for *marriage contract*. = 75:) — *and thunders in the index*:] Bullokar in his *Expositor* 8vo. 1616, defines an *Index* by “*A table in a booke*.” The table was almost always prefixed to the books of our poet's age. Indexes, in the sense in which we now understand the word, were very uncommon. = 76:) *Look here, upon this picture, and on this*:] It is evident from the following words, “*A station, like the herald Mercury*,” &c. that these pictures which are introduced as miniatures on the stage, were meant for whole-lengths, being part of the furniture of the queen's closet. = 77:) *A station like the herald Mercury, &c.*] *Station*, in this instance, does not mean the spot where any one is placed, but the act of standing. = 78:) — *batten*.] i. e. to grow fat. *Bat* is an ancient word for *increase*. = 79:) — *Sense, sure, you have, || Else, could you not have motion*:] *Sense* is sometimes used by Shakspeare for sensation or sensual appetite: as *motion* is the effect produced by the impulse of nature. = 80:) — *at hoodman-blind*:] Probably the same as *blindman's-buff*. = *) *Could not so mope*.] i. e. could not exhibit such marks of stupidity. = 81:) *If thou canst mutine, &c.*] *To mutine*, was the ancient term, signifying to rise in *mutiny*. = 82:) — *grained*.] Died in grain, or perhaps, indented. = 83:) *As will not leave their tinct*.] *To leave* is to part with, give up, resign. = 84:) — *enseamed bed*:] i. e. *greasy bed*. = 85:) — *vice of kings*:] A low mimic of kings. The vice is the fool of a farce; from whence the modern *punch* is descended. = 86:) *A king || Of shreds and patches*:] This is said, pursuing the idea of the *vice of kings*. The *vice* was dressed as a fool, in a coat of party-coloured patches. = 87:) — *laps'd in time and passion*.] That, having suffer'd time to slip, and passion to cool, let's go, &c. = 88:) *Conceit in weakest bodies*.] *Conceit* for *imagination*. = 89:) — *like life in excrescents*.] Not only the hair of animals having neither life nor sensation was called an *excrement*, but the feathers of birds had the same appellation. = 90:) *Would make them capable*.] *Capable* here signifies *intelligent*; endued with understanding. = 91:) *My stern effects*:] *Effects* for actions; deeds effected. = 92:) — *do not spread the compost, &c.*] Do not, by any new indulgence, heighten your former offences. = 93:) — *curb*.] That is, *bend* and *truckle*; Fr. *courber*. = 94:) *To punish me with this, and this with me*.] To punish me by making me the instrument of this man's death, and to punish this man by my hand. = 95:) *Let the bloat king*.] This again hints at his intemperance. He had already drank himself into a drowsy. BLACKSTONE. = 96:) — *his mouse*:] *Mouse* was once a term of endearment. = 97:) — *reechy kisses*.] *Reechy* is smoky. The author meant to convey a coarse idea, and was not very scrupulous in his choice of an epithet. = 98:) — *a gib*.] *Gib* was a common name for a cat. = 99:) *To try conclusions*.] i. e. experiments. = 100:) *I must to England*:] Shakspeare does not inform us how Hamlet came to know that he was to be sent to England. Rosecrantz and Guildenstern were made acquainted with the king's intentions for the first time in the very last scene; and they do not appear to have had any communication with the prince since that time. = 101:) — *adders fang'd*.] That is, adders with their fangs or poisonous teeth, undrawn. = 102:) *Hoist, &c.*] *Hoist* for *hoised*; as *past* for *passed*. = 103:) *When in one line two crafts directly meet*.] Still alluding to a *countermine*. = 104:) *Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you*:] Shakspeare has been unfortunate in his management of the story of this play, the most striking circumstances of which arise so early in its formation, as not to leave him room for a conclusion suitable to the importance of its beginning. After this last interview with the ghost, the character of Hamlet has lost all its consequence. STEEVENS. =

ACT IV. = 1:) *Act IV*.] This play is printed in the old editions without any separation of the Acts. The division is modern and arbitrary; and is here not very happy, for the pause is made at a time when there is more continuity of action than in almost any other of the scenes. JOHNSON.

=2:) "and cries," — MALONE. = 3:) — *out of haunt*,] i. e. out of company. = 4:) *Among a mineral* —] *Minerals* are mines. = 5:) — *cannon to his blank*,] The *blank* was the white mark at which shot or arrows were directed. = 6:) — *like an ape*,] i. e. as an ape does an apple. = 7:) — *Hide fox, &c.*] There is a play among children, called *Hide fox*, and *all after*. = 8:) — *go a progress* —] Alluding to the royal journeys of state always styled *progresses*; a familiar idea to those who, like our author, lived during the reigns of queen Elizabeth and king James I. = 9:) — *the wind at help*,] i. e. at hand, ready. = 10:) — *thou may'st not coldly set* —] i. e. set at nought. = 11:) *How'er my haps*,] i. e. whatever befall me. = 12:) — *in his eye*,] i. e. in his presence. The phrase appears to have been formulaic. = 13:) — *chief good, and market of his time, &c.*] If his highest good, and that for which he sells his time, be to sleep and feed. = 14:) — *large discourse*,] Such latitude of comprehension, such power of reviewing the past, and anticipating the future. = 15:) — *some craven scruple* —] Some cowardly scruple. = 16:) — *Rightly to be great, || Is, not to stir without, &c.*] But then, honour is an argument, or subject of debate, sufficiently great, and when honour is at stake, we must find cause of quarrel in a straw. = 17:) — *a plot* —] A piece, or portion. = 18:) — *continent*,] Continent, in our author, means that which comprehends or encloses. = 19:) *Spurns enviously at straws*,] Envy is much oftener put by our poet (and those of his time) for direct aversion, than for malignity conceived at the sight of another's excellence or happiness. = 20:) — *to collection*,] i. e. to deduce consequences from such premises; or, as Mr. M. Mason observes, "endeavour to collect some meaning from them." = 21:) — *they aim at it*,] To aim is to guess. = 22:) *Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily*,] i. e. though her meaning cannot be certainly collected, yet there is enough to put a mischievous interpretation to it. = 23:) — *to some great amiss*,] Shakspeare is not singular in his use of this word as a substantive. Each toy is, each trifle. = 24:) *How should I your true love, &c.*] There is no part of this play, in its representation on the stage, more pathetic than this scene; which, I suppose, proceeds from the utter insensibility Ophelia has to her own misfortunes. A great sensibility, or none at all, seems to produce the same effect. In the latter the audience supply what she wants, and with the former they sympathize. Sir J. REYNOLDS. = 25:) *By his cockle hat and staff, || And his sandal shoon*,] This is the description of a pilgrim. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love-intrigues were carried on under that mask. Hence the old ballads and novels made pilgrimages the subjects of their plots. The cockle-shell hat was one of the essential badges of this vocation: for the chief places of devotion being beyond sea, or on the coasts, the pilgrims were accustomed to put cockle-shells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion. = 26:) *Larded* —] The expression is taken from cookery. = 27:) *Well, Godfield you!*] i. e. Heaven reward you! = 28:) — *the owl was a baker's daughter*,] This was a legendary story. — Our Saviour being refused bread by the daughter of a baker, is described as punishing her by turning her into an owl. = 29:) — *don'd his clothes*,] To *don* is to do on, to put on; as *doff* is to do off, put off. = 30:) *And dupp'd the chamber door*,] To *dup* is to do up; to lift the latch. = 31:) *By Gis*,] Probably the contraction of some saint's name. = 32:) — *by Saint Charity*,] Saint Charity is a saint among the Roman Catholics. = 33:) *By cock*,] This is a corruption of the sacred name. = 34:) — *but greenly*,] But unskilfully; with greenness; that is, without maturity of judgment. = 35:) *In hugger-mugger to inter him*,] All the modern editions that I have consulted, give it: *In private to inter him*; — That the words now replaced are better, I do not undertake to prove; it is sufficient that they are Shakspeare's: if phraseology is to be changed as words grow uncouth by disuse, or gross by vulgarity, the history of every language will be lost; we shall no longer have the words of any author; and, as these alterations will be often unskilfully made, we shall in time have very little of his meaning. JOHNSON. = 36:) *Like to a murdering piece*,] The small cannon, which are, or were used in the fore-castle, half-deck, or steerage of a ship of war, were within the last century called *murdering-pieces*. = 37:) — *my Switzers?*] In many of our old plays, the guards attendant on kings are called *Switzers*, and that without any regard to the country where the scene lies, because the Swiss, in the time of our poet, as at present, were hired to fight the battles of other nations. = 38:) *The ocean, overpeering of his list*,] The lists are the barriers which the spectators of a tournament must not pass. In this place, it signifies boundary, i. e. the shore. = 39:) *O, this is counter*,] Hounds run counter when they trace the trail backwards. = 40:) — *unsmirched brow* —] i. e. clean, not defiled. = 41:) — *to your judgment 'pear*,] For appear. = 42:) *Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine, || It sends some precious instance of itself || After the thing it loves*,] Love (says Laërtes) is the passion by which nature is most exalted and refined; and as substances, refined and subtilised, easily obey any impulse, or follow any attraction, some part of nature, so purified and refined, flies off after the attracting object, after the thing it loves. = 43:) — *O, how the wheel becomes it! &c.*] The *wheel* means the burthen of the song, which she had just repeated, and as such was formerly used. But Mr. Malone thinks that *wheel* is here used in its ordinary sense, and that these words allude to the occupation of the

girl who is supposed to sing the song alluded to by Ophelia. = 44:) *There's rosemary, that's for remembrance*,] *Rosemary* was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings. = 45:) — *you may wear your rue with a difference*,] This seems to refer to the rules of heraldry, where the younger brothers of a family bear the same arms with a difference, or mark of distinction. There may, however, be somewhat more implied here than is expressed. You, madam, (says Ophelia to the queen) may call your RUE by its Sunday name, HERB OF GRACE, and so wear it with a difference to distinguish it from mine, which can never be any thing but merely RUE, i. e. sorrow. STEEVENS. = 46:) *Thought and affliction*,] Thought here, as in many other places, signifies melancholy. = 47:) *God 'a mercy on his soul! || And of all christian souls!*] This is the common conclusion to many of the ancient monumental inscriptions. = 48:) *No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones*,] It was the custom, in the times of our author, to hang a sword over the grave of a knight, and it is uniformly kept up to this day. Not only the sword, but the helmet, gauntlet, spurs, and tabard (i. e. a coat whereon the armorial ensigns were anciently depicted, from whence the term *coat of arms*,) are hung over the grave of every knight. = 49:) — *for the bore of the matter*,] The *bore* is the caliber of a gun, or the capacity of the barrel. The *matter* (says Hamlet) would carry heavier words. = 50:) — *the general gender* —] The common race of the people. = 51:) *Work like the spring, &c.*] The allusion here is to the quality still ascribed to the dropping-well at Knaresborough in Yorkshire. = 52:) — *if praises may go back again*,] If I may praise what has been, but is now to be found no more. = 53:) *As checking at his voyage*,] i. e. objecting to. The phrase is from falconry. = 54:) *Of the unworthiest siege*,] Of the lowest rank. *Siege*, for seat, place. = 55:) *Importing health and graveness*,] i. e. implying, denoting. = 56:) — *in your defence*,] That is, in the science of defence. = 57:) — *the scrimers* —] The fencers. From *escrimeur*, Fr.; a fencer. = 58:) — *love is begun by time*,] This is obscure. The meaning may be, love is not innate in us, and co-essential to our nature, but begins at a certain time from some external cause, and being always subject to the operations of time, suffers change and diminution. JOHNSON. = 59:) — *passages of proof*,] In transactions of daily experience. = 60:) *And then this should is like a spendthrift sigh, || That hurts by easing*,] A spendthrift sigh is a sigh that makes an unnecessary waste of the vital flame. It is a notion very prevalent, that sighs impair the strength, and wear out the animal powers. JOHNSON. = 61:) *A sword unbated*,] i. e. not blunted as foils are. = 62:) — *a pass of practice*,] Practice is often by Shakspeare, and other writers, taken for an insidious stratagem, or privy treason, a sense not incongruous to this passage, where yet it may mean a thrust for exercise; or perhaps, a favourite pass, one he has well practised in. = 63:) *It may be death*,] It is a matter of surprise, that no one of Shakspeare's numerous and able commentators has remarked, with proper warmth and detestation, the villainous assassin-like treachery of Laërtes in this horrid plot. There is the more occasion that he should be here pointed out an object of abhorrence, as he is a character we are, in some preceding parts of the play, led to respect and admire. RITSON. = 64:) *May fit us to our shape*,] May enable us to assume proper characters, and to act our part. = 65:) — *blast in proof*,] A metaphor taken from the trying or proving fire-arms or cannon, which often blast or burst in the proof. = 66:) — *I'll have preferr'd him* —] i. e. presented to him. = 67:) *If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck*,] i. e. your venom'd thrust. Stuck was a term of the fencing school. = 68:) — *liberal* —] Liberal is free-spoken, licentious in language. = 69:) *As one incapable of her own distress*,] As one having no understanding or knowledge of her danger. = 70:) *The woman will be out*,] i. e. tears will flow. =

ACT V. = 1:) — *make her grave straight*,] i. e. immediately. = 2:) — *an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform*,] Ridicule on scholastic divisions, without distinction; and of distinctions without difference. WARBURTON. = 3:) — *their even christian*,] An old English expression for fellow-christian. = 4:) *In youth, when I did love, &c.*] The three stanzas, sung here by the grave-digger, are extracted, with a slight variation, from a little poem, called *The aged Lover renounceth Love*, written by Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, but it has been since attributed to lord Vaux; and Mr. T. Warton says, that there is in the British Museum a copy of Vaux's poem, beginning, *I lothe that I did love*, with the title, "A dyttie or sonet made by the lord Vaus, in the time of the noble quene Marye, representing the image of death." The entire song is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. = 5:) — *to play at loggats with them?*] This is a game played in several parts of England even at this time. A stake is fixed into the ground; those who play, throw *loggats* or pins of wood at it, and he that is nearest the stake wins. = 6:) — *quiddits, &c.*] i. e. subtilties. = 7:) — *his quillets*,] Quillets are nice and frivolous distinctions. = 8:) — *the sconce* —] i. e. the head. = 9:) — *his double vouchers, &c.*] A recovery with double voucher is the one usually suffered, and is so denominated from two persons (the latter of whom is always the common cryer,

or some such inferior person,) being successively *voucher*, or called upon, to warrant the tenant's title. Both *finer* and *recoveries* are fictions of law, used to convert an estate tail into a fee simple. *Statutes* are (not acts of parliament, but,) *statutes-merchant* and *staple*, particular modes of *recognizance* or acknowledgment for securing *debts*, which thereby become a charge upon the party's land. *Statutes* and *recognizances* are constantly mentioned together in the covenants of a purchase deed. = 10:) — assurance in that.] A quibble is intended. Deeds, which are usually written on parchment, are called the common *assurances* of the kingdom. = 11:) — *by the card*,] i. e. we must speak with the same precision and accuracy as is observed in marking the true distances of coasts, the heights, courses, &c. in a *sea-chart*, which in our poet's time was called a *card*. = 12:) — *the age is grown so picked*,] So smart, so sharp, says Sir T. Hanmer, very properly; but there was, I think, about that time, a *picked shoe*, that is, a shoe with a long pointed toe, in fashion, to which the allusion seems likewise to be made. *Every man now is smart; and every man now is a man of fashion*. JOHNSON. = 13:) — *that young Hamlet was born*:] By this scene it appears that Hamlet was then thirty years old, and knew Yorick well, who had been dead twenty-two years. And yet in the beginning of the play he is spoken of as a *very young man*, one that designed to go back to school, i. e. to the university of Wittenberg. The poet in the fifth Act had forgot what he wrote in the first. BLACKSTONE. = 14:) — *to this favour* —] i. e. to this countenance or complexion. = 15:) — *winter's flaw*!] *Winter's blast*. = 16:) — *maimed rites*!] Imperfect obsequies. = 17:) *Fordo its own life*.] To *fordo* is to undo, to destroy. = 18:) — *some estate*:] Some person of high rank. = 19:) *Shards*,] i. e. broken pots or tiles, called *pot-sherds*, *tile-sherds*. = 20:) — *allow'd her virgin crants*,] Evidently corrupted from *chants*, which is the true word. = 21:) *To sing a requiem*,] A *requiem*, is a mass performed in Popish churches for the rest of the soul of a person deceased. = 22:) *Woul't drink up Esil*?] This is understood by some of the commentators to mean a river so called, or to mean only *vinegar*. = 23:) *When that her golden couplets are disclos'd*,] To disclose was anciently used for to hatch. = 24:) — *mutines in the bilboes*.] *Mutines*, the French word for seditious or disobedient fellows in the army or fleet. The *bilboes* is a bar of iron with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous or disorderly sailors were anciently linked together. The word is derived from *Bilboa*, a place in Spain, where instruments of steel were fabricated in the utmost perfection. To understand Shakespeare's allusion completely, it should be known, that as these fetters connect the legs of the offenders very close together, their attempts to rest must be as fruitless as those of Hamlet, in whose mind there was a kind of fighting that would not let him sleep. Every motion of one must disturb his partner in confinement. The *bilboes* are still shown in the Tower of London, among the other spoils of the Spanish armada. = 25:) — *Rashly, || And prais'd be rashness for it, — Let us know, || Our indiscretion some times serves us well, || When, &c.*] Hamlet, delivering an account of his escape, begins with saying — That he rashly — and then is carried into a reflection upon the weakness of human wisdom. I rashly — praised be rashness for it — Let us not think these events casual, but let us know, that is, take notice and remember, that we sometimes succeed by indiscretion when we fail by deep plots, and infer the perpetual superintendence and agency of the Divinity. The observation is just, and will be allowed by every human being, who shall reflect on the course of his own life. JOHNSON. = 26:) *With ho! such bugs and goblins in my life*,] With such causes of terror, rising from my character and designs. = 27:) — *no leisure bated*,] Without any abatement or intermission of time. = 28:) *Or I could make —*] Or in old English signified before. = 29:) — *as our statist do*,] A *statist* is a *statesman*. Most of the great men of Shakespeare's times, whose autographs have been preserved, wrote very bad hands; their secretaries very neat ones. = 30:) — *yeoman's service*:] The meaning is, *this yeomanly qualification was a most useful servant, or yeoman, to me*; i. e. did me eminent service. The ancient *yeomen* were famous for their military valour. = 31:) *As peace should still her wheaten garland wear, || And stand a comma 'tween their amities*,] The expression of our author is, like many of his phrases, sufficiently constrained and affected, but it is not incapable of explanation. The *comma* is the note of connection and continuity of sentences; the *period* is the note of abruptness and disjunction. Shakespeare had it perhaps in his mind to write, — That unless England complied with the mandate, war should put a period to their amity; he altered his mode of diction, and thought that, in an opposite sense, he might put, that peace should stand a comma between their amities. This is not an easy style; but is it not the style of Shakespeare? JOHNSON. = 32:) *Not shriving time allow'd*,] i. e. without time for confession of their sins: another proof of Hamlet's christian-like disposition. = 33:) — *the model of that Danish seal*:] The model is in old language the copy. = 34:) — *by their own insinuation* —] By their having insinuated or thrust themselves into the employment. = 35:) *To quit him* —] To requite him; to pay him his due. = 36:) — *I'll count his favours*:] I will make account of them, i. e. reckon upon them, value them. = 37:) — *Dost know this water-fly*?] A *water-fly* skips up and down upon the surface of the water, without any ap-

parent purpose or reason, and is thence the proper emblem of a busy trifler. = 38:) — *'Tis a chough*;] A kind of jackdaw. = 39:) *Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith*.] This seems to have been the affected phrase of the time. = 40:) — *full of most excellent differences*,] Full of distinguishing excellencies. = 41:) — *the card or calendar of gentry*,] The general preceptor of elegance; the card by which a gentleman is to direct his course; the calendar by which he is to choose his time, that what he does may be both excellent and seasonable. JOHNSON. = 42:) — *for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see*,] You shall find him containing and comprising every quality which a gentleman would desire to contemplate for imitation. = 43:) *Sir, his definement, &c.*] This is designed as a specimen, and ridicule of the court jargon amongst the *precieux* of that time. The sense in English is, "Sir, he suffers nothing in your account of him, though to enumerate his good qualities particularly would be endless; yet when we had done our best, it would still come short of him. However, in strictness of truth, he is a great genius, and of a character so rarely to be met with, that to find any thing like him we must look into his mirror, and his imitators will appear no more than his shadows." = 44:) — *if you did, it would not much approve me*:] If you knew I was not ignorant, your esteem would not much advance my reputation. To approve, is to recommend to approbation. = 45:) — *in his meed* —] In his excellence. = 46:) — *impawned*,] Wagered and staked. = 47:) — *hangers*,] Under this term were comprehended four graduated straps, &c. that hung down in a belt on each side of its receptacle for the sword. = 48:) — *you must be edified by the margin*,] Dr. Warburton very properly observes, that in the old books the gloss or comment was usually printed on the margin of the leaf. = 49:) — *more german* —] More a-kin. = 50:) *The king, sir, hath laid*,] As three or four complete pages would scarcely hold the remarks already printed, together with those which have lately been communicated to me in MS. on this very unimportant passage, I shall avoid both partiality and tediousness, by the omission of them all. I therefore leave the conditions of this wager to be adjusted by the members of Brookes's or the Jockey-Club at Newmarket, who on such subjects may prove the most enlightened commentators, and most successfully bestir themselves in the cold unpoetic dabble of calculation. STEEVENS. = 51:) *He did comply* —] For compliment. = 52:) — *outward habit of encounter*;] i. e. exterior politeness of address; in allusion to Osric's last speech. = 53:) — *a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions*;] The meaning is, "these men have got the cant of the day, a superficial readiness of slight and cursory conversation, a kind of frothy collection of fashionable prattle, which yet carries them through the most select and approving judgments. This airy facility of talk sometimes imposes upon wise men." = 54:) — *gentle entertainment* —] Mild and temperate conversation. = 55:) *I shall win at the odds*,] I shall succeed with the advantage that I am allowed. = 56:) — *a kind of gain giving*,] the same as *misgiving*. = 57:) *If your mind dislike any thing, obey it*:] With these presages of future evils arising in the mind, the poet has fore run many events which are to happen at the conclusions of his plays; and sometimes so particularly, that even the circumstances of calamity are minutely hinted at, as in the instance of Juliet, who tells her lover from the window, that he appears like one dead in the bottom of a tomb. The supposition that the genius of the mind gave an alarm before approaching dissolution, is a very ancient one, and perhaps can never be totally driven out: yet it must be allowed the merit of adding beauty to poetry, however injurious it may sometimes prove to the weak and superstitious. STEEVENS. = 58:) — *Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes?*] The meaning may be, "It is true, that, by death, we lose all the goods of life; yet seeing this loss is no otherwise an evil than as we are sensible of it, and since death removes all sense of it, what matters it how soon we lose them? Therefore, come what will, I am prepared." = 59:) *Give me your pardon, sir*:] I wish Hamlet had made some other defence; it is unsuitable to the character of a good or a brave man, to shelter himself in falsehood. JOHNSON. = 60:) — "with sore distraction." — MALONE. = 61:) *I am satisfied in nature, &c.*] This was a piece of satire on fantastical honour. Though nature is satisfied, yet he will ask advice of older men of the sword, whether artificial honour ought to be contented with Hamlet's submission. = 62:) *But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds*,] These odds were twelve to nine in favour of Hamlet, by Laertes giving him three. = 63:) — *the stoups of wine* —] A *stoup* is a kind of flagon. = 64:) *And in the cup an union* —] A species of pearl. = 65:) — *this pearl is thine*;] Under pretence of throwing a pearl into the cup, the king may be supposed to drop some poisonous drug into the wine. Hamlet seems to suspect this, when he afterwards discovers the effects of the poison, and tauntingly asks him, — "Is the union here?" = 66:) *The queen carouses* —] i. e. (in humbler language) drinks good luck to you. = 67:) — *you make a wanton of me*,] You trifle with me as if you were playing with a child. = 68:) — "mine own" — MALONE. = 69:) — *Is the union here?*] It should seem from this line, and Laertes' next speech, that Hamlet here forces the expiring king to drink some of the poisoned cup, and that he dies while it is at his lips. = 70:) *That are but*

mates or audience to this act,] That are either auditors of this catastrophe, or at most only mute performers, that fill the stage without any part in the action. = 71:) — (as this fell sergeant,] A sergeant is a bailiff, or sheriff's officer. = 72:) The potent poison quite o'er-crows —] Alluding to a victorious cock exulting over his conquered antagonist. = 73:) — the occurrents,] i. e. incidents. = 74:) Which have solicited,] Solicited for excited. = 75:) This quarry cries on havoc!] To cry on, was to exclaim against. I suppose, when unfair sportsmen destroyed more quarry or game than was reasonable, the censure was to cry, havoc. JOHNSON. = 76:) What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,] An allusion to the *choæ*, or feasts of the dead, which were anciently celebrated at Athens, and are mentioned by Plutarch in *The Life of Antinous*. = 77:) — his mouth,] i. e. the king's. = 78:) Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;] Of sanguinary and unnatural acts, to which the perpetrator was instigated by concupiscence, or, to use our poet's own words, by "carnal stings." The speaker alludes to the murder of old Hamlet by his brother, previous to his incestuous union with Gertrude. = 79:) Of deaths put on —] i. e. instigated, produced. = 80:) — some rights of memory in this kingdom,] Some rights, which are remembered in this kingdom. =

XXXVII. OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

ACT I. = 1:) Though the rank which Montano held in Cyprus cannot be exactly ascertained, yet, from many circumstances, we are sure he had not the powers with which Othello was subsequently invested. Perhaps we do not receive any one of the *Personæ Dramatis* to Shakspeare's plays, as it was originally drawn up by himself. These appendages are wanting to all the quartos, and are very rarely given in the folio. At the end of this play, however, the following enumeration of persons occurs: "The names of the actors. — Othello, the Moore. — Brabantio, Father to Desdemona. — Cassio, an Honourable Lieutenant. — Iago, a Villain. — Rodorigo, a gull'd Gentleman. — Duke of Venice. — Senators. — Montano, Governour of Cyprus. — Gentlemen of Cyprus. — Lodovico, and Gratiano, two noble Venetians. — Saylor. — Clowne. — Desdemona, Wife to Othello. — Emilia, Wife to Iago. — Bianca, a Courtesan." STEEVENS. = 2:) Oft capp'd to him:] To cap is to salute by taking off the cap. It is still an academic phrase. M. MASON. = 3:) — a bombast circumstance,] Circumstance signifies circumlocution. = 4:) — certes,] i. e. certainly, in truth. Obsolete. = 5:) A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife:] This passage has been much contested. We adopt Mr. Steevens' explanation. That Cassio was married is not sufficiently implied in the words, a fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife, since they mean, according to Iago's licentious manner of expressing himself, no more than a man very near being married. This seems to have been the case in respect of Cassio. = 6:) — theoretic,] Theoretic, for theory. = 7:) Wherein the toged consuls —] The rulers of the state, or civil governours. By toged perhaps is meant peaceable, in opposition to the warlike qualifications of which he had been speaking. He might have formed the word in allusion to the Latin adage, — *Cedant arma togæ*. = 8:) — must be be-lee'd and calm'd —] Terms of navigation. = 9:) — this counter-caster;] It was anciently the practice to reckon up sums with counters. = 10:) — bless the mark!] Kelly, in his comments on Scots proverbs, observes, that the Scots, when they compare person to person, use this exclamation. = 11:) — by letter,] By recommendation from powerful friends. = 12:) Whether I in any just term am afflin'd —] Do I stand within any such terms of propinquity, or relation to the Moor, as that it is my duty to love him? = 13:) — honest knaves:] Knave is here for servant, but with a sly mixture of contempt. = 14:) In compliment extern,] In that which I do only for an outward show of civility. = 15:) "For doves" — MALONE. = 16:) What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,] Full fortune, is, a complete piece of good fortune. To owe, is to possess. = 17:) — is burst,] i. e. broken. = 18:) — distempering draughts,] To be distempered with liquor, was, in Shakspeare's age, the phrase for intoxication. = 19:) — this is Venice,] My house is not a grange. That is, "you are in a populous city, not in a lone house, where a robbery might easily be committed." Grange is strictly and properly the farm of a monastery, where the religious reposit their corn. *Grangia*, Lat. from *granum*. But in Lincolnshire, and in other northern counties, they call every lone house, or farm which stands solitary, a grange. = 20:) — your nephews neigh to you:] Nephew, in this instance, has the power of the Latin word *nepos*, and signifies a grandson, or any lineal descendant, however remote. = 21:) — gennets for Germans,] A jennet is a Spanish horse. = 22:) At this odd-even and dull watch o'the night,] By this singular expression, — "this odd-even of the night," — our poet appears to have meant, that it was just approaching to, or just past, that it was doubtful whether at that moment it stood at the point of midnight, or at some other less equal division of the twenty-four hours; which a few minutes either before or after midnight would be. = 23:) — and your allowance,] i. e. done with your

approbation. = 24:) That, from the sense of all civility,] That is, in opposition to, or departing from, the sense of all civility. = 25:) In an extravagant —] For wandering. = 26:) — some check,] Some rebuke. = 27:) — cast him:] That is, dismiss him; reject him. = 28:) "sagittar the raised" — MALONE. = 29:) And what's to come of my despised time,] Despised time, is time of no value. = 30:) "Is there not charms," — MALONE. = 31:) — stuff o'the conscience,] This expression to common readers appears harsh. *Stuff* of the conscience is, substance or essence of the conscience. *Stuff* is a word of great force in the Teutonic languages. The elements are called in Dutch, *hoofd stoffen*, or head stuffs. JOHNSON. = 32:) — the magnifico —] "The chief men of Venice are by a peculiar name called *magnifici*, i. e. *magnificoes*." = 33:) — men of royal siege,] Men who have sat upon royal thrones. *Siege* is used for *seat* by other authors. = 34:) — and my demerits —] *Demerits* has the same meaning in our author, and many others of that age, as *merits*. = 35:) May speak, unbouneled,] Mr. Fuseli (and who is better acquainted with the sense and spirit of our author?) explains this contested passage as follows: "I am his equal or superior in rank; and were it not so, such are my demerits, that, unbouneled, without the addition of patrician or senatorial dignity, they may speak to as proud a fortune," &c. = 36:) — unhoused —] Free from domestic cares. A thought natural to an adventurer. = 37:) "haste, post-haste" — MALONE. = 38:) — three several quests,] *Quests* are, on this occasion, searches. = 39:) — a land carack,] A carack is a ship of great bulk, and commonly of great value; perhaps what we now call a galleon. = 40:) — be advis'd,] That is, be cool; be cautious; be discreet. = 41:) The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,] Curled is elegantly and ostentatiously dressed. = 42:) Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight,] To fear, in the present instance, may mean — to terrify. = 43:) That waken motion:] Excite desires. = 44:) Bond-slaves, and pagans,] i. e. if this Moor is now suffered to escape with impunity, it will be such an encouragement to his black countrymen, that we may expect to see all the first offices of our state filled up by the pagans and bond slaves of Africa. = 45:) There is no composition —] for consistency, concordancy. = 46:) — where the aim reports,] Where conjecture or suspicion tells the tale. = 47:) By no assay of reason,] Bring it to the test, examine it by reason as we examine metals by the assay, it will be found counterfeit by all trials. = 48:) — with more facile question —] That is, he may carry it with less dispute, with less opposition. = 49:) — warlike brace,] State of defence. To arm was called to brace on the armour. = 50:) To wake, and wage,] To wage here, as in many other places in Shakspeare, signifies to fight, to combat. = 51:) — wish him —] i. e. recommend, desire him. = 52:) Stood in your action,] Were the man exposed to your charge or accusation. = 53:) The very head and front of my offending —] The main, the whole, unextenuated. = 54:) Their dearest action —] i. e. their most important action. = 55:) "I won his daughter." MALONE. = 56:) — overt test,] Open proofs, external evidence. = 57:) Of modern seeming,] Weak show of slight appearance. = 58:) — the sagittary,] The sagittary means the sign of the fictitious creature so called, i. e. an animal compounded of man and horse, and armed with a bow and quiver. = 59:) And portance —] And behaviour. = 60:) — antres —] Caves and dens. = 61:) — men whose heads || Do grow beneath their shoulders,] Of these men there is an account in the interpolated travels of Mandeville, a book of that time. Raleigh also has given an account of men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, in his *Description of Guiana*, published in 1596, a book that without doubt Shakspeare had read. = 62:) But not intently:] i. e. with attention to all its parts. = 63:) Let me speak like yourself;] i. e. let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion. = 64:) — as a grise,] Grize from degrees. A grize is a step. = 65:) But the free comfort which from thence he hears:] But the moral precepts of consolation, which are liberally bestowed on occasion of the sentence. JOHNSON. = 66:) But words are words; I never yet did hear, || That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear,] These moral precepts, says Brabantio, may perhaps be founded in wisdom, but they are of no avail. Words after all are but words; and I never yet heard that consolatory speeches could reach and penetrate the afflicted heart, through the medium of the ear. = 67:) — to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes —] To slubber, on this occasion, is to obscure. = 68:) — thrice-driven bed of down:] A driven bed, is a bed for which the feathers are selected, by driving with a fan, which separates the light from the heavy. = 69:) — I do agnize —] i. e. acknowledge, confess, avow. = 70:) I crave fit disposition for my wife; || Due reference of place, and exhibition; &c.] I desire, that proper disposition be made for my wife, that she may have precedence and revenue, accommodation and company, suitable to her rank. *Exhibition* is allowance. = 71:) — a charter in your voice,] Let your favour privilege me. = 72:) My downright violence and storm of fortunes —] Violence is not violence suffered, but violence acted. Breach of common rules and obligations. = 73:) Even to, &c.] Quality here means profession. "I am so much enamoured of Othello, that I am even willing to endure all the inconveniences incident to a military life, and to attend him to the wars." = 74:) I saw Othello's visage in his mind:] It must raise no wonder, that I loved a man of an appearance so little engaging; I saw his face only in his mind; the great-

ness of his character reconciled me to his form. = 75:) "disjunct" — MALONE. = 76:) — defend, &c.] To defend, is to forbid. = 77:) My speculative and active instruments,] *Speculative instruments*, in Shakspeare's language, are the eyes; and *active instruments*, the hands and feet. = 78:) If virtue no delighted beauty lack,] The meaning probably is, if virtue comprehends every thing in itself, then your virtuous son-in-law of course is beautiful: he has that beauty which delights every one. *Delighted for delighting*. = 79:) — best advantage.] Fairest opportunity. = 80:) — a Guinea-hen,] A *Guinea-hen* was anciently the cant term for a prostitute. = 81:) — a sect,] A *sect* is what the more modern gardeners call a *cutting*. = 82:) — defeat thy favour with an usurped beard,] *Favour* here means that combination of features which gives the face its distinguishing character. *Defeat*, from *defaire*, in French, signifies to unmake, decompose, or give a different appearance to, either by taking away something, or adding. = 83:) — an answerable sequestration —] for separation. = 84:) — betwixt an erring barbarian —] i. e. wandering. = 85:) — Traverse,] This was an ancient military word of command. = 86:) — as if for surety,] That is, "I will act as if I were certain of the fact." = 87:) — He holds me well,] i. e. esteems me. =

ACT II. = 1:) "haven" — MALONE. = 2:) And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:] Alluding to the star *Arctophylax*. = 3:) Like a full soldier,] Like a complete soldier. = 4:) Of very expert and approv'd allowance,] *Expert and approv'd allowance* is put for *allow'd and approv'd expertness*. This mode of expression is not unfrequent in Shakspeare. = 5:) Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,] *Stand in bold cure*.] Presumptuous hopes, which have no foundation in probability, may poetically be said to surfeit themselves to death, or forward their own dissolution. To stand in bold cure, is to erect themselves in confidence of being fulfilled. = 6:) And in the essential vesture of creation,] Does bear all excellency,] The author seems to use *essential* for *existent, real*. She excels the praises of invention, says he, and in *real* qualities, with which *creation* has invested her, bears all excellency. = 7:) Their mortal natures,] i. e. their deadly, destructive natures. = 8:) Saints in your injuries, &c.] When you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of sanctity. = 9:) — critical,] That is, censorious. = 10:) — one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself,] The sense is this, one that was so conscious of her own merit, and of the authority her character had with every one, that she durst venture to call upon malice itself to vouch for her. = 11:) — profane —] Gross of language, of expression broad and brutal. = 12:) — liberal counsellor,] Liberal for licentious. = 13:) — I will gyve —] i. e. catch, shackle. = 14:) — to play the sir in,] That is, to show your good breeding and gallantry. = 15:) — well kissed,] an excellent courtesy,] Spoken when Cassio kisses his hand, and Desdemona courtsies. = 16:) — well desir'd in Cyprus,] i. e. much solicited by invitation. = 17:) I prattle out of fashion,] Out of method, without any settled order of discourse. = 18:) — the court of guard,] i. e. the place where the guard musters. = 19:) — green minds —] Minds unripe, minds not yet fully formed. = 20:) — condition,] Qualities, disposition of mind. = 21:) — tainting —] Throwing a slur upon his discipline. = 22:) — sudden in choler,] Sudden, is precipitately violent. = 23:) — whose qualification shall come, &c.] Whose resentment shall not be so qualified or tempered, as to be well tasted, as not to retain some bitterness. The phrase is harsh, at least to our ears. = 24:) — to prefer them,] i. e. to advance them. = 25:) If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash —] To trash, is still a hunter's phrase, and signifies to fasten a weight on the neck of a dog, when his speed is superior to that of his companions. = 26:) — in the rank garb,] i. e. grossly, without mincing the matter. = 27:) Knavery's plain face is never seen,] An honest man acts upon a plan, and forecasts his designs; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpose, but at the time of execution. JOHNSON. = 28:) — mere —] Mere in this place signifies entire. = 29:) — All offices are open,] i. e. all rooms, or places, in the castle, at which refreshments are prepared, or served out. = 30:) Our general cast us —] Cast us, means dismissed us, or got rid of our company. = 31:) — craftily qualified —] Slyly mixed with water. = 32:) The very elements —] As quarrelsome as the *discordia semina rerum*; as quick in opposition as fire and water. = 33:) If consequence do but approve my dream,] Every scheme subsisting only in the imagination may be termed a dream. = 34:) — given me a rouse, &c.] A rouse appears to be a quantity of liquor rather too large. = 35:) — I'll do you justice,] i. e. drink as much as you do. = 36:) King Stephen, &c.] These stanzas are taken from an old song, which the reader will find recovered and preserved in Percy's *Relicks of Ancient Poetry*. = 37:) — a worthy peer,] A worthy peer is a worthy lord, a title frequently bestowed upon kings in our old romances. = 38:) — lown,] Sorry fellow, paltry wretch. = 39:) He'll watch the horologe a double set, &c.] If he have no drink, he'll keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours. = 40:) — ingraft infirmity,] An infirmity rooted, settled in his constitution. = 41:) — into a twicken bottle,] i. e. a wickered bottle. = 42:) — he dies,] i. e. he shall die. But Mr. Malone reads thus: "Zounds, I bleed still, I am hurt to the death." = 43:) "carve forth

his," &c. MALONE. = 44:) From her propriety,] From her regular and proper state. = 45:) In quarter,] i. e. on our station. = 46:) — you are thus forgot,] i. e. you have thus forgot yourself. = 47:) — self-charity —] Care of one's self. = 48:) And passion, having my best judgment collied,] Othello means, that passion has discoloured his judgment. To colly, anciently signified to besmut, to blacken as with coal. = 49:) — he that is approv'd —] He that is convicted by proof, of having been engaged in this offence. = 50:) "court of guard" — MALONE. = 51:) If partially affin'd,] Affin'd is bound by proximity of relationship; but here it means related by nearness of office. = 52:) — cast in his mood,] Ejected in his anger. = 53:) — and speak parrot,] A phrase signifying to act foolishly and childishly. = 54:) — any lay —] i. e. any bet, any wager. = 55:) Probal —] There may be such a contraction of the word *probable*, but I have not met with it in any other book. Yet abbreviations as violent occur in our ancient writers, and especially in the works of Churchyard. STREEVENS. = 56:) The inclining Desdemona —] i. e. compliant. = 57:) — as fruitful,] As the free elements,] Liberal, bountiful, as the elements, out of which all things are produced. = 58:) — parallel course,] i. e. course level and even with his design. = 59:) When devils will their blackest sins put on,] They do suggest —] When devils mean to instigate men to commit the most atrocious crimes. = 60:) That she repeals —] That is, recalls him. = 61:) — bring him jump —] i. e. just at the time when. =

ACT III. = 1:) — and bid — good morrow, general,] It is the usual practice of the waits, or nocturnal minstrels, in several towns in the north of England, after playing a tune or two, to cry, "Good-morrow, maister Such-a-one, good-morrow, dame," adding the hour, and state of the weather. It should seem to have prevailed at Stratford-upon-Avon. They formerly used *hautboys*, which are the wind-instruments here meant. RITSON. = 2:) For your displeasure,] i. e. the displeasure you have incurred from Othello. = 3:) I'll watch him tame,] Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them from sleep, to which management Shakspeare alludes. = 4:) His present reconciliation take,] To take his reconciliation, may be to accept the submission which he makes in order to be reconciled. = 5:) — and not in cunning,] Cunning, for knowledge. = 6:) — the wars must make examples,] Out of their best,] The severity of military discipline must not spare the best men of their army, when their punishment may afford a wholesome example. = 7:) — so mammering on,] To hesitate, to stand in suspense. = 8:) "and so many a time," — MALONE. = 9:) — full of poize —] i. e. of weight. = 10:) Excellent wretch,] The meaning of the word *wretch* is not generally understood. It is now, in some parts of England, a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection. = 11:) "Honest? aye, honest." — MALONE. = 12:) They are close denotements, working from the heart,] That passion cannot rule,] i. e. indications, or discoveries, not openly revealed, but involuntarily working from the heart, which cannot rule and suppress its feelings. = 13:) "Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man." MALONE. = 14:) — to that all slaves are free to,] I am not bound to do that which even slaves are not bound to do. = 15:) — conjects,] To conject, i. e. to conjecture, is a word used by other writers. = 16:) — which doth mock,] The meat it feeds on,] i. e. loaths that which nourishes and sustains it. But Mr. Malone reads, — "which doth make,] The meat it feeds on,] Implying that its suspicions are unreal and groundless, which is the very contrary to what he would here make his general think. = 17:) But riches, fineness,] Unbounded, endless, unnumbered. = 18:) To such exsufflicate —] Whether our poet had any authority for the word *exsufflicate*, which I think is used in the sense of *swollen*, and appears to have been formed from *sufflatus*, I am unable to ascertain: but I have not thought it safe to substitute for it another word equally unauthorised. MALONE. Mr. Nares explains it by *contemptible, abominable*. = 19:) — blown surmises,] Matching thy inference,] That is, — such as you have mentioned in describing the torments of jealousy. = 20:) Where virtue is, these are more virtuous,] An action in itself indifferent, grows virtuous by its end and application. = 21:) Out of self bounty —] Self-bounty for inherent generosity. = 22:) And, when she seem'd —] This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those, who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kindness is sought, puts an end to confidence. The same objection may be made with a lower degree of strength against the imprudent generosity of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion, and the same violence of inclination, which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to another; and those who have shewn, that their passions are too powerful for their prudence, will, with very slight appearances against them, be censured, as not very likely to restrain them by their virtue. JOHNSON. = 23:) To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak,] The oak is the most close-grained wood of general use in England.

Close as oak, means *close as the grain of oak*. To *seel* is an expression from falconry. = 24:) To *grosser issues*,] *Issues*, for *conclusions*. = 25:) — a will most rank,] *Will*, is for wilfulness. It is so used by Ascham. A *rank will*, is *self-will* overgrown and exuberant. = 26:) You shall by that perceive him and his means:] You shall discover whether he thinks his best means, his most powerful interest, is by the solicitation of your lady. = 27:) — strain his entertainment —] Press hard his re-admission to his pay and office. *Entertainment* was the military term for admission of soldiers. = 28:) Fear not my government.] Do not distrust my ability to contain my passion. = 29:) — with a learned spirit,] The construction is, He knows with a learned spirit all qualities of human dealings. = 30:) — If I do prove her haggard,] A *haggard hawk*, is a *wild hawk*, a *hawk unreclaimed or irreclaimable*. = 31:) Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,] *Jesses* are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the list. = 32:) I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind, || To prey at fortune.] The falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself, and preyed at fortune. = 33:) — chamberers —] i. e. men of intrigue. = 34:) — forked plague —] In allusion to a *barbed or forked arrow*, which, once infixed, cannot be extracted. But perhaps the *forked plague* is the cuckold's horns. = 35:) — I'll have the work ta'en out,] That is, copied. Her first thoughts are, to have a copy made of it for her husband, and restore the original to Desdemona. But the sudden coming in of Iago, in a surly humour, makes her alter her resolution, to please him. = 36:) — to the advantage, &c.] I being opportunely here, took it up. = 37:) Be not you known of't;] i. e. seem as if you knew nothing of the matter. = 38:) — nor mandragora,] The *mandragoras* or *mandrake* has a soporific quality, and the ancients used it when they wanted an opiate of the most powerful kind. = 39:) Which thou ow'dst yesterday.] To *owe* is, in our author, oftener to *possess*, than to *be indebted*, and such is its meaning here. = 40:) Pioneers and all.] That is, the most abject and vilest of the camp. Pioneers were generally degraded soldiers, appointed to the office of pioneer, as a punishment for misbehaviour. = 41:) — abandon all remorse;] All tenderness of nature, all pity; in which sense the word was frequently used in Shakspeare's time. = 42:) Were they as prime as goats,] *Prime* is *prompt*. = 43:) Give me a living reason —] *Living*, for speaking, manifest, actual proof. Mr. Malone reads "that she's disloyal." = 44:) — a foregone conclusion;] A *conclusion* in Shakspeare's time meant an experiment or trial. = 45:) — hearted throne,] *Hearted throne*, is the heart on which thou wast enthroned. = 46:) — swell, bosom, &c.] i. e. *swell*, because the fraught is of poison. = 47:) — a capable —] *Capable* perhaps signifies ample, capacious. = 48:) The execution —] i. e. employment or exercise. = 49:) — let him command, || And to obey shall be in me remorse, || What bloody work soever.] Iago devotes himself to wronged Othello, and says, *Let him command whatever bloody business*, and in me it shall be an act, not of cruelty, but of *tenderness*, to obey him: not of malice to others, but of *tenderness* for him. = 50:) — and by them answer,] i. e. and by them, when answered, form my own answer to you. The quaintness of the expression is in character. = 51:) — cruzadoes,] A Portuguese coin, in value three shillings sterling. So called from the cross stamped upon it. = 52:) — exercise devout;] *Exercise* was the religious term. = 53:) — salt and sullen rheum —] *Sullen*, that is, a *rheum obstinately troublesome*. = 54:) And it was died in mummy, &c.] The balsamic liquor running from *mummies* was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptic virtues. We are now wise enough to know, that the qualities ascribed to it are all imaginary; and yet this fanciful medicine still holds a place in the principal shops where drugs are sold; and it is still much coveted by painters, as a transparent brown colour that throws a warmth into their shadows. = 55:) — rash?] Is *vehement*, violent. = 56:) And shut myself up in some other course, || To fortune's alms.] Being discarded from the military line, he purposes to *confine or shut himself up*, as he formerly had, within the limits of a new profession. = 57:) — in favour,] In *look*, in *countenance*. = 58:) — within the blank of his displeasure,] Within the shot of his anger. = 59:) I have seen the cannon, || When it hath blown, &c.] In Iago's speech something is suppressed. He means to say, I have seen his ranks blown into the air, and his own brother puff'd from his side, — and mean while have seen him cool and unruffled. And can he now be angry? = 60:) — some unhatch'd practice,] Some treason that has not taken effect. = 61:) For let our finger ache, and it indues —] I believe it should be rather, *subdues our other healthful members to a sense of pain*. JOHNSON. = 62:) — the bridal,] i. e. the nuptial feast: a Saxon word. = 63:) — (unhandsome warrior as I am) —] *Unhandsome warrior*, is evidently *unfair assailant*. = 64:) — in a more continue time,] A *more continue time* is *time less interrupted*, time which I can call more my own. = 65:) Take me this work out,] The meaning is not, "Pick out the work, and leave the ground plain;" but, "Copy this work in another handkerchief." = 66:) "Go to, woman." — MALONE. = 67:) — I must be circumstanc'd.] Rather I must give way to circumstances. ==

ACT IV. = 1:) *It is hypocrisy against the devil:] Hypocrisy against the devil* means hypocrisy to cheat the devil. As common hypocrites cheat men, by seeming good, and yet living wickedly, these men would cheat the devil, by giving him flattering hopes, and at last avoiding the crime which he thinks them ready to commit. JOHNSON. = 2:) *Boding to all,*] The raven was thought to be a constant attendant on a house, in which there was infection. = 3:) *Convinced or supplied them,*] Dr. Farmer is of opinion that *supplied* has here the same meaning as *supplanted*. But Mr. Steevens says, that *supplied* is the old spelling of *supplanted*, i. e. softened. = 4:) — To confess, and be hanged —] This is a proverbial saying. = 5:) — without some instruction,] Othello alludes to Cassio's dream, which had been invented and told him by Iago. When many confused and very interesting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with such rapidity that it has not time to shape or digest them, if it does not relieve itself by tears, (which we know it often does, whether for joy or grief,) it produces stupefaction and fainting. Othello, in broken sentences and single words, all of which have a reference to the cause of his jealousy, shows, that all the proofs are present at once to his mind, which so overpowers it, that he falls into a trance, the natural consequence. SIR J. REYNOLDS. = 6:) — in those improper beds,] *Unproper*, for *common*. = 7:) — in a secure couch,] In a couch in which he is lulled into a false security and confidence in his wife's virtue. = 8:) — list,] *List*, or *lists*, is *barriers, bounds*. Keep your temper, says Iago, within the *bounds of patience*. = 9:) — encave yourself,] Hide yourself in a private place. = 10:) And his unbookish jealousy —] *Unbookish*, for *ignorant*. = 11:) Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?] Othello calls him *Roman* ironically. *Triumph*, which was a Roman ceremony, brought Roman into his thoughts. *What*, (says he,) *you are now triumphing as great as a Roman?* JOHNSON. = 12:) — a customer!] A common woman, one that invites custom. = 13:) Have you scored me?] Have you made my reckoning? have you settled the term of my life? The old quarto reads — *stored me?* Have you disposed of me? have you laid me up? = 14:) — filchew!] A pole-cat. = 15:) — No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.] This thought, as often as it occurs to Shakspeare, is sure to be received, and as often counteracts his *pathos*. = 16:) — And then, of so gentle a condition!] i. e. of so sweet a disposition. = 17:) — atone them,] Make them one; reconcile them. = 18:) If that the earth could teem, &c.] Shakspeare here alludes to the fabulous accounts of crocodiles. Each tear (says Othello) which falls from the false Desdemona would generate a crocodile; the most deceitful of all animals, and whose own tears are proverbially fallacious. = 19:) Each drop she falls —] To *fall* is here a verb active. = 20:) — garner'd up my heart;] That is, *treasured up*: the *garner* and the *fountain* are improperly conjoined. = 21:) — turn thy complexion there! &c.] At such an object do thou, *patience*, thyself *change colour*; at this do thou, even thou, *rosy cherub* as thou art, *look as grim as hell*. = 22:) — upon his callet,] *Callet* is a lewd woman; so called (says Dr. Grey) from the French *calote*, which was a sort of head-dress worn by country girls. = 23:) — such companions —] *Companion*, in the time of Shakspeare, was used as a word of contempt, in the same sense as *fellow* is at this day. = 24:) Speak within door,] Do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house. = 25:) — the seamy side without,] That is, *inside out*. = 26:) — and acquittance;] *Acquittance* is *requit*. = 27:) — devise engines for my life,] To *devise engines*, seems to mean, to contrive racks, tortures, &c. = 28:) — and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,] *Mad*, in the present instance, ought to mean — *inconstant*. = 29:) — I have much to do, || But to go hang my head —] I have much *ado to do any thing* but hang my head. = 30:) The poor soul, &c.] This song, in two parts, is printed in Dr. Percy's collection of old ballads; the lines preserved here differ somewhat from the copy discovered by the ingenious collector. = 31:) I call'd my love, false love;] This couplet is not in the ballad, which is the complaint, not of a woman forsaken, but of a man rejected. These lines were properly added when it was accommodated to a woman. = 32:) — for a joint-ring;] Anciently a common token among lovers. = 33:) To the vantage,] i. e. to boot, over and above. = 34:) — our former having —] Our former allowance of expence. = 35:) "us so." MALONE. ==

ACT V. = 1:) I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense, || And he grows angry.] This is a passage much controverted among the editors. A *quat* in the midland counties is a *pimple*, which by rubbing is made to smart, or is rubbed to sense. Roderigo is called a *quat* by the same mode of speech, as a low fellow is now termed in low language a *scab*. To *rub to the sense*, is to *rub to the quick*. JOHNSON. = 2:) — that I bobb'd from him,] That I *fool'd* him out of. A *bob* formerly signified a mock, or jeer. = 3:) — in the leg,] Iago maims Cassio in the *leg*, in consequence of what he had just heard him say, from which he supposed that his body was defended by some secret armour. = 4:) Forth of my heart, &c.] *Forth* signifies both *out* and *from*. = 5:) — no passage?] No passengers? nobody going by? = 6:) — a heavy night:] A *thick cloudy night*, in which an ambush may be commodiously laid. = 7:) — whose noise is this, that cries on murder?] Such was the phrascology of Shak-

speare's age. = 8:) "good gentlewoman." — MALONE. = 9:) — or fordoes me quite.] To fordo, is to undo, to ruin, to destroy. = 10:) It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul, — || Let me not name it —] The abruptness of this soliloquy makes it obscure. The meaning, I think, is this: — I am here (says Othello in his mind) overwhelmed with horror. What is the reason of this perturbation? Is it want of resolution to do justice? Is it the dread of shedding blood? No; it is not the action that shocks me, but it is the cause, it is the cause, my soul; let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars! it is the cause. JOHNSON. = 11:) Put out the light, and then put out the light:] This is one of the passages in which, by a modern regulation, our poet's words have obtained a meaning, which in my opinion was not in his thoughts. Mr. Upton was the first person who introduced the conceit in this line, which has been adopted since his book appeared, by pointing it thus: Put out the light, and then — Put out the light! &c. I entirely agree with Dr. Farmer, that this regulation gives a spirit to this passage that was not intended. The poet, I think, meant merely to say, — "I will now put out the lighted taper which I hold, and then put out the light of life;" and this introduces his subsequent reflection and comparison, just as aptly, as supposing the latter words of the line to be used in the same sense as in the beginning of it, which cannot be done without destroying that equivocal and play of words of which Shakspeare was so fond. MALONE. = 12:) — I would not kill thy soul.] Othello appears to have been a favourite of his author; for he has bestowed on him that piety which he had refused to Hamlet. = 13:) A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:] This line is difficult. Thou hast hardened my heart, and makest me kill thee with the rage of a murderer, when I thought to have sacrificed thee to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim. I am glad that I have ended my revisal of this dreadful scene. It is not to be endured. JOHNSON. = 14:) — hath ta'en order for't.] i. e. has taken measures. = 15:) It is too late.] After this speech of Othello, the elder quarto adds an invocation from Desdemona, consisting only of the sacred name thrice repeated. As this must be supposed to have been uttered while she is yet struggling with death, an editor may be excused from inserting such a circumstance of supererogatory horror, especially as it is found in but one of the ancient copies. This alteration was probably made in consequence of the statute of the 3d of James I. c. 21. which lays a penalty for the profane use of the name of God, &c. in stage-plays, interludes, May-games, &c. Such a statute was necessary; for not only the ancient moralities, but the plays (those of Chapman in particular) abound with the most wanton and shocking repetitions of a name which never ought to be mentioned in such an irreverent manner on the stage. = 16:) She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.] Folly sig-

nifies here depravity of mind. = 17:) — false as water.] As water that will support no weight, nor keep any impression. = 18:) — villainy hath made mocks with love.] Villainy hath taken advantage to play upon the weakness of a violent passion. = 19:) Thou hast not half the power to do me harm, || As I have to be hurt.] She means to say, — I have in this cause power to endure more than thou hast power to inflict. = 20:) I thought so then:] i. e. at the instant when she gave Desdemona's handkerchief to Iago; for even then Emilia appears to have suspected it was sought after for no honest purpose, and therefore asks her husband — "What will you do with it?" &c. = 21:) No, I will speak as liberal —] Liberal is free, under no control. = 22:) Are there no stones in heaven, || But what serve for the thunder?] Shakspeare might mean, does heaven reserve its thunder only to make a noise? has it no implements of mischief to punish as well as terrify? = 23:) — the ice-brook's temper:] This ice-brook was the brook or rivulet called Salo (now Xalon,) near Bilbilis in Celtiberia. In this the Spaniards plunged all their swords and other weapons while hot from the forge; and to the icy qualities of the waters they were indebted for their stubborn temper. = 24:) — towards his feet:] To see if, according to the common opinion, his feet be cloven. = 25:) — in the practice —] In the snare, by the stratagem. = 26:) — of one, whose hand, || Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away, || Richer than all his tribe:] The commentators are at variance on this passage, some considering it as an allusion to the story of Herod and Mariamne, and others to that of a Jew who threw away a pearl of great worth, because he could not get his price for it. We shall subjoin a remark of Mr. Steevens, which vindicates the propriety of an edition like the present. Either we are partial to discoveries which we make for ourselves, or the spirit of controversy is contagious; for it usually happens that each possessor of an ancient copy of our author is led to assert the superiority of all such readings as have not been exhibited in the notes, or received into the text of the last edition. On this account our present republication*) (and more especially in the celebrated plays) affords a greater number of these diversities than were ever before obtruded on the public. A time however may arrive, when a complete body of variations being printed, our readers may luxuriate in an ample feast of *thats* and *whiches*; and thenceforward it may be prophesied, that all will unite in a wish that the selection had been made by an editor, rather than submitted to their own labour and sagacity. = 27:) O Spartan dog,] The dogs of Spartan race were reckoned among those of the most fierce and savage kind. = 28:) — the censure —] i. e. the sentence. =

*) The edition of 1803 in 21 volumes.

N O T E S

TO THE

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

I. VENUS AND ADONIS.

= *) — hopeful expectation.] Lord Southampton was but twenty years old when this poem was dedicated to him by Shakspeare, who was then twenty-seven. MALONE. = 1:) — the field's chief flower,] So the quarto 1593. Modern editions have — sweet flower. MALONE. = 2:) Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,] With this contest between art and nature, &c. I believe every reader will be surfeited before he has gone through the following poems. The lines under the print of Noah Bridges, engraved by Faithorne, have the same thought: "Faithorne, with nature at a noble strife," &c. It occurs likewise in Timon of Athens. STEEVENS. We have in a subsequent passage a contest between art and nature, but here surely there is none. I must also observe that there is scarcely a book of Shakspeare's age, whether in prose or verse, in which this *surfeiting* comparison (as it has been called,) may not be found. MALONE. = 3:) — her 'miss:] That is, her *misbehaviour*. FARMER. So, in Lily's Woman in the Moon, 1597: "Pale be my looks, to witness my *amiss*." The same substantive is used in the 35th Sonnet. Again, in Hamlet: "Each toy seems prologue to some great *amiss*." MALONE. = 4:) — she murders with a kiss.] Thus the original copy of 1593, and the edition of 1566. So, in King Richard III.: "Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?" || "Murder thy breath in

middle of a word?" The subsequent copies have *smothers*. MALONE. = 5:) Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,] To tire is to peck. So, in Decker's Match Me in London, a comedy, 1631: "— the vulture *tires* || "Upon the eagle's heart." = 6:) Forc'd to content,] I once thought that the meaning of the latter words was, to content or satisfy Venus; to endure her kisses. So, in Hamlet: "— it doth much *content* me to hear him so inclin'd." But I now believe that the interpretation given by Mr. Steevens is the true one. *Content* is a substantive, and means acquiescence. The modern editions read — *consent*. MALONE. It is plain that Venus was not so easily *contented*. *Forc'd to content*, I believe, means that Adonis was forced to content himself in a situation from which he had no means of escaping. Thus Cassio in Othello: "So shall I clothe me in a *forc'd content*." STEEVENS. = 7:) — to a river that is rank,] Full, abounding in the quantity of its waters. So, in Julius Cæsar: "Who else must be let blood, who else is *rank*?" Again more appositely in King John: "We will untread the steps of damned flight, || "And, like a bated and retired flood, || "Leaving our *rankness* and irregular course, || "Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd." MALONE. = 8:) Her best is better'd —] This is the reading of the original quarto, 1593. That of 1636, and the modern editions, read — *breast*. MALONE. = 9:) Mine eyes are grey,] What we now call *blue* eyes, were in Shakspeare's time called *grey* eyes, and were considered as eminently

beautiful. MALONE. = 10:) *Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse*:] Alluding to twinn'd cherries, apples, peaches, &c. which accidentally grow into each other. Thus our author says, King Henry VIII. and Francis I. embraced "as they grew together." STEEVENS. Shakspeare, I think, meant to say no more than this; "that those things which grow only to [or for] themselves," without producing any fruit, or benefiting mankind, do not answer the purpose for which they were intended. Thus, in a subsequent passage: "So in thyself thyself art made away." Again, in our author's 95th Sonnet: "The summer's flower is to the summer sweet, || "Though to itself it only live and die." Again, more appositely in the present poem: "Poor flower! quoth she, this was thy father's guise, — || "For every little grief to wet his eyes; || "To grow unto himself was his desire, || "And so 'tis thine —." MALONE. = 11:) *Upon the earth's increase* —] i. e. upon the produce of the earth. MALONE. = 12:) — *life were done*,] i. e. expended, consumed. So, in Timon of Athens: "Now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past." MALONE. = 13:) — *unkind*,] That is, unnatural. *Kind and nature* were formerly synonymous. MALONE. = 14:) — *her intendments* —] i. e. intentions. Thus, in Every Man in his Humour: "— but I, spying his *intendment*, discharg'd my petronel into his bosom." STEEVENS. = 15:) *Upon his compass'd crest* —] *Compass'd* is *arch'd*. "A compass'd ceiling" is a phrase yet in use. MALONE. So, in Troilus and Cressida: "— she came to him the other day into the *compass'd* window," i. e. 'the bow window.' STEEVENS. = 16:) *To bid the wind a base he now prepares*,] To "bid the wind a base," is to 'challenge the wind to a contest for superiority.' *Base* is a rustic game, sometimes termed *prison-base*; properly *prison bars*. It is mentioned by our author in Cymbeline: "— lads more like to run the country base, &c. Again, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona: "Indeed I bid the base for Protheus." MALONE. = 17:) *And whe'r he run, or fly, they know not whether*;] *Whe'r for whether*. So, in King John: "Now shame upon thee, whe'r he does or no." Again, in a poem in praise of Ladie P —, Epitaphes, Epigrammes, &c. by G. Turberville, 1567: "I doubt where Paris would have chose || "Dame Venus for the best." MALONE. = 18:) *He vails his tail*,] To *vail*, in old language, is to *lower*. MALONE. = 19:) *But when the heart's attorney once is mute*,] *The client breaks*, &c.] So, in King Richard III.: "Why should calamity be full of words?" "Windy attorneys to their client woes —." STEEVENS. *The heart's attorney* is the *tongue*, which undertakes and pleads for it. MALONE. = 20:) — *had his acts* —] *His for its*. So, in Hamlet: "— the dram of base || "Doth all the noble substance of worth dout || "To his own scandal." MALONE. = 21:) — *thy heart my wound*;] i. e. thy heart wounded as mine is. MALONE. = 22:) — *soft sighs can never grave it*;] Engrave it, i. e. make an impression on it. STEEVENS. = 23:) *My love to love is love but to disgrace it*;] My inclination towards love is only a desire to render it contemptible. — The sense is almost lost in the jingle of words. MALONE. = 24:) — *foul flaws* —] i. e. violent blasts of wind. STEEVENS. = 25:) — *their verdure still endure*,] To drive infection from the dangerous year!] I have somewhere read, that in rooms where plants are kept in a growing state, the air is never unwholesome. STEEVENS. The poet evidently alludes to a practice of his own age, when it was customary, in time of the plague, to strew the rooms of every house with rue and other strong smelling herbs, to prevent infection. MALONE. = 26:) — *for fear of slips*,] i. e. of counterfeit money. See note on Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Sc. IV.: "— What counterfeit did I give you?" "Mer. The slip, sir, the slip," &c. STEEVENS. = 27:) *Measure my strangeness* —] i. e. my bashfulness, my coyness. MALONE. = 28:) *Look, the world's comfortor*,] i. e. the sun. So in Timon of Athens: "Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!" Again, in a subsequent stanza: "Love comforteth, like sunshine." MALONE. = 29:) — *whose leave* —] i. e. whose licentiousness. STEEVENS. = 30:) — *Love's master*,] i. e. the master of Venus, the Queen of love. So, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona: "Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink." Again, p. 900. l. 16: "She's Love, she loves," &c. MALONE. = 31:) *As those poor birds that helpless berries saw*;] *Helpless berries* are berries that afford no help, i. e. nourishment. STEEVENS. I once thought that a different meaning was intended to be conveyed; but I now believe, Mr. Steevens is right. So, in The Comedy of Errors: "So thou — || "With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me." MALONE. = 32:) *Like to a mortal butcher*,] *Mortal*, for *deadly*. So, in Othello: "And you, ye mortal engines," &c. MALONE. = 33:) — *bate-breeding*, &c.] So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Mrs. Quickly observes that John Rugby is "no tell-tale, no breed-bate." *Bate* is an obsolete word signifying *strife*, *contention*. STEEVENS. = 34:) — *love's tender spring*,] I once thought that *love's tender spring* meant, *printemps d'amour*. So, in Tarquin and Lucrece: "Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring." Again, in the present poem: "Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain —." But I am now of opinion that *spring* is used here, as in other places, for a young shoot or plant, or rather, the tender bud of growing love. So, in The Comedy of Errors: "Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot." MALONE. "This canker, that eats up love's tender spring." So, in Romeo and Juliet: "Full soon the canker death eats up that plant." STEEVENS. = 35:) *The many musits through the which he goes*,] *Musits* are said by the lexicographers to be the places through which the hare

goes for relief. The modern editions read *umfits*. "Three things," says the author of the Choice of Change, 1585, "are hard to be found: "A hare without a muse; || "A feune without a sluse. || "A whore without a skuse." Coles, in his English Dictionary, 1677, renders "the muse of a hare," by "Arctus leporis per super transitus; leporis lacuna." So, in Ram Alley, 1611: "— we can find || "Yr wildest paths yr turnings and returns || "Yr traces squats, the mussers, forms, and holes." MALONE. A *muset* is a gap in a hedge. See Cotgrave's explanation of the French word *Trouée*. STEEVENS. = 36:) — *keep*,] i. e. dwell. This word, which was formerly common in this sense, is now almost obsolete. It is still, however, commonly used at Oxford and Cambridge. MALONE. = 37:) *And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer*;] *Sorteth* means *accompanies*, *consorts with*. *Sort* anciently signified a *troop*, or *company*. MALONE. = 38:) *Rich preys make true men thieves*;] *True men*, in the language of Shakspeare's time, meant *honest men*; and the expression was thus frequently used in opposition to *thieves*. This passage furnishes a signal proof of what I have had frequent occasion to observe, the great value of first editions, every re-impression producing many corruptions. In the 16mo. of 1596, we here find — "Rich preys make rich men thieves;" a corruption which has been followed in the subsequent copies. The true reading I have recovered from the original quarto 1593. MALONE. = 39:) — *die forsworn*,] i. e. having broken her oath of virginity. STEEVENS. = 40:) — *and frenzies wood*,] *Wood*, in old language, is *frantic*. So in King Henry VI. Part I.: "How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging wood, || "Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchman's blood." MALONE. = 41:) — *thaw'd, and done*,] *Done* was formerly used in the sense of *wasted*, *consumed*, *destroyed*. So, in King Henry VI. Part I.: "And now they meet, where both their lives are done." In the West of England it still retains the same meaning. MALONE. = 42:) — *the dark lawnd* —] So the original copy of 1593, and the edition of 1596. *Lawnd* and *lawn* were in old language synonymous. The 16mo. of 1600 has — *lawnes*, which in the modern editions became *lanes*. MALONE. = 43:) — *she coasteth to the cry*,] i. e. she advanceth. So, in Troilus and Cressida: "O these encounterers, so glib of tongue, || "That give a coasting welcome, ere it come!" MALONE. = 44:) — *mortal vigour*,] *Deadly strength*. MALONE. = 45:) *She vail'd her eye-lids*,] *She lowered or closed her eye-lids*. So, in Hamlet: "Do not for ever with thy vail'd lids || "Seek for thy noble father in the dust." MALONE. = 46:) *With death she humbly doth insinuate*;] To *insinuate* meant formerly, to *sooth*, to *flatter*. To *insinuate with* was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in Twelfth Night: "Desire him not to flatter with his lord." MALONE. = 47:) — *because he would not fear him*;] Because he would not terrify him. So, in King Henry VI. Part II.: "For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all." MALONE. = 48:) — *this is my spite*,] This is done purposely to vex and distress me. MALONE. = 49:) — *to tread the measures*;] To dance. The measures was a very stately dance, and therefore was peculiarly suited to elders, if they engaged at all in such kind of amusement. MALONE. =

II. TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

= 1:) — *all in post*,] So, in Painter's Novel: — "Let us take our horse to prove which of our wives doth surmount. Whereupon they roode to Rome in post." MALONE. = 2:) *Where mortal stars*,] i. e. eyes. Our author has the same allusion in A Midsummer-Night's Dream: "— who more engilds the night, || "Than all yon fiery o's and eyes of light." Again, in Romeo and Juliet: "At my poor house look to behold this night || "Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light." MALONE. = 3:) — *which in his liver glows*,] Thus the quarto 1594. Some of the modern editions have *grows*. — The liver was formerly supposed to be the seat of love. MALONE. = 4:) *Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old*;] Like a too early spring, which is frequently checked by blights, and never produces any ripened or wholesome fruit, the irregular forwardness of an unlawful passion never gives any solid or permanent satisfaction. So, in a subsequent stanza: "Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring." Again, in Hamlet: "For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour, || "Hold it a fashion and a toy of blood; || "A violet in the youth of primy nature, || "Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting; || "The perfume and suppliance of a minute; || "No more." Again, in King Richard III.: "Short summers lightly have a forward spring." *Blasts* is here a neutral verb; it is used by Sir W. Raleigh in the same manner, in his poem entitled the Farewell: "Tell age, it daily wasteth; || "Tell honour, how it alters; || "Tell beauty, that it blasteth," &c. In Venus and Adonis we find nearly the same sentiment: "Love's gentle spring doth alway fresh remain; || "Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done." MALONE. = 5:) *Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white*] The original edition exhibits this line thus: "Virtue would stain that ore with silver white." Ore might certainly have been intended for o'er, (as it is printed in the text,) the word *over*, when contracted, having been formerly written *ore*. But in this way the passage is not reducible to grammar. Virtue would stain that, i. e. blushes, o'er with silver white. — The word intended was, perhaps,

or, i. e. gold, to which the poet compares the deep colour of a *blush*. Thus in *Hamlet* we find *ore* used by our author manifestly in the sense of *or* or *gold*: "O'er whom his very madness, like some *ore* || "Among a mineral of metals base, || "Shows itself pure." The terms of heraldry in the next stanza seem to favour this supposition: and the opposition between *or* and the *silver* white of virtue is entirely in Shakspeare's manner. So, afterwards: "Which virtue gave the *golden* age, to gild || "Their *silver* cheeks —." MALONE. Shakspeare delights in opposing the colours of *gold* and *silver* to each other. So, in *Macbeth*: "His *silver* skin lac'd with his *golden* blood." We meet with a description, allied to the present one, in *Much Ado About Nothing*: "— I have mark'd || "A thousand *blushing* apparitions || "To start into her face; a thousand *innocent* shames || "In angel *whiteness* bear away those *blushes*." STEEVENS. = 6:) — in that *white* intitled,] I suppose he means, "that consists in that whiteness, or takes its title from it." STEEVENS. Our author has the same phrase in his 37th Sonnet: "For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit, || "Or any of these all, or all, or more, || "Intitled in their parts, do crowned sit —." MALONE. = 7:) Therefore that praise which *Collatine* doth owe,] Praise here signifies the object of praise, i. e. *Lucretia*. To owe in old language means to possess. MALONE. = 8:) Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,] To moralize here signifies to interpret, to investigate the latent meaning of his looks. So, in *Much Ado About Nothing*: "You have some moral in this *Benedictus*." Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*: "— and has left me here to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens." MALONE. = 9:) Intending weariness with heavy spright;] Intending is pretending. MALONE. = 10:) So that in vent'ring ill,] Thus the old copy. The modern editions read: "So that in vent'ring all —." But there is no need of change. "In venturing ill," means, "from an evil spirit of adventure, which prompts us to covet what we are not possessed of." MALONE. = 11:) — himself confounds,] i. e. destroys. MALONE. = 12:) — soft fancy's slave!] *Fancy*, for love or affection. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*: "Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers." MALONE. = 13:) Then my digression —] My deviation from virtue. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent." MALONE. Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "Thy noble shape is but a form in wax, || "Digressing from the valour of a man." STEEVENS. = 14:) — the scandal will survive, || And be an eye-sore in my golden coat; || Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,] In the books of heraldry a particular mark of disgrace is mentioned, by which the escutcheons of those persons were anciently distinguished, who "discourteously used a widow, maid, or wife, against her will." There were likewise formerly marks of disgrace for him that "revoked a challenge, or went from his word; for him who fled from his colours," &c. In the present instance our author seems to allude to the mark first mentioned. MALONE. "Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive." So, in *King John*: "To look into the blots and stains of right." Again, in *Drayton's Epistle from Queen Isabel to King Richard II.*: "No bastard's mark doth blot my conquering shield." This distinction, whatever it was, was called in ancient heraldry a *blot* or difference. STEEVENS. = 15:) Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw, || Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe,] In the old tapestries or painted cloths many moral sentences were wrought. So, in *If This Be not a Good Play, the Devil is in't*, by Decker, 1612: "What says the prodigal child in the painted cloth?" MALONE. = 16:) — to have him heard;] That is, to discover him; to proclaim his approach. MALONE. = 17:) He takes it from the rushes where it lies;] The apartments in England being strewed with rushes in our author's time, he has given *Lucretia's* chamber the same covering. The contemporary poets, however, were equally inattentive to propriety. Thus *Marlowe* in his *Hero and Leander*: "She fearing on the rushes to be flung, || "Striv'd with redoubled strength." MALONE. = 18:) To add a more rejoicing to the prime,] That is, a greater rejoicing. So, in *King Richard II.*: "To make a more requital of your loves." The prime is the spring. MALONE. = 19:) And him by oath they truly honoured,] Alluding to the ancient practice of swearing domestics into service. So, in *Cymbeline*: "Her servants are all sworn and honourable." STEEVENS. The matrimonial oath was, I believe, alone in our author's thoughts. MALONE. = 20:) And in his will his wilful eye he tired,] This may mean — "He glutted his lustful eye in the imagination of what he had resolved to do." To tire is a term in falconry. So, in *Heywood's Rape of Lucrece*: "Must with keen fang tire upon thy flesh." Perhaps we should read — "And on his will," &c. STEEVENS. = 21:) Tender my suit;] Cherish, regard my suit. So, in *Hamlet*: "Tender yourself more dearly." MALONE. = 22:) Worse than a slavish wipe,] More disgraceful than the brand with which slaves were marked. MALONE. = 23:) — or birth-hour's blot;] So, in *King John*: "If thou that bid'st me be content, wert grim, || "Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb, || "Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains, — || "Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks, || "I would not care." Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*: "And the blots of nature's hand, || "Shall not in their issue stand; || "Never mole, hair-lip, nor scar, || "Nor mark prodigious —." It appears that in Shakspeare's time the arms of bastards were distinguished by some kind of blot. Thus,

in the play above quoted: "To look into the blots and stains of right." But in the passage now before us, those corporal blemishes with which children are sometimes born, seem alone to have been in our author's contemplation. MALONE. = 24:) Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws,] So, in *King Richard III.*: "Ah me! I see the ruin of my house; || "The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind." All the modern editions read: "— beneath the gripe's sharp claws." The quarto, 1594, has: "Like a white hinde under the grype's sharp claws —." The gryphon was meant, which in our author's time was usually written *grype*, or *gripe*. MALONE. The gripe is properly the griffin. See *Cotgrave's Dictionary*, and Mr. Reed's improved edition of *Dodsley's Old Plays*, vol. i. p. 124, where gripe seems to be used for vulture: "— Ixion's wheele, || "Or cruell gripe to gnaw my growing harte." *Ferrex and Porrex*. It was also a term in the hermetic art. Thus, in *Ben Jonson's Alchemist*: "— let the water in glass E be filter'd, || "And put into the gripe's egg." As gripe is the French word for a claw, perhaps anciently those birds which are remarkable for gripping their prey in their talons, were occasionally called gripes. STEEVENS. = 25:) — his vulture folly,] Folly is used here, as it is in the sacred writings, for depravity of mind. So also, in *Othello*: "She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore." MALONE. = 26:) — pretended;] i. e. proposed to thyself. So, in *Macbeth*: "— Alas the day! || "What good could they pretend?" STEEVENS. = 27:) Soft pity enters at an iron gate,] Meaning, I suppose, the gates of a prison. STEEVENS. = 28:) Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay,] The memory of the ill actions of kings will remain even after their death. So, in the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1580: "Mine owne good father, thou art gone; thine ears are stopp'd with clay." Again, in *Kendal's Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577: "The corps clapt fast in clothed clay, || "That here engrav'd doth lie." MALONE. = 29:) — pattern'd by thy fault,] Taking thy fault for a pattern or example. So, in the *Legend of Lord Hastings*, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587: "By this my pattern, all ye peers, beware." MALONE. = 30:) Not to seducing lust, thy rash reliev;] Thus the first copy. The edition of 1616 has — thy rash reply. Dr. Sewel, without authority, reads: "Not to seducing lust's outrageous fire." MALONE. = 31:) — love's coy touch,] i. e. the delicate, the respectful approach of love. STEEVENS. = 32:) O, that prone lust, &c.] Thus the first quarto. The edition of 1600, instead of *prone*, has *proud*. That of 1616, and the modern copies, *foul*. *Prone* is *headstrong*, *forward*, *prompt*. In *Measure for Measure* it is used in somewhat a similar sense: "— in her youth || "There is a prone and speechless dialect." MALONE. Thus, more appositely, in *Cymbeline*: "Unless a man would marry a gallow, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone." STEEVENS. = 33:) For day, quoth she, night-scapes doth open lay;] So, in *King Henry VI. Part II.*: "The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day." STEEVENS. A passage in *The Winter's Tale* may serve to ascertain the meaning of *night-scapes* here; "Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne! — Sure some scape: though I am not very bookish, I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape." *Escapium* is a barbarous Latin word, signifying what comes by chance or accident. MALONE. = 34:) Black stage for tragedies —] In our author's time, I believe, the stage was hung with black, when tragedies were performed. The hanging however was, I suppose, no more than one piece of black baize placed at the back of the stage, in the room of the tapestry which was the common decoration when comedies were acted. MALONE. = 35:) — noon-tide prick;] So, in *King Henry VI. Part III.*: "And made an evening at the noon-tide prick." i. e. the point of noon. Again, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1571: "It pricketh fast upon noon." STEEVENS. Again, in *Acolastus his After-witte*, 1600: "Scarce had the sun attain'd his noon-tide prick." MALONE. = 36:) — (as he is but night's child,] The wicked, in scriptural language, are called the children of darkness. STEEVENS. = 37:) Her twinkling handmaids —] That is, the stars. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*: "By all Diana's waiting-women yonder, || "And by herself, I will not tell you whose." MALONE. = 38:) — may read the mot afar,] The motto, or word, as it was sometimes formerly called. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609: "The word, lux tua vita mihi." Again, in the title of *Nashe's Have With You to Saffron Walden*, 1596: "— The mott or pœsie, instead of omne tulit punctum, pacis fiducia nunquam." The modern editors read unintelligibly: "— may read the mote afar." MALONE. = 39:) Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;] Thy flattering titles. So, in *King Lear*: "— Such smiling rogues as these — || "— smooth every passion || "That in the nature of their lords rebels. Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609: "— The sinful father || "Seem'd not to strike, but smooth." The edition of 1616, and all afterwards, read without authority: "Thy smoth'ring titles —." A ragged name means a contemptible, ignominious name. MALONE. = 40:) Advice is sporting while infection breeds;] While infection is spreading, the grave rulers of the state, that ought to guard against its further progress, are careless and inattentive. — Advice was formerly used for knowledge and deliberation. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "How shall I dote on her with more advice, || "That thus without advice begin to love her?" MALONE. This idea was probably suggested to Shakspeare by the rapid progress of the plague in London. STEEVENS. = 41:) — and thou art well appay'd —] Appay'd, is pleased. The word is now obsolete. MALONE.

= 42:) — *copestmate* —] i. e. companion. So, in Hubbard's Tale: "Till that the foe his *copestmate* he had found." STEEVENS. = 43:) To wrong the wronger till he render right;] To punish by the compunctious visiting of conscience the person who has done an injury to another, till he has made compensation. The wrong done in this instance by Time must be understood in the sense of *damnum sine injuria*; and in this light serves to illustrate and support Mr. Tyrwhitt's explanation of a passage in Julius Cæsar, even supposing that it stood as Ben Jonson has maliciously represented it: — "Know, Cæsar, doth not wrong, but with just cause," &c. Dr. Farmer very elegantly would read: "To wring the wronger till he render right." MALONE. = 44:) To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours.] As we have here no invocation to time, I suspect the two last words of this line to be corrupted, and would read: "To ruinate proud buildings with their bowers." STEEVENS. Hours is surely the true reading. In the preceding address to Opportunity the same words are employed: "Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages, || "Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages." So, in our author's 19th Sonnet: "Devouring Time — || "O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow." Again, in Davison's Poems, 1621: "Time's young howers attend her still." "To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours" — is, to destroy buildings by thy slow and unperceived progress. It were easy to read — with his hours; but the poet having made Lucretia address Time personally in the two preceding stanzas, and again a little lower — "Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage —" probably was here inattentive, and is himself answerable for the present inaccuracy. MALONE. = 45:) To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;] The last two words, if they make any sense, it is such as is directly contrary to the sentiment here advanced; which is concerning the decays, and not the repairs, of time. The poet certainly wrote: "To dry the old oak's sap, and tarish springs;" i. e. to dry up springs, from the French *tarir*, or *tariesement*, *exarefacere*, *exsiccatio*: these words being peculiarly applied to springs or rivers. WARBURTON. Dr. Johnson thinks Shakspeare wrote: "— and perish springs;" And Dr. Farmer has produced from the Maid's Tragedy a passage in which the word *perish* is used in an active sense. If change were necessary, that word might perhaps have as good a claim to admission as any other; but I know not why the text has been suspected of corruption. The operations of Time, here described, are not all uniform; nor has the poet confined himself solely to its destructive qualities. In some of the instances mentioned, its progress only is adverted to. Thus we are told, his glory is — "To wake the morn, and sentinel the night — || "And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel." In others, its salutary effects are pointed out: "To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops, — || "To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light, — || "To wrong the wronger till he render right." Where then is the difficulty of the present line, even supposing that we understand the word *springs* in its common acceptation? It is the office of Time (says Lucretia) to dry up the sap of the oak, and to furnish springs with a perpetual supply; to deprive the one of that moisture which she liberally bestows upon the other. In the next stanza the employment of Time is equally various and discordant: "To make the child a man, the man a child —" to advance the infant to the maturity of man, and to reduce the aged to the imbecility of childhood. By *springs* however may be understood (as has been observed by Mr. Tollett) the shoots or buds of young trees; and then the meaning will be, — It is the office of Time, on the one hand, to destroy the ancient oak, by drying up its sap; on the other, to cherish young plants, and to bring them to maturity. So, in our author's 15th Sonnet: "When I perceive that men, as plants, increase, || "Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky —" I believe this to be the true sense of the passage. *Springs* has this signification in many ancient English books; and the word is again used in the same sense in The Comedy of Errors: "Even in the spring of love thy love-springs rot." Again, in Venus and Adonis: "This canker, that eats up love's tender spring." MALONE. In Holinshed's Description of England, both the contested words in the latter part of the verse, occur. "We have manie woods, forrests, and parks, which cherish trees abundantly, beside infinit numbers of hedge-rows, groves, and springs, that are maintained," &c. TOLLET. = 46:) To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel;] The poet was here, I believe, thinking of the costly monuments erected in honour of our ancient kings and some of the nobility, which were frequently made of iron, or copper, wrought with great nicety; many of which had probably even in his time begun to decay. There are some of these monuments yet to be seen in Westminster-abbey, and other old cathedrals. MALONE. = 47:) As slanderous death's-man, &c.] i. e. executioner. So, in one of our author's plays: "— he's dead; I am only sorry || "He had no other death's-man." STEEVENS. = 48:) Out, idle words;] Thus the quarto. The octavo 1607, has our idle words, — which has been followed by that of 1616. Dr. Sewel reads without authority: O, idle words —. Out is an exclamation of abhorrence or contempt yet used in the north. = 49:) For me, I force not argument a straw;] I do not value or esteem argument. So, in The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet, 1562: "But when he, many monthes, hopeless of his recure, || "Had served her, who forced not what paynes he did endure —." Again, in Love's Labour's

Lost: "Your oath broke once, you force not to forswear." MALONE. = 50:) A badge of fame to slander's livery;] In our author's time the servants of the nobility all wore silver badges on their liveries, on which the arms of their masters were engraved. MALONE. = 51:) While thou on Tereus descant'st, better skill;] Philomel, the daughter of Pandion king of Athens, was ravish'd by Tereus, the husband of her sister Progne. — According to the fable, she was turned into a nightingale, Tereus into a lapwing, and Progne into a swallow. There seems to be something wanting to complete the sense: — with better skill, — but this will not suit the metre. In a preceding line, however, the preposition *with*, though equally wanting to complete the sense, is omitted, as here: "For day hath nought to do what's done by night." All the copies have: "While thou on Tereus descants better skill." This kind of error (*descants* for *descant'st*) occurs in almost every page of our author's plays. MALONE. Perhaps the author wrote, (I say perhaps, for in Shakspeare's licentious grammar nothing is very certain): "— I'll hum on Tarquin's ill, || "While thou on Tereus' descant'st better still." STEEVENS. = 52:) Who, if it wink;] Shakspeare seldom attends to the last antecedent. The construction is — Which heart, if the eye wink, shall fall, &c. MALONE. = 53:) When life is sham'd, and death reproaches debtor;] *Reproaches* is here, I think, the Saxon genitive case: — When death is the debtor of reproach. So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream: "I do wander every where || "Swifter than the moon's sphere." She debates whether she should not rather destroy herself than live; life being disgraceful in consequence of her violation, and her death being a debt which she owes to the reproach of her conscience. MALONE. We need not look for a Saxon genitive here: the genitive of *reproach* cannot be pronounced without an additional syllable. BOSWELL. = 54:) The homely villain court'sies to her low;] *Villain* has here its ancient legal signification; that of a slave. The term *court'sy* was formerly applied to men as well as to women. MALONE. = 55:) — this pattern of the worn out age —] This example of ancient simplicity and virtue. So, in King Richard III.: "Behold this pattern of thy butcheries." See also note 29. We meet with nearly the same expression in our author's 68th Sonnet: "Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn." MALONE. So, in As You Like It: "— how well in thee appears || "The constant service of the antique world." STEEVENS. = 56:) Before the which is drawn —] That is, before Troy. MALONE. Drawn, in this instance, does not signify delineated, but drawn out into the field, as armies are. So, in King Henry IV.: "He cannot draw his power these fourteen days." STEEVENS. = 57:) For Helen's rape —] Rape is used by all our old poets in the sense of *raptus*, or carrying away by force. It sometimes also signifies the person forcibly carried away. MALONE. = 58:) — deep regard and smiling government;] Profound wisdom, and the complacency arising from the passions being under the command of reason. The former word [*regard*] has already occurred more than once in the same sense. MALONE. = 59:) Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;] To pelt meant, I think, to be clamorous, as men are in a passion. So, in an old collection of tales, entitled Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1614: "The young man, all in a pelting chafe —." MALONE. = 60:) Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind;] An artful delineation, so nicely and naturally executed. Kind and nature, in old language, were synonymous. MALONE. = 61:) To break upon the galled shore, and than —] Than for then. This licence of changing the termination of words is sometimes used by our ancient poets, in imitation of the Italian writers. Thus Daniel, in his Cleopatra, 1594: "And now wilt yield thy streames || "A prey to other reames;" i. e. realms. Again, in his Complaint of Rosamond, 1592: "When cleaner thoughts my weakness gan upbray, || "Against myself, and shame did force me say —." Again, in Hall's Satires, 1599: "As frozen dunghills in a winter's morne, || "That voyd of vapours seemed all before, || "Soone as the sun," &c. Again, *ibid.*: "His bonnet vail'd, or ever he could thinke, || "The unruly winde blowes off his periwinke." Again, in Godfrey of Bulloigne, translated by Fairfax, 1600: "Time was, (for each one hath his doting time, || "These silver locks were golden tresses than,) || "That countrie life I hated as a crime, || "And from the forests sweet contentment ran." Again, in Drayton's Mortimeriados, sign. Q 1. 4to. 1596: "Out of whose top the fresh springs trembling downe, || "Duly keep time with their harmonious sowne." Again, in Songes and Sonnetes by the earle of Surrey and others, edit. 1567, f. 81: "— half the paine had never man || "Which had this woful Troyan than." Many other instances of the same kind might be added. See the next note. MALONE. *Reames*, in the first instance produced, is only the French *royaumes* affectedly anglicized. STEEVENS. In Daniel's time the French word was usually written *royaulme*. MALONE. = 62:) To find a face where all distress is stel'd;] Thus the quarto, and all the subsequent copies. — In our author's twenty-fourth Sonnet we find these lines: "Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd || "Thy beauty's form in table of my heart." This therefore I suppose to have been the word intended here, which the poet altered for the sake of rhyme. So before — *hild* for *held*, and *than* for *then*. He might, however, have written: "— where all distress is spell'd." i. e. written. So, in The Comedy of Errors: "And careful hours with time's deformed hand || "Have written strange defeatures in my face." MA-

LONE. = 63:) — the public plague of many mo? Mo for more. The word is now obsolete. MALONE. = 64:) Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoons;] In the play of Troilus and Cressida, his name is frequently introduced in the same manner as here, as a dissyllable. The mere English reader still pronounces the word as, I believe, Shakspeare did. *Swoons* is *swoons*. *Swoon* is constantly written *sound* or *sound* in the old copies of our author's plays; and from this stanza it is probable that the word was anciently pronounced as it is here written. So also Drayton in his *Mortimeriados*, 4to. no date: "Thus with the pangs out of this traunce areysed, // "As water sometime wakeneth from a swound, — "As when the blood is cold, we feeble the wound." MALONE. = 65:) So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild, // (As if with grief or travail he had fainted,) // To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd // With outward honesty,] "To me wore." The old copy reads: "To me came Tarquin armed to beguil'd // "With outward honesty," &c. To must, I think, have been a misprint for *so*. *Beguil'd* is *beguiling*. Our author frequently confounds the active and passive participle. Thus, in *Othello*, delighted for delighting: "H virtue no delighted beauty lack—" MALONE. I think the reading proposed is right; and would point thus: "To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd // "With outward honesty, but yet," &c. *So beguil'd* is *so cover'd*, *so masked with fraud*, i. e. like Sinon. Thus in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. II.: "Thus ornament is but the guiled shore // "To a most dangerous sea." STEEVENS. = 66:) For every tear he would prove a crocodile." MALONE. A similar thought occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*: "For every false drop in her bawdy veins, // "A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scrubbe slain." STEEVENS. = 67:) These water-galls in her dim element —] The water-gall is some appearance attendant on the rainbow. The word is current among the shepherds on Salisbury plain. STEEVENS. = 68:) And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream —] This epithet is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries. So, in *King Richard III.*: "Poor key-cold figure of a holy king." MALONE. = 69:) The Romans plausibly —] That is, with acclamations. To express the same meaning, we should now say, *plausively*; but the other was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in *Stowe's Chronicle*, p. 1426, edit. 1605: "This change was very plausible or well pleasing to the nobility and gentry." Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, interprets *plausibly* thus: "That which greatly pleaseth, or rejoiceth." MALONE. *Plausibly* may mean, with expressions of applause. *Plausibilis*, Lat. STEEVENS. =

III. SONNETS.

= 1:) — — this glutton be, // To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.] The ancient editors of Shakspeare's works, deserve at least the praise of impartiality. If they have occasionally corrupted his noblest sentiments, they have likewise depraved his most miserable conceits; as, perhaps, in this instance. I read (piteous constraint, to read such stuff at all!) "— this glutton be; // "To eat the world's due, be thy grave and thee." i. e. be at once thyself, and thy grave. The letters that form the two words were probably transposed. I did not think the late Mr. Rich had such example for the contrivance of making Harlequin jump down his own throat. STEEVENS. I do not believe there is any corruption in the text. Mankind being daily thinned by the grave, the world could not subsist if the places of those who are taken off by death were not filled up by the birth of children. Hence Shakspeare considers the propagation of the species as *the world's due*, as a right to which it is entitled, and which it may demand from every individual. The sentiment in the lines before us, it must be owned, is quaintly expressed; but the obscurity arises chiefly, I think, from the awkward collocation of the words for the sake of the rhyme. The meaning seems to me to be this. — "Pity the world, which is daily depopulated by the grave, and beget children, in order to supply the loss; or, if you do not fulfil this duty, acknowledge, that as a glutton swallows and consumes more than is sufficient for his own support, so you (who by the course of nature must die, and by your own remissness are likely to die childless) thus "living and dying in single blessedness," consume and destroy *the world's due*; to the desolation of which you will doubly contribute; 1. by thy death; 2. by thy dying childless." Our author's plays, as well as the poems now before us, affording a sufficient number of conceits, it is rather hard that he should be answerable for such as can only be obtained through the medium of alteration; that he should be ridiculed not only for what he has, but for what he has not written. MALONE. = 2:) — — whose un-ear'd womb // Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?] Thus, in *Measure for Measure*: "— her plenteous womb // "Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry." STEEVENS. *Un-ear'd* is *unploughed*. MALONE. = 3:) Music to hear, &c.] O Thou, whom to hear, is music, why, &c. I have sometimes thought Shakspeare might have written — Music to ear, &c. i. e. thou, whose every accent is music to the ear.

So, in the Comedy of Errors: "That never words were music to thine ear." *Hear* has been printed instead of *ear* in the Taming of the Shrew; or at least the modern editors have supposed so. MALONE. = 4:) — like a makeless wife;] As a widow bewails her lost husband. *Make* and *mate* were formerly synonymous. So, in *Kyng Appolyn of Tyre*, 1510: "Certes, madam, I sholde have great joy yfe ye had such a prynee to your make." Again, in *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562: "Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect-loving make." MALONE. = 5:) — for store,] i. e. to be preserved for use. MALONE. = 6:) Save breed, to brave him,] Except children, whose youth may set the scythe of Time at defiance, and render thy own death less painful. MALONE. = 7:) Which husbandry in honour might uphold —] *Husbandry* is generally used by Shakspeare for *economical prudence*. So, in *King Henry V.*: "For our bad neighbours make us early stirrers, // "Which is both healthful and good husbandry." MALONE. = 8:) By oft predict —] Dr. Sewel reads — By aught predict; but the text is right. — So, in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662: "How much the oft report of this bless'd hermit // "Hath won on my desires!" MALONE. The old reading may be the true one. "By oft predict" may mean — "By what is most frequently prognosticated." STEEVENS. = 9:) If from thyself to store thou would'st convert:] If thou would'st change thy single state, and beget a numerous progeny. So, before: "Let those whom nature hath not made for store." Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "O, she is rich in beauty; only poor, // "That when she dies, with beauty dies her store." MALONE. = 10:) So should the lines of life —] This appears to me obscure. Perhaps the poet wrote — "the lives of life:" i. e. children, MALONE. The "lines of life" perhaps are 'living pictures,' viz. children. ANON. This explanation is very plausible. Shakspeare has again used *line* with a reference to painting in *All's Well That Ends Well*: "And every line and trick of his sweet favour." MALONE. = 11:) — my pupil pen,] This expression may be considered as a slight proof that the poems before us were our author's earliest compositions. STEEVENS. = 12:) To give away yourself, keeps yourself still:] To produce likenesses of yourself, (that is, children,) will be the means of preserving your memory. MALONE. = 13:) Some-time too hot the eye of heaven, &c.] That is, the sun. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye —" Again, in *King Richard II.*: "— when the lights the lower world." Again, in *Tarquin and Lucrece*: "The eye of heaven is out." MALONE. = 14:) Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest:] Of that beauty thou possessest. Fair was, in our author's time, used as a substantive. To owe in old language is to possess. MALONE. = 15:) — the master-mistress of my passion:] It is impossible to read this fulsome panegyric, addressed to a male object, without an equal mixture of disgust and indignation. We may remark also, that the same phrase employed by Shakspeare to denote the height of encomium, is used by Dryden to express the extreme of reproach: "That woman, but more daub'd; or, if a man, // "Corrupted to a woman; thy man-mistress." *Don Sebastian*. Let me be just, however, to our author, who has made a proper use of the term *male varlet*, in *Troilus and Cressida*. See that play, Act V. Sc. I. STEEVENS. Some part of this indignation might perhaps have been abated, if it had been considered that such addresses to men, however indelicate, were customary in our author's time, and neither imported criminality, nor were esteemed indecorous. To regulate our judgment of Shakspeare's poems by the modes of modern times, is surely as unreasonable as to try his plays by the rules of Aristotle. *Master-mistress* does not perhaps mean *man-mistress*, but *sovereign mistress*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on the 165th verse of the *Canterbury Tales*, vol. iv. p. 197. MALONE. = 16:) A man in hue all hues in his controlling,] This line is thus exhibited in the old copy: "A man in hew all Hews hues (colours), and also Hughes, the proper name. MALONE. = 17:) But since she prick'd thee out, &c.] To prick is to nominate by a puncture or mark. So, in *Julius Cæsar*: "These many then shall die, their names are prick'd." Again, in *King Henry IV.* Part II.: "Shall I prick him, Sir John? — I have given a wrong explanation of this phrase elsewhere. STEEVENS. = 18:) Making a couplement —] That is, an union. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement." I formerly thought this word was of our author's invention, but I have lately found it in Spenser's *Faery Queene*: "Allide with bands of mutual couplement." MALONE. = 19:) That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.] *Rondure* is a round. *Rondeur*, Fr. The word is again used by our author in *King Henry V.*: "Tis not the rondure of your old-fac'd walls." MALONE. = 20:) — in death's dateless night,] Shakspeare generally uses the word *dateless* for *endless*; having no certain time of expiration. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "— seal with a righteous kiss // "A dateless bargain to engrossing death." MALONE. = 21:) The region cloud —] i. e. the clouds of this region or country. So, in *Hamlet*: "I should have fatted all the region kites // "With this slave's offal." STEEVENS. = 22:) Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:] The old copy here also has *their* twice, instead of *thy*. The latter words of this line, whichever reading we adopt, are not very intelligible. MALONE. "Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are," I believe, means only this: "Making the excuse more than proportioned to the offence." STEEVENS.

= 23:) *For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,*] Thus the quarto. The line appears to me unintelligible. Might we read: "For to thy sensual fault I bring incense—." A jingle was evidently intended; but if this word was occasionally accented on the last syllable, (as perhaps it might formerly have been,) it would afford it as well as the reading of the old copy. Many words that are now accented on an early syllable, had formerly their accent on one more remote. Thus, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*: "It stands as an edict in destiny." Again, in *Hamlet*: "Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a seal'd compact—." Again, in *Measure for Measure*: "This is the hand, which with a vow'd contract—." Again, in *King Henry V.*: "Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim—." Again, in *Lochrine*, a tragedy, 1595: "Nor my exile can move you to revenge." Again, in our author's 50th Sonnet: "As if by some instinct the wretch did find—." Again, in the 128th Sonnet: "Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap—." Again, in *Tarquin and Lucrece*: "With pure aspects did him peculiar duties." Again, *ibid.*: "If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage." Again, *ibid.*: "But her fore-sight could not forestall their will." Again in *Troilus and Cressida*: "Peaceful commerce from dividable shores." Dryden has concluded a line with the same word, which to our ears sounds as oddly as *incense* would: "Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce." MALONE. I believe the old reading to be the true one. The passage, divested of its jingle, seems designed to express this meaning. — Towards thy exculpation, I bring in the aid of my soundest faculties, my keenest perception, my utmost strength of reason, my *sense*. I think I can venture to affirm that no English writer, either ancient or modern, serious or burlesque, ever accented the substantive *incense* on the last syllable. STEEVENS. = 24:) *Though in our lives a separable spite,*] A cruel fate, that spitefully separates us from each other. *Separable* for *separating*. MALONE. = 25:) *So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,*] *Dearest* is most operative. So, in *Hamlet*: "Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven." A late editor, Mr. Capell, grounding himself on this line, and another in the 89th Sonnet, "Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,—," conjectured that Shakspeare was literally lame: but the expression appears to have been only figurative. So again, in *Coriolanus*: "—I cannot help it now, || "Unless by using means I lame the foot || "Of our design." Again, in *As You Like It*: "Which I did store to be my foster-nurse, || "When service should in my old limbs lie lame." In the 89th Sonnet the poet speaks of his friends imputing a fault to him of which he was not guilty, and yet, he says, he would acknowledge it: so, (he adds,) were he to be described as lame, however untruly, yet rather than his friend should appear in the wrong, he would immediately halt. If Shakspeare was in truth lame, he had it not in his power to halt occasionally for this or any other purpose. The defect must have been fixed and permanent. The context in the verses before us in like manner refutes this notion. If the words are to be understood literally, we must then suppose that our admired poet was also poor and despised, for neither of which suppositions there is the smallest ground. MALONE. "—made lame by fortune's dearest spite." So, in *King Lear*: "A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows." STEEVENS. = 26:) *Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,*] This is a favourite expression of Shakspeare. So, in *King Henry IV. Part I.*: "And on thy eyelids crown the god of sleep." Again, in *Twelfth Night*: "It yields a very echo to the seat || "Where love is throned." Again, in *Timon of Athens*: "And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd, || "That I account them blessings." *Entitled* means, I think, *ennobled*. The old copy reads— in *their parts*. The same error, as has been already observed, has happened in many other places. MALONE. "Entitled in thy parts—." So, with equal obscurity, in *Tarquin and Lucrece*: "But beauty, in that white intituled, || "From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field." I suppose he means, 'that beauty takes its title from that fairness or white.' STEEVENS. = 27:) *If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,*] If I lose thee, my mistress gains by my loss. MALONE. = 28:) —so much of earth and water wrought,] i. e. being so thoroughly compounded of these two ponderous elements. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "—I am air and fire, my other elements || "I give to baser life." STEEVENS. Again, in *King Henry V.*: "He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." MALONE. = 29:) *To 'cide this title is impanelled—*] To 'cide, for to decide. The old copy reads—side. MALONE. = 30:) *Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race;*] The expression is here so uncouth, that I strongly suspect this line to be corrupt. Perhaps we should read: "Shall neigh to dull flesh, in his fiery race." Desire, in the ardour of impatience, shall call to the sluggish animal, (the horse) to proceed with swifter motion. MALONE. Perhaps this passage is only obscured by the awkward situation of the words *no dull flesh*. The sense may be this: "Therefore desire, being no dull piece of horse-flesh, but composed of the most perfect love, shall neigh as he proceeds in his hot career." "A good piece of horse-flesh" is a term still current in the stable. Such a profusion of words, and only to tell us that our author's passion was impetuous, though his horse was slow! STEEVENS. = 31:) *Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,*] Since seldom coming, in the long year set, || Like stones of worth, &c.] So, in *King Henry IV. Part I.*: "If all the year were

playing holidays, || "To sport would be as tedious as to work; || "But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come; || "And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents." Again, *ibidem*: "—my state, || "Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast, || "And won by rareness much solemnity." MALONE. "—feasts so solemn and so rare." He means the four festivals of the year. STEEVENS. = 32:) *Or captain jewels in the carcanet,*] Jewels of superior worth. So, in *Timon of Athens*: "The ass more captain than the lion, and the fellow || "Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge." Again, in the 66th Sonnet: "And captive Good attending captain Ill." The carcanet was an ornament worn round the neck. MALONE. = 33:) *The other as your bounty, &c.]* The foison, or plentiful season, that is, the autumn, is the emblem of your bounty. So, in *The Tempest*: "How does my bounteous sister [Ceres]?" Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "—For his bounty, || "There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas, || "That grew the more by reaping." MALONE. = 34:) —the world-without-end hour,] The tedious hour, that seems as if it would never end. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "—a time, methinks, too short || "To make a world-without-end bargain in." i. e. an everlasting bargain. MALONE. = 35:) Show me your image in some antique book, || Since mind at first in character was done!] Would that I could read a description of you in the earliest manuscript that appeared after the first use of letters. That this is the meaning appears clearly from the next line: "That I might see what the old world could say." Again: "—the wits of former days," &c. We yet use the word *character* in the same sense. MALONE. This may allude to the ancient custom of inserting real portraits among the ornaments of illuminated manuscripts, with inscriptions under them. STEEVENS. = 36:) *Nativity once in the main of light,*] In the great body of light. So, the main of waters. MALONE. = 37:) And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;] Renders what was before even and smooth, rough and uneven. So, in the second Sonnet: "When forty winters shall besiege thy brow, || "And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field." Again, in the 19th Sonnet: "—Swift footed time, || "O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow, || "Nor draw no line there with thine antique pen." Our author uses the word *parallel* in the same sense in *Othello*: "—How am I then a villain, || "To counsel Cassio to this parallel course?" MALONE. = 38:) *O fearful meditation! where, alack!*] "Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?" I once thought Shakspeare might have written— from time's quest, but am now convinced that the old reading is right. "Time's best jewel" is the person addressed, who, the author feared, would not be able to escape the devastation of time, but would fall a prey, however beautiful, to his all-subduing power. So, in his 48th Sonnet: "—thou, to whom my jewels trifles are, || "Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest, || "Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art." This allusion is a favourite one of Shakspeare, for he has introduced it in several places. Thus again, in *King Richard II.*: "A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest || "Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast." Again, in *Tarquin and Lucrece*: "She wakes her heart by beating on her breast, || "And bids it leap from thence, where it may find || "Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind." Again, in *King John*: "They found him dead, and thrown into the street, || "An empty casket, where the jewel of life || "By some damn'd villain was robb'd and ta'en away!" A similar conceit is found in an Epitaph on Prince Henry, eldest son of King James I. written in 1613: "Within this marble casket lies || "A matchless jewel of rich price; || "Whom nature, in the world's disdain, || "But shrew'd, and then put up again." The chest of Time is the repository where he lays up the most rare and curious productions of nature; one of which the poet esteemed his friend. —vobis male sit, malæ tenebræ || Orci, quæ omnia bella devoratis. *Catul.* MALONE. Time's chest is the repository into which he is poetically supposed to throw those things which he designs to be forgotten. Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida*: "Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back, || "Wherein he puts alms for oblivion." Again, in Sonnet LII.: "So is the time that keeps you, as my chest." The thief who evades pursuit, may be said with propriety to lie hid from justice, or from confinement. STEEVENS. = 39:) And lace itself with his society?] i. e. embellish itself. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "—what envious streaks || "Do lace the severing clouds—." STEEVENS. = 40:) *Before the golden tresses of the dead,*] The right of sepulchres, were shorn away, || To live a second life on second head;] Our author has again inveighed against this practice in *The Merchant of Venice*: "So are those crisped snaky golden locks, || "Which make such wanton gambols with the wind, || "Upon supposed fairness, often known || "To be the dowry of a second head, || "The skull that bred them in the sepulchre." Again, in *Timon of Athens*: "—thatch your poor thin roofs || "With burdens of the death." So, in *Swetnam Arraigned by Women*, a comedy, 1620: "—She'll instruct them how || "—to use, || "The mysteries, painting, curling, powd'ring, || "And with strange periwigs, pin-knots, borderings, || "To deck them up, like to a vintner's bush, || "For man to gaze at on a midsummer-night." In our author's time, the false hair usually worn, perhaps in compliment to the queen, was of a sandy colour. Hence the epithet *golden*. See Hentzner's Account of Queen Elizabeth. MALONE. = 41:) *The solve is this,*] This is the solution. The quarto reads: "The solve is this—." I have not found the

word now placed in the text, in any author: but have inserted it rather than print what appears to me unintelligible. We meet with a similar sentiment in the 102d Sonnet: "— sweets grown common lose their dear delight." The modern editions read: "The toil is this—" MALONE. I believe we should read: "The sole is this—" i. e. here the only explanation lies; this is all. STEEVENS. = 42:) The ornament of beauty is suspect,] Suspicion or slander is a constant attendant on beauty, and adds new lustre to it. Suspect is used as a substantive in King Henry VI. Part II. Again, by Middleton in A Mad World my Masters, a comedy, 1608: "And poize her words i'the ballance of suspect." MALONE. = 43:) Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;] The old copy here, as in many other places, reads corruptly — Their worth, &c. I strongly suspect the latter words of this line also to be corrupt. What idea does worth woo'd of [that is, by] time, present? — Perhaps the poet means, that however slandered his friend may be at present, his worth shall be celebrated in all future time. MALONE. Perhaps we are to disentangle the transposition of the passage, thus: "So thou be good, slander, being woo'd of time, doth but approve thy worth the greater," i. e. if you are virtuous, slander, being the favourite of the age, only stamps the stronger mark of approbation on your merit. I have already shewn, on the authority of Ben Jonson, that "of time" means, of the then present one. STEEVENS. Might we not read — being wood of time? taking wood for an epithet applied to slander, signifying frantic, doing mischief at random. Shakspeare often uses this old word. So, in Venus and Adonis: "Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood." I am far from being satisfied with this conjecture, but can make no sense of the words as they are printed. C. = 44:) — clean starved for a look;] That is, wholly starved. So, in Julius Cæsar: "Clean from the purpose of the things themselves." MALONE. So, in The Comedy of Errors: "While I at home starve for a merry look." STEEVENS. = 45:) Or gluttoning on all, or all away.] That is, either feeding on various dishes, or having nothing on my board, — all being away. MALONE. Perhaps, or all away, may signify, or away with all! i. e. I either devour like a glutton what is within my reach, or command all provisions to be removed out of my sight. STEEVENS. = 46:) — in a noted weed,] i. e. in a dress by which it is always known, as those persons are who always wear the same colours. STEEVENS. = 47:) Of mouthed graves —] That is, of all-devouring graves. Thus, in King Richard III.: "— in the swallowing gulph" "Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion." Again, in Venus and Adonis: "What is thy body but a swallowing grave?" MALONE. = 48:) Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,] Spirit is here, as in many other places, used as a monosyllable. Curiosity will naturally endeavour to find out who this better spirit was, to whom even Shakspeare acknowledges himself inferior. There was certainly no poet in his own time with whom he needed to have feared a comparison; but these Sonnets being probably written when his name was but little known, and at a time when Spenser was in the zenith of his reputation, I imagine he was the person here alluded to. MALONE. = 49:) And therefore have I slept in your report,] And therefore I have not sounded your praises. MALONE. The same phrase occurs in King Henry VIII.: "— Heaven will one day open" "The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon" "This bold, bad man." Again, in King Henry IV. Part I.: "— hung their eyelids down" "Slept in his face" STEEVENS. = 50:) When others would give life, and bring a tomb,] When others endeavour to celebrate your character, while, in fact, they disgrace it by the meanness of their composition. MALONE. = 51:) Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse,] i. e. being fond of such panegyric as debases what is praiseworthy in you, instead of exalting it. On in ancient books is often printed for of. It may mean, "behaving foolishly on receiving praise." STEEVENS. Fond on was certainly used by Shakspeare for fond of. So, in Twelfth Night: "— my master loves her dearly; "And I, poor monster, fond as much on him." Again, in Holland's translation of Suetonius, folio, 1606, p. 21: "He was enamoured also upon queenes." MALONE. = 52:) — fil'd up his line,] i. e. polish'd it. So, in Ben Jonson's Verses on Shakspeare: "In his well-turned and true-fil'd lines." STEEVENS. = 53:) I will acquaintance strangle,] I will put an end to our familiarity. This expression is again used by Shakspeare in Twelfth Night: "— it is the baseness of thy fear" "That makes thee strangle thy propriety." Again, in King Henry VIII.: "— he has strangled" "His language in his tears." Again, in The Winter's Tale: "Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing, "That you behold the while." Again, more appositely in Antony and Cleopatra: "You shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together, shall be the very strangler of their amity." So also Daniel, in his Cleopatra, 1594: "Rocks strangle up thy waves, "Stop cataracts thy fall!" MALONE. This uncouth phrase seems to have been a favourite with Shakspeare, who uses it again in Macbeth: "— night strangles the travelling lamp" STEEVENS. = 54:) Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:] By great and small. So, in King Henry IV. Part I.: "The more and less came in," &c. MALONE. = 55:) If like a lamb he could his looks translate!] If he could change his natural look, and assume the innocent visage of the lamb. So, in Timon of Athens: "— to present slaves and servants" "Translates his rivals." MALONE. = 56:) And yet

this time remov'd!] This time in which I was remote or absent from thee. So, in Measure for Measure: "He ever lov'd the life remov'd." Again, in King Henry IV. Part I.: "— nor did he think it meet" "To lay so dangerous and dear a trust" "On any soul remov'd." MALONE. = 57:) The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,] Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,] So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream: "— The spring, the summer, "The chiding autumn, angry winter, change" "Their wonted livries; and the 'mazed world" "By their increase now knows not which is which." The prime is the spring. Increase is the produce of the earth. MALONE. = 58:) Could make me any summer's story tell,] By a summer's story Shakspeare seems to have meant some gay fiction. Thus, his comedy founded on the adventures of the king and queen of the fairies, he calls A Midsummer-Night's Dream. On the other hand, in The Winter's Tale he tells us, "a sad tale's best for winter." So also, in Cymbeline: "— if it be summer news, "Smile to it before: if winterly, thou need'st" "But keep that countenance still." MALONE. = 59:) The lily I condemn'd for thy hand,] I condemn'd the lily for presuming to emulate the whiteness of thy hand. MALONE. = 60:) So thou prevent'st his scythe, &c.] i. e. so by anticipation thou hinderest the destructive effects of his weapons. STEEVENS. = 61:) — and death to me subscribes,] Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,] While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes,] To subscribe, is to acknowledge as a superior, to obey. So, in Troilus and Cressida: "For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes" "To tender objects." MALONE. So, in Dr. Young's Busiris: "Like death, a solitary king I'll reign, "O'er silent subjects and a desert plain." STEEVENS. = 62:) — in love's fresh case —] By the case of love the poet means his own compositions. MALONE. = 63:) And made myself a motley to the view,] Appeared like a fool (of whom the dress was formerly a motley coat). MALONE. = 64:) Gor'd mine own thoughts,] I know not whether this be a quaintness, or a corruption. STEEVENS. The text is probably not corrupt, for our author has employed the same word in Troilus and Cressida: "My fame is shrewdly gor'd." The meaning seems to be, 'I have wounded my own thoughts; I have acted contrary to what I knew to be right.' MALONE. We meet with the same expression in Hamlet: "Till by some elder masters, of known honour, "I have a voice and precedent of peace, "To keep my name ungor'd." BOSWELL. = 65:) These blenches gave my heart another youth,] These starts or aberrations from rectitude. So, in Hamlet: "— I'll observe his looks; "I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench, "I know my course." MALONE. = 66:) Than public means, which public manners breeds,] The author seems here to lament his being reduced to the necessity of appearing on the stage, or writing for the theatre. MALONE. See the Preliminary Remarks. BOSWELL. = 67:) Potions of eysell, 'gainst my strong infection,] Eysell is vinegar. So, in A Mery Geste of the Frere and the Boye: "God that dyed for us all, "And dranke both eysell and gall." STEEVENS. Vinegar is esteemed very efficacious in preventing the communication of the plague and other contagious distempers. MALONE. = 68:) For what care I who calls me well or ill,] So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?] I am indifferent to the opinion of the world, if you do but throw a friendly veil over my faults, and approve of my virtues. The allusion seems to be either to the practice of covering a bare coarse piece of ground with fresh green-sward, or to that of planting ivy or jessamine to conceal an unsightly building. To allow, in ancient language, is to approve. MALONE. I would read: "— o'er grieve my bad," i. e. I care not what is said of me, so that you compassionate my failings, and approve my virtues. STEEVENS. = 69:) That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong,] It appears from the next line but one, that sense is here used for senses. We might better read: "— e'er changes, right or wrong." MALONE. "None else to me, nor I to none alive, "That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong." The meaning of this purblind and obscure stuff seems to be — "You are the only person who has power to change my stubborn resolution, either to what is right, or to what is wrong." STEEVENS. = 70:) — that my adder's sense] To critic and to flatterer stopped are,] That my ears are equally deaf to the snarling censurer, and the flattering encomiast. Critic for cynic. So, in Love's Labour's Lost: "And critic Timon laugh at idle toys." Our author again alludes to the deafness of the adder in Troilus and Cressida: "— ears more deaf than adders to the voice" "Of any true decision." MALONE. = 71:) That all the world besides methinks they are dead,] The quarto has — "That all the world besides methinks y'are dead." Y'are was, I suppose, an abbreviation for they are or th' are. Such unpleasing contractions are often found in our old poets. MALONE. The sense is this, — "I pay no regard to the sentiments of mankind; and observe how I account for this my indifference. I think so much of you, that I have no leisure to be anxious about the opinions of others. I proceed as if the world, yourself excepted, were no more." STEEVENS. = 72:) Doth part his function,] That is, partly performs his office. MALONE. = 73:) — which it doth latch,] The old copy reads — it doth lack. The corresponding rhyme shows that what I have now substituted was the author's word. To latch formerly signified to lay hold of. So, in Macbeth: "— But I have words, "That should be howl'd out in the desert air, "Where hearing should

not latch them." MALONE. = 74:) *The most sweet favour,*] *Favour is countenance.* MALONE. = 75:) — *what with his gust is 'greeing,*] That is, what is pleasing to the taste of my mind. MALONE. = 76:) *How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,*] *In the distraction of this madding fever!*] How have mine eyes been convulsed during the frantic fits of my feverous love! So, in Macbeth: "Then comes my fit again; I had else been perfect, || "Whole as the marble," &c. The participle *fitted*, is not, I believe, used by any other author, in the sense in which it is here employed. In A Midsummer-Night's Dream, the same image is presented: "Made me compare with Hermia's *sphery eyne*." MALONE. We meet in Hamlet the same image as here: "Make thy two eyes, like stars, *start from their spheres*." STEEVENS. = 77:) — *bevel;*] i. e. crooked; a term used only, I believe, by masons and joiners. STEEVENS. = 78:) *That poor retention could not so much hold,*] *That poor retention* is the table-book given to him by his friend, incapable of retaining, or rather of containing, so much as the *tablet of the brain*. MALONE. = 79:) *That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers,*] *'Though a building may be drown'd,* i. e. deluged by rain, it can hardly grow under the influence of *heat*. I would read *glows*. STEEVENS. Our poet frequently starts from one idea to another. Though he had compared his affection to a building, he seems to have deserved that thought; and here, perhaps, meant to allude to the progress of vegetation, and the accidents that retard it. So, in the 15th Sonnet: "When I perceive, that every thing that grows, || "Holds in perfection but a little moment, — || "When I perceive that men as plants increase, || "Cheared and check'd even by the self-same sky." &c. MALONE. = 80:) *Which is not mix'd with seconds,*] I am just informed by an old lady, that *seconds* is a provincial term for the second kind of flour, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted. That our author's oblation was pure, *unmixed with baser matter*, is all that he meant to say. STEEVENS. = 81:) — and they mourners seem || *At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,* || *Slandering creation with a false esteem;*] They seem to mourn that those who are not born fair, are yet possessed of an artificial beauty, by which they pass for what they are not, and thus dishonour nature by their imperfect imitation and false pretensions. MALONE. = 82:) *Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,*] He is here speaking of a small kind of spinnet, anciently called a *virginal*. So, in Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611: "Where be these rascals that skip up and down, || "Like *virginal jacks?*" STEEVENS. A *virginal* was shaped like a *piano forte*. MALONE. = 83:) *The statute of thy beauty—*] *Statute* has here its legal signification, that of a security or obligation for money. MALONE. = 84:) *When my love swears, &c.*] This Sonnet is also found (with some variations) in The Passionate Pilgrim, a collection of verses printed as Shakspeare's in 1599. It there stands thus: "When my love swears that she is made of truth, || "I do believe her, though I know she lies, || "That she might think me some untutor'd youth, || "Unskilfull in the world's false forgeries. || "Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young, || "Although I know my years be past the best, || "I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue, || "Out-facing faults in love with love's ill rest. || "But wherefore says my love that she is young? || "And wherefore say not I that I am old? || "O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue, || "And age in love loves not to have years told. || "Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me, || "Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be." MALONE. = 85:) *But my five wits, nor my five senses can* || *Dissuade—*] That is, but neither my wits nor senses can, &c. So, in Measure for Measure: "More nor less to others paying —." "The wits," Dr. Johnson observes, "seem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five senses, or the five inlets of ideas. *Wit* in our author's time was the general term for the intellectual power." From Stephen Hawes's poem called Graunde Amour and La Bell Pucel, 1554, ch. 24, it appears that the five wits were "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory." MALONE. = 86:) *Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;*] Not regarding, nor making any account of, her child's uneasiness. MALONE. = 87:) *I hate from hate away she threw,* || *And sav'd my life, saying — not you.*] Such sense as these Sonnets abound with, may perhaps be discovered as the words at present stand; but I had rather read: "*I hate — away from hate she flew,*" &c. Having pronounced the words *I hate*, she left me with a declaration in my favour. STEEVENS. The meaning is — she removed the words *I hate* to a distance from *hatred*; she changed their natural import, and rendered them inefficacious, and undescriptive of dislike, by subjoining *not you*. The old copy is certainly right. The poet relates what the lady said; she is not herself the speaker. We have the same kind of expression in Tarquin and Lucrece: "It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile || "(She would have said) *can lurk in such a look;* || "But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while, || "And from her tongue can lurk from cannot took." MALONE. = 88:) *Past cure I am, now reason is past care,*] So, in Love's Labour's Lost: "Great reason; for past cure is still past care." It was a proverbial saying. See Holland's Leaguer, a pamphlet published in 1632: "She has got this *adage* in her mouth; *Things past cure, past care*." MALONE. = 89:) — *all tyrant, for thy sake?*] That is, for the sake of thee, thou tyrant. Perhaps however the author wrote: "— when I forgot || "Am of myself, all *truant* for thy sake?" So, in the 101st

Sonnet: "O *truant* Muse, what shall be my amends || "For thy neglect of truth —." MALONE. =

IV. THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

= 1:) *Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,*] The line preceding this is lost. MALONE. = 2:) *Sweet rose, &c.*] This seems to have been intended for a dirge to be sung by Venus on the death of Adonis. MALONE. This note shows how the clearest head may be led away by a favourite hypothesis. Unless the poet had completely altered the whole subject of his poem on Venus and Adonis, which is principally occupied by the entreaties of the goddess to the insensible swain, how could she be represented as saying, "I craved nothing of thee still." The greater part of it is employed in describing her craving. BOSWELL. = 3:) — *faded in the spring!*] The verb *fade* throughout these little fragments, &c. is always spelt *vaded*, either in compliance with ancient pronunciation, or in consequence of a primitive which perhaps modern lexicographers may feel some reluctance to acknowledge. They tell us that we owe this word to the French *fade*; but I see no reason why we may not as well impute its origin to the Latin *vado*, which equally serves to indicate departure, motion, and evanescence. STEEVENS. = 4:) *My heart doth charge the watch;*] The meaning of this phrase is not very clear. STEEVENS. Perhaps the poet, wishing for the approach of morning, enjoin the watch to hasten through their nocturnal duty. MALONE. = 5:) — *each minute seems a moon;*] The old copy reads — *each minute seems an hour*. The want of rhyme to the corresponding line shows that it must be corrupt. I have therefore not hesitated to adopt an emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens — *each minute seems a moon*; i. e. month. So, in Antony and Cleopatra: "Which had superfluous kings for messengers, || "Not many moons gone by." Again, in Othello: "— Since these arms had seven years' pith || "Till now some nine moons wasted —." In Romeo and Juliet our poet describes the impatience of a lover not less strongly than in the passage before us: "I must hear from thee every day of the hour, || "For in a minute there are many days." MALONE. "Were I with her, the night would pass too soon; || "But now are minutes added to the hours; || "To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;" Thus, in Dr. Young's Revenge: "While in the lustre of her charms I lay, || "Whole summer suns roll'd unperceiv'd away; — || "Now fate does rigidly her durs regain, || "And every moment is an age of pain." Dr. Young, however, was no needy borrower, and therefore the coincidence between these passages may be regarded as the effect of accident. There are, however, certain hyperbolical expressions which the innamoratoes of all ages have claimed as right of commonage. STEEVENS. = 6:) *Love's denying, &c.*] A denial of love, a breach of faith, &c. being the cause of all these misfortunes. The Passionate Pilgrim and Weelkes's book have — *Love is dying*, and — *Heart's denying*. The reading of the text is found in England's Helicon, except that it has — *Love is*, and *Faith is*. *Renying* is from the French, *renier*, to forswear. MALONE. = 7:) *Causer of this.*] Read — *'Cause of this*; i. e. *Because of this*. STEEVENS. The old copy is right. The word *causer* is again used by Shakspeare in Love's Labour's Lost: "And study too, the *causer* of your vow." MALONE. = 8:) *All my merry jigs are quite forgot,*] A *jig* was a metrical composition. So, in Russy d'Ambois, a tragedy by Chapman, 1607: "'Tis one of the best *jigs* that ever was acted." MALONE. *Jigs*, as the word is commonly used, would do as well in this passage. I cannot help wishing that such jigs or metrical compositions had been quite forgot, rather than that they should have been attributed to Shakspeare. BOSWELL. = 9:) *There a nay —*] So The Passionate Pilgrim. Annoy, Weelkes's Madrigals. MALONE. = 10:) *My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,*] i. e. in no degree, more or less. Thus Fairfax: "This charge some *deal* thee haply honour may." STEEVENS. = 11:) *Through harkless ground,*] This is the reading furnished by Weelkes's copy. The other old editions have *heartless* ground. If *heartless* ground be the true reading, it means, I think, *uncultivated*, desolated ground, corresponding in its appearance with the unhappy state of its owner. An hypercritic will perhaps ask, how can the ground be *harkless*, if sighs *resound*? The answer is, that no other noise is heard but that of sighs: "The birds do not sing, the bells ring not," &c. MALONE. = 12:) — *with filed talk.*] With studied or polished language. So, in Ben Jonson's Verses on our author: "In his well-torned and true *filed* lines." MALONE. = 13:) *And ban and brawl,*] To *ban* is to curse. So, in King Richard III.: "You bade me *ban*, and will you have me leave?" MALONE. = 14:) *But thou shrieking harbinger,* || *Foul pre-cursor of the fiend,* || *Augur of the fever's end,*] So, in Hamlet: "And even the like *precurse* of fierce events, — || "As *harbingers* preceding still the fates, || "And *prologue* to the omen coming on — || "Have heaven and earth together demonstrated || "Unto our climates and countrymen." The *shrieking harbinger* here addressed, is the *scritch owl*, the *foul precursor* of death. So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream: "Now the wasted brands do glow, || "While the *scritch-owl*, scritch-ing loud, || Puts the wretch that lies in woe, || "In remem-

branch of a shroud." = 15:) *That defunctive music can,*] That understands funeral music. To con in Saxon signifies to know. The modern editions read: "That defunctive music ken." MALONE. = 16:) *That thy sable gender mak'st* || *With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,*] I suppose this uncouth expression means, that the crow, or raven, continues its race by the breath it gives to them as its parent, and by that which it takes from other animals: i. e. by first producing its young from itself, and then providing for their support by depredation. Thus, in King John: "— and vast confusion waits || *(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)* || *The imminent decay of wrested pomp.*" This is the best I can make of the passage. STEEVENS. = 17:) But in them it were a wonder.] So extraordinary a phenomenon as hearts remote, yet not asunder, &c. would have excited admiration, had it been found any where else except in these two birds. In them it was not wonderful. MALONE. = 18:) *That the turtle saw his right* || *Flaming in the phoenix' sight:*] I suppose we should read light: i. e. the turtle saw all the day he wanted, in the eyes of the phoenix. So, Antony speaking to Cleopatra: "— O thou day o' the world, || *Chain my arm'd neck!*" Again, in The Merchant of Venice: "*Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes, || 'If you would walk in absence of the sun. || 'Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light.*" STEEVENS. I do not perceive any need of change. The turtle saw those qualities which were his right, which were peculiarly appropriated to him, in the phoenix. — Light certainly corresponds better with the word flaming in the next line; but Shakspeare seldom puts his comparisons on four feet. MALONE. = 19:) *Property was thus appall'd,* || *That the self was not the same;*] This communication of appropriated qualities alarmed the power that presides over property. Finding that the self was not the same, he began to fear that nothing would remain distinct and individual; that all things would become common. MALONE. = 20:) *To themselves yet either neither, &c.*] So, in Drayton's Mortimeriados, 1596: "— fire seem'd to be water, water flame, || *'Either or neither, and yet both the same.*" MALONE. = 21:) *Love hath reason, reason none,* || *If what parts can so remain.*] Love is reasonable, and reason is folly [has no reason], if two that are disunited from each other, can yet remain together and undivided. MALONE. = 22:) *Whereupon it made this threne—*] This funeral song. So, in Kendall's poems, 1577: "Of verses, threnes, and epitaphs, || *'Full fraught with tears of teene.*" A book entitled David's Threnes, by J. Heywood, was published in 1620. Two years afterwards it was reprinted under the title of David's Tears: the former title probably was discarded as obsolete. For this information I am indebted to Dr. Farmer. MALONE. By the kindness of my friend, Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, the possessor of this singularly rare volume, I was furnished with the opportunity of inspecting it, and ascertaining the accuracy with which these verses had been reprinted. BOSWELL. =

V. A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

= 1:) — whose concave womb re-worded —] Repeated; re-echoed. The same verb is found in Hamlet: "— Bring me to the test, || *'And I the matter will re-word.*" MALONE. = 2:) *Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.*] So, in Julius Cæsar: "— and the state of a man, || *'Like to a little kingdom, suffers then* || *'The nature of an insurrection.*" Again, in Hamlet: "— Remember thee? || *'Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat* || *'In this distracted globe.*" Again, in King Lear: "Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn || *'The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.*" Sorrow's wind and rain are sighs and tears. Thus, in Antony and Cleopatra: "We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears." The modern editions read corruptedly: "Storming her words with sorrows, wind," &c. MALONE. = 3:) *Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.*] Thus, in the 3d Sonnet: "So thou through windows of thine age shalt see, || *'Despight of wrinkles, this thy golden time.*" Again, in Cymbeline: "— or let her beauty || *'Look through a casement, to allure false hearts,* || *'And be false with them.*" In Macbeth we meet with the same epithet applied as here: "— my way of life || *'Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf.*" MALONE. Shakspeare has applied this image to a comic purpose in King Henry VI. Part II.: "He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new-petticoat, and peep'd through." STEEVENS. = 4:) *Which on it had conceited characters,*] Fanciful images. Thus, in Tarquin and Lucrece: "Which the conceited painter drew so proud —" MALONE. = 5:) *Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine* || *That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,*] So, in Tarquin and Lucrece: "Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine." Laundering is wetting. The verb is now obsolete. To pellet is to form into pellets, to which, being round, Shakspeare, with his usual licence, compares falling tears. The word, I believe, is found no where but here and in Antony and Cleopatra: "— My brave Egyptians all, || *'By the discandying of this pelleted storm,* || *'Lie graveless.*" In

Julius Cæsar we meet with a kindred thought: "— mine eyes, || *'Secing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,* || *'Began to water.*" Again, in King Henry IV. Part I.: "— beads of sweat have trod upon thy brow." Again, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona: "A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears." MALONE. "Season'd woe had pelleted in tears." This phrase is from the kitchen. Pellet was the ancient culinary term for a forced meat ball, a well known seasoning. STEEVENS. = 6:) *Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,*] The allusion, which is to a piece of ordnance, is very quaint and farfetched. MALONE. In The Merchant of Venice, the eyes of Portia's picture are represented as mounted on those of Bassanio: "— Move these eyes? || *'Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,* || *'Seem they in motion?*" STEEVENS. = 7:) — her sheav'd hat,] Her straw hat. MALONE. = 8:) *Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,*] Thus the quarto 1609. If bedded be right, it must mean, set in some kind of metal. Our author uses the word in The Tempest: "— my son i' the ooze is bedded." The modern editions read — beaded jet, which may be right; beads made of jet. The construction, I think, is, — she drew from a maund a thousand favours, of amber, crystal, &c. MALONE. Baskets made of beads were sufficiently common even since the time of our author. I have seen many of them. Beaded jet, is jet formed into beads. STEEVENS. = 9:) *Upon whose weeping margent she was set,* — || *Like usury, applying wet to wet,*] In King Henry VI. Part III. we meet with a similar thought: "With tearful eyes add water to the sea, || *'And give more strength to that which hath too much.*" These two lines are not in the old play on which the Third Part of King Henry VI. is formed. Again, in Romeo and Juliet: "With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew, || *'Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.*" Again, in As You Like It: "— Thou mak'st a testament || *'As worldings do, giving the sum of more* || *'To that which hath too much.*" Perhaps we should read: "Upon whose margent weeping she was set." The words might have been accidentally transposed at the press. Weeping margent, however, is, I believe, right, being much in our author's manner. Weeping for weeped or be-weeped; the margin wetted with tears. MALONE. To weep is to drop. Milton talks of "Groves whose rich trees wept od'rous gums and balm." Pope speaks of the "weeping amber," and Mortimer observes that "ryegrass grows on weeping ground," i. e. lands abounding with wet, like the margin of the river on which this damsel is sitting. The rock from which water drops, is likewise poetically called a weeping rock: *Κρήνη ὡς ἀνασὼν νύκτας ἀνὸ ΛΑΚΡΥΟΕΣΣΗΣ.* STEEVENS. = 10:) *With sleided silk feat and affectedly* —] Sleided silk is, as Dr. Percy has elsewhere observed, untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's sley or stay. So, in Pericles: "Be't, when she weav'd the sleided silk." A weaver's sley is forced with teeth like a comb. Feat is, curiously, nicely. MALONE. = 11:) *With sleided silk feat and affectedly* || *Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.*] To be convinced of the propriety of this description, let the reader consult the Royal Letters, &c. in the British Museum, where he will find that anciently the ends of a piece of narrow ribbon were placed under the seals of letters, to connect them more closely. STEEVENS. Florio's Italian and English Dialogues, entitled his Second Frutes, 1591, confirm Mr. Steevens's observation. In p. 89, a person, who is supposed to have just written a letter, calls for "some wax, some sealing thread, his dust-box, and his seal." MALONE. = 12:) — that the ruffle knew —] Rufflers were a species of bullies in the time of Shakspeare. "To ruffle in the common wealth," is a phrase in Titus Andronicus. STEEVENS. In Sherwood's French and English Dictionary at the end of Cotgrave's Dictionary, Ruffle and hurliburly are synonymous. MALONE. = 13:) — and had let go by || *The swiftest hours, &c.*] Had passed the prime of life, when time appears to move with his quickest pace. MALONE. = 14:) — this afflicted fancy —] This afflicted love-sick lady. Fancy, it has been already observed, was formerly sometimes used in the sense of love. So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream: "Sighs and tears, poor fancy's followers." MALONE. = 15:) — his grained bat,] So, in Coriolanus: "My grained ash —" His grained bat is his staff on which the grain of the wood was visible. STEEVENS. A bat is a club. The word is again used in King Lear: "Ise try whether your costard or my bat be the harder." MALONE. = 16:) — her suffering ecstasy —] Her painful perturbation of mind. MALONE. = 17:) — made him her place;] i. e. her seat, her mansion. In the sacred writings the word is often used with this sense. STEEVENS. So, in As You Like It: "This is no place; this house is but a butchery." Plas in the Welch language signifies a mansion-house. MALONE. = 18:) *What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find;*] I suppose he means, things pleasant to be done will easily find people enough to do them. STEEVENS. = 19:) — in paradise was sown.] i. e. seen. This irregular participle, which was forced upon the author by the rhyme, is, I believe, used by no other writer. MALONE. I rather think the word means sown, i. e. all the flowers sown in Paradise. This word is still pronounced sown in Scotland. BOSWELL. The same thought occurs in King Henry V.: "Leaving his body as a paradise." Again, in Romeo and Juliet: "In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh." STEEVENS. = 20:) *His phoenix down —*] I suppose he means matchless, rare, down. MALONE. = 21:) — following where he haunted:] Where he frequented. So, in Romeo and Juliet: "— here

in the public haunt of men." MALONE. = 22:) *And was my own fee-simple,*] Had an absolute power over myself; as large as a tenant in fee has over his estate. MALONE. = 23:) — *to our blood,*] i. e. to our passions. MALONE. = 24:) — *the patterns of his foul beguiling;*] The examples of his seduction. MALONE. = 25:) — *in others' orchards grew,*] Orchard and garden were, in ancient language, synonymous. Our author has a similar allusion in his 16th Sonnet: "— many maiden gardens yet unset, || "With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers, || "Much liker than your painted counterfeit." MALONE. = 26:) *Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;*] So, in Hamlet: "Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers, || "Meer implorators of unholy suits." STEEVENS. A broker formerly signified a pandar. MALONE. = 27:) *Love made them not; with acture they may be,*] *Where neither party is nor true nor kind;*] Thus the old copy. I have not found the word *acture* in any other place, but suppose it to have been used as synonymous with *action*. We have, I think, *enactures* in Hamlet. His offences that might be seen abroad in the world, were the plants before mentioned, that he had set in others' gardens. The meaning of the passage then should seem to be — My illicit amours were merely the effect of constitution, and not approved by my reason: Pure and genuine love had no share in them or in their consequences; for the mere congress of the sexes may produce such fruits, without the affections of the parties being at all engaged. MALONE. = 28:) *And lo! behold these talents of their hair,* &c.] These *lockets*, consisting of hair platted and set in gold. MALONE. = 29:) — *amorously impleach'd*] *Impleach'd* is *interwoven*; the same as *pleached*, a word which our author uses in Much Ado About Nothing, and in Antony and Cleopatra: "— Steal into the *pleached* bower, || "Where honey-suckles ripen'd by the sun || "Forbid the sun to enter —" "— with *pleach'd* arms bending down || "His corrigible neck." MALONE. = 30:) *Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;*] *Invis'd* for *invisible*. This is, I believe, a word of Shakspeare's coining. His *invis'd* properties are the *invisible* qualities of his mind. So, in our author's Venus and Adonis: "Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love || "Thy inward beauty and invisible." MALONE. = 31:) *O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,* || *Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;*] So, in Romeo and Juliet: "— they may seize || "On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand." The "airy scale of praise" is the "scale filled with verbal eulogiums." *Air* is often thus used by our author. So, in Much Ado About Nothing: "Charm ache with *air*, and agony with words." MALONE. = 32:) *Which late her noble suit in court did shun,*] Who lately retired from the solicitation of her noble admirers. The word *suit*, in the sense of *request* or *petition*, was much used in Shakspeare's time. MALONE. = 33:) *Whose rarest havings made the blossoms date;*] Whose accomplishments were so extraordinary that the flower of the young nobility were passionately enamoured of her. MALONE. = 34:) *For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,*] By nobles; whose high descent is marked by the number of quarters in their coats of arms. So in our author's Tarquin and Lucrece: "Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive, || "And be an eye-sore in my golden coat. MALONE. = 35:) *But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave* || *The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?* || *Paling the place which did no form receive;*] The old copy reads: "*Playing* the place which did no form receive, || "*Playing* patient sports in uncon-

strained gyves." It does not require a long note to prove that this is a gross corruption. How to amend it is the only question. *Playing* in the first line, I apprehend, was a misprint for *paling*; the compositor's eye I suppose glanced upon the second line, and caught the first word of it instead of the first word of the line he was then composing. — The lover is speaking of a nun who had voluntarily retired from the world. — But what merit (he adds,) could she boast, or what was the difficulty of such an action? What labour is there in leaving what we have not, i. e. what we do not enjoy, or in restraining desires that do not agitate our breast? "*Paling the place,*" &c. securing within the pale of a cloister that heart which had never received the impression of love, — When fetters are put upon us by our consent, they do not appear irksome, &c. Such is the meaning of the text as now regulated. In Antony and Cleopatra the verb to *pale* is used in the sense of to *hem in*: "What-e'er the ocean *pales*, or sky inclips, || "Is thine, if thou wilt have it." The word *form*, which I once suspected to be corrupt, is undoubtedly right. The same phraseology is found in Tarquin and Lucrece: "— the impression of strange kinds || "Is *form'd* in them, [women,] by force, by fraud, or skill." It is also still more strongly supported by the passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from Twelfth Night. MALONE. I do not believe there is any corruption in the words "— did no *form* receive," as the same expression occurs again in the last stanza but three: "— a plenitude of subtle matter, || "Applied to cautels, all strange *forms* receives." Again, in Twelfth Night: "How easy is it for the proper false || "In women's waxen hearts to set their forms?" STEEVENS. = 36:) *My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,*] Perhaps the poet wrote: "— a sacred nun." If *sun* be right, it must mean, the *brightest luminary of the cloister*. So, in King Henry VIII.: "— When these *suns* || "(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd || "The noble spirits to arms, they did perform || "Beyond thought's compass." MALONE. In Coriolanus, the chaste Valeria is called "the moon of Rome." STEEVENS. = 37:) *Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, &c.*] I suspect our author wrote: "Love's arms are proof 'gainst rule, &c. The meaning, however, of the text as it stands, may be — The warfare that love carries on against rule, sense, &c. produces to the parties engaged a peaceful enjoyment, and sweetens, &c. The construction in the next line is perhaps irregular. — Love's arms are peace, &c. and love sweetens —. MALONE. Perhaps we should read: "Love aims at peace — || "Yet sweetens," &c. STEEVENS. = 38:) — *gate the glowing roses* || *That flame* —] That is, procured for the glowing roses in his cheeks that flame, &c. *Gate* is the ancient perfect tense of the verb to *get*. MALONE. = 39:) *O cleft effect!*] *O* divided and discordant effect! — *O* cleft, &c. is the modern correction. The old copy has — *Or* cleft effect, from which it is difficult to draw any meaning. MALONE. = 40:) — *and civil fears;*] *Civil* formerly signified grave, decorous. So, in Romeo and Juliet: "— Come, *civil* night, || "Thou sober-suited matron all in black." MALONE. = 41:) *Applied to cautels,*] Applied to insidious purposes, with subtilty and cunning. So, in Hamlet: "Perhaps he loves you now; — || "And now no soil of *cautel* doth besmirch || "The virtue of his will." MALONE. = 42:) — *that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,*] That passion which he copied from others so naturally that it seemed real and his own. *Ow'd* has here, as in any other places in our author's works, the signification of *owned*. MALONE. =

VI.

G L O S S A R Y.

A.

ABATE: to depress, sink, subdue.
ABC-book: a catechism.
Abjects: servile persons.
Able: to qualify or uphold.
Abortive: issuing before its time.
Absolute: highly accomplished, perfect.
Abused: deceived.
Aby: to pay dear for.
Abysm: abyss.
Accuse: accusation.
Achieve: to obtain.
Acquittance: requital.
Action: direction by mute signs, charge or accusation.
Action-taking: litigious.
Additions: titles or descriptions.
Address: to make ready.
Addressed, or addrest: ready.
Advance: to prefer, to raise to honour.
Adversity: contrariety.
Advertisement: admonition.
Advertising: attentive.
Advice: consideration, discretion, thought.
Advise: to consider, recollect.
Advised: not precipitant, cool, cautious.
Afeard: afraid.
Affect: love.
Affectioned: affected.
Affections: passions, inordinate desires.
Affeered: confirmed.
Affied: betrothed.
Affined: joined by affinity.
Affront: to meet or face.
Affy: to betroth in marriage.
Aglet baby: a diminutive being.
Agnize: acknowledge, confess.
A good: in good earnest.
Aiery: the nest of an eagle or hawk.
Aim: guess, encouragement, suspicion.
Alder-liefest: beloved above all things.
Ale: a merry meeting.
Allow: to approve.
Allowance: approbation.
Amaze: to perplex or confuse.

Ames-ace: the lowest chance of the dice.
Amort: sunk and dispirited.
An: as if.
Anchor: anchoret.
Ancient: an ensign.
Anight: in the night.
Answer: retaliation.
Anthropophaginian: a cannibal.
Antic: the fool of the old farces.
Antiquity: old age.
Antres: caves and dens.
Apparent: seeming, not real, heir-apparent, or next claimant.
Appeal: to accuse.
Appeared: rendered apparent.
Apply: to attend to, consider.
Appointment: preparation.
Apprehension: opinion.
Apprehensive: quick to understand.
Approbation: entry on probation, proof.
Approof: proof, approbation.
Approve: to justify, to make good, to establish, to recommend to approbation.
Approved: felt, experienced, convicted by proof.
Approvers: persons who try.
Aqua-vitæ: strong waters.
Arbitrate: to determine.
Arch: chief.
Argentine: silver.
Argier: Algiers.
Argosies: ships of great burthen, galleons.
Argument: subject for conversation, evidence, proof.
Arm: to take up in the arms.
Aroint: avaunt, be gone.
A-row: successively, one after another.
Art: practice as distinguished from theory, theory.
Articulate: to enter into articles.
Articulated: exhibited in articles.
Artificial: ingenious, artful.
As: as if.
Aspect: countenance.
Aspersion: sprinkling.
Assay: test.
Assinego: a he-ass.
Assurance: conveyance or deed.
Assured: affianced.

Astringer: a falconer.
Ates: instigation, from Ate, the mischievous goddess that incites bloodshed.
Atomies: minute particles discernible in a stream of sunshine that breaks into a darkened room, atoms.
Atone: to reconcile.
Attasked: reprehended, corrected.
Attended: waited for.
Attent: attentive.
Attorney: deputation.
Attorneyship: the discretionary agency of another.
Attornied: supplied by substitution of embassies.
Attributive: that which attributes or gives.
Avaunt: contemptuous dismissal.
Averring: confirming.
Audacious: spirited, animated.
Audrey: a corruption of Etheldreda.
Augurs: auguries or prognostications.
Authentic: an epithet applied to the learned.
Awkward: adverse.
Awful: reverend, worshipful.
Awless: not producing awe.

B.

Baccare: stand back, give place.
Bale: misery, calamity.
Baleful: baneful.
Balked: bathed or piled up.
Balm: the oil of consecration.
Band: bond.
Bandog: village dog or mastiff.
Bank: to sail along the banks.
Banning: cursing.
Banquet: a slight refection, a desert.
Bans: curses.
Bar: barrier.
Barbed: caparisoned in a warlike manner.
Barful: full of impediments.
Barm: yeast.
Barn or bairn: a child.
Barnacle: a kind of shell fish.
Base: dishonoured.

Base: a rustic game called prison-base.
Bases: a kind of dress used by knights on horseback.
Basilisks: a species of cannon.
Basta: Spanish, 'tis enough.
Bastard: raisin wine.
Bat: a club or staff.
Bate: strife, contention.
Bate: to flutter as a hawk.
Batlet: an instrument used by washers of clothes.
Batten: to grow fat.
Battle: army.
Bavin: brushwood.
Bawcock: a jolly cock.
Bay: the space between the main beams of a roof.
Bay-window: bow window, one in a recess.
Beak: the forecastle, or the bolt-sprit.
Beard: to oppose in a hostile manner, to set at defiance.
Bearing: carriage, demeanour.
Bearing-cloth: a mantle used at christenings.
Beat: in falconry, to flutter.
Beating: hammering, dwelling upon.
Beaver: helmet in general.
Beck: a salutation made with the head.
Becomed: becoming.
Beetle: to hang over the base.
Being: abode.
Belongings: endowments.
Be-mete: be-measure.
Be-moiled: be-draggled, be-mired.
Bending: unequal to the weight.
Benefit: beneficiary.
Bent: the utmost degree of any passion.
Benumbed: inflexible, immoveable.
Beshrew: ill befall.
Best: bravest.
Bestowed: left, stowed or lodged.
Bestraught: distraught or distracted.
Beteem: to give, to pour out, to permit or suffer.
Bewray: betray, discover.
Bezonian: a term of reproach.
Bid: to invite, to pray.
Biding: place, abiding.
Bigging: a kind of cap.
Bilberry: the whortleberry.
Bilbo: a Spanish blade of peculiar excellence.
Bilboes: a species of fetters.
Bill: a weapon carried by watchmen; articles of accusation.
Bird bolt: a species of arrow.
Bisson: blind.
Blank: the white mark at which an arrow is shot.
Blast: burst.
Blear: to deceive.
Blench: to start off.
Blent: blended, mixed.
Blind-worm: the slow-worm.
Blistered: puffed out like blisters.

Blood: ancestry, high spirits, true metal, passions, natural propensities.
Blood-boltered: daubed with blood.
Blown: puffed or swollen.
Blows: swells.
Blunt: stupid, insensible.
Board: to accost, to address.
Bob: to trick, to make a fool of.
Bodged: boggled, made bungling work.
Bodkin: a small dagger.
Bold: confident, to embolden.
Boldness: confidence.
Bolted: sifted, refined.
Bolting hutch: the receptacle in which the meal is bolted.
Bombard, or *bumbard*: a barrel.
Bombast: the stuffing of clothes.
Bona-robas: strumpets.
Bond: bounden duty.
Book: paper of conditions.
Boot: profit, advantage, something over and above.
Bore: demeaned.
Bore: the caliber of a gun, the capacity of the barrel.
Bores: stabs or wounds.
Bosky: woody.
Bosom: wish, heart's desire.
Bots: worms in the stomach of a horse.
Bourn: boundary, rivulet.
Bow: yoke.
Brace: armour for the arm, state of defence.
Braid: crafty or deceitful.
Brake: a thicket, furze-bush.
Brave: to make fine or splendid.
Bravery: showy dress.
Brawl: a kind of dance.
Breach: of the sea, breaking of the sea.
Breast: voice, surface.
Breath: breathing, voice.
Breathe: to utter.
Breathed: inured by constant practice.
Breathing: complimentary.
Breeching: liable to school-boy punishment.
Bridal: the nuptial feast.
Brief: a short account, letter, or enumeration.
Bring: to attend or accompany.
Brize: the gad or horse fly.
Broached: spitted, transfixed.
Brock: a badger.
Broke: to deal with a pander.
Broken: toothless.
Broker: a matchmaker, a procuress or pimp.
Brooch: an ornamental buckle.
Brooched: adorned as with a brooch.
Brotherhoods: confraternities or corporations.
Brow: height.
Brownist: the name of a sect.
Bruit: noise, report.
Bruited: reported with clamour.

Brush: detrition, decay.
Buckle: to bend, to yield to pressure.
Bugs: bugbears, terrors.
Bulk: the body.
Bumbard. See *Bombard*.
Bunting: a bird outwardly like a skylark.
Burgonet: a kind of helmet.
Burst: broken.
Bury: to conceal, to keep secret.
Bush: the sign of a public-house.
Busky: woody. See *Bosky*.
But: only, unless, except.
Butt shaft: an arrow to shoot at butts with.
Buxom: obedient, under good command.
By: according to, by means of.
Byrlakin: by our ladykin or little lady.

C.

Caddis: a narrow worsted galloon.
Cade: a barrel.
Cadent: falling.
Cage: a prison.
Cain-coloured: yellow.
Calculate: to foretell or prophesy.
Caliver: a species of musket.
Call: to visit.
Callet: a lewd woman.
Calling: appellation.
Calm: qualm.
Canary: a sprightly nimble dance.
Candle waiters: those who sit up all night to drink.
Canker: the dog-rose.
Canstick: candlestick.
Cantel or *Cantle*: a corner or piece of any thing.
Cantons: cantos.
Canvas: to sift.
Canvas-climber: a sailor who climbs to adjust the sails.
Cap: the top, the principal.
Cap: to salute by taking off the cap.
Capable: perceptible, intelligent, quick of apprehension, ample, capacious.
Capitulate: to make head.
Capon: metaphor for a letter.
Capricious: lascivious.
Captious: capacious or recipient.
Carack: a ship of great bulk.
Carbonadoed: scotched like meat for the gridiron.
Card: perhaps a sea-chart.
Care: to make provision, to take care.
Care: inclination.
Careires: the motion of a horse.
Carkanet: necklace or chain.
Carl: clown or husbandman.
Carlot: peasant.
Carper: a critic.
Carriage: import.
Carried: conducted or managed.
Carry: to prevail over.
Cart: a chariot.

Case: contemptuously for skin, outside-garb.
Case: to strip naked.
Casques: helmets.
Cassock: a horseman's great-coat.
Cast: to empty, as a pond, to dismiss, or reject.
Cast: cast up, reckoned.
Castilian: an opprobrious term.
Castilano vulgo: a cant term, of contempt.
Cataian: some kind of sharper.
Catling: a small lute-string made of catgut.
Cavaleroes: airy, gay fellows.
Caviare: a delicacy made of the roe of sturgeon.
Cautelous: insidious, cautious.
Cease: to de cease, die, stop.
Censure: judgment, opinion.
Censure: to judge.
Censured: sentenced, estimated.
Ceturies: companies of an hundred men each.
Ceremonies: honorary ornaments, tokens of respect.
Ceremonious: superstitious.
Certes: certainly, in truth.
Cess: measure.
Chace: a term at tennis.
Chair: throne.
Chamber: ancient name for London.
Chamber: a species of great gun.
Chamberers: men of intrigue.
Champion: an open country.
Chance: fortune.
Changeling: a child changed.
Channel: a kennel.
Character: description, hand-writing.
Charácter: to write, to infix strongly.
Charactery: the matter with which letters are made.
Chares: task-work.
Charge: to put to expence.
Charge: commission, employment.
Charge-house: the free-school.
Chariest: most cautious.
Chariness: caution.
Charitable: dear, endearing.
Charles's-wain: the constellation called the Bear.
Charneco: a sort of sweet wine.
Charter: a privilege.
Chaudron: entrails.
Cheater: escheatour, an officer in the exchequer, a gamester.
Check: command, controul.
Check: to object to, to rebuke.
Checks: probably for ethicks.
Cheer: countenance.
Cherry-pit: a play with cherry-stones.
Cheveril: soft or kid leather.
Chew: to ruminate, consider.
Chewet: a noisy chattering bird.
Chide: to resound, to echo, to scold, to be clamorous.
Chiding: sound.
Chiding: noisy.
Child: a female infant.

Childing: unseasonably pregnant.
Chopin: a high shoe or clog.
Chough: a bird of the daw kind.
Christom: the white cloth put on a new baptised child.
Chrystals: eyes.
Chuck: chicken, a term of endearment.
Chuff: rich, avaricious.
Cicatrice: the scar of a wound.
Circumstance: detail of an argument, circumlocution.
Cital: recital.
Cite: to incite, to show, to prove.
Civil: grave or solemn.
Civil: human creature, any thing human.
Clack-dish: a beggar's-dish.
Claw: to flatter.
Clear: pure, blameless, innocent, quite, fully, perfectly.
Clearest: purest, freest from evil.
Clear story: a species of windows in a church, &c.
Cleave: to unite with closely.
Clerkly: like a scholar.
Cliff: a key in music.
Cling: to shrink or shrivel up.
Clinguant: glittering, shining.
Clip: to embrace, to infold.
Closely: secretly, privately.
Clout: the white mark at which archers take aim.
Clown: a licensed jester in families.
Clubs: a popular cry on a street quarrel.
Clutched: grasped.
Coach-fellow: one who draws with a confederate.
Coasting: conciliatory, inviting.
Cobloaf: a crusty, uneven loaf.
Cock: cock-boat.
Cockle: a weed.
Cockled: inshelled like a cockle.
Cock shut-time: twilight.
Codling: anciently an immature apple.
Coffin: the cavity of a raised pie.
Cog: to falsify, to lie, to defraud.
Cognizance: the badge or token.
Coigne: corner.
Coil: bustle, stir.
Cold: naked.
Collect: to assemble by observation.
Collection: corollary, consequence.
Collied: black, smutted with coal.
Collier: formerly a term of the highest reproach.
Colour: pretence.
Colourable: specious.
Colours: appearances, deceits.
Colt: to fool, to trick.
Co-mart: a joint bargain.
Combrate: betrothed.
Combine: to bind.
Combined: bound by agreement.
Comforting: aiding.
Commence: to give a beginning.
Commended: committed.
Commission: authority, power.
Commodity: interest, profit.

Commonly: a comedy.
Compact: made up of.
Companion: fellow.
Company: companion.
Comparative: a dealer in comparisons.
Compare: comparison.
Compassed: round.
Compassionate: plaintive.
Competitors: confederates or associates.
Complements: accomplishments.
Complexion: humour.
Comply: to compliment.
Compose: to come to a composition.
Composition: contract or bargain, consistency, concordancy.
Composture: composition, compost.
Comptible: submissive.
Con: to know.
Conceit: fanciful conception, thought.
Concent: connected harmony in general.
Conclusion: determination, resolution.
Conclusions: experiments.
Concupy: concupiscence.
Condition: temper, character, qualities, art, vocations or inclinations.
Condolement: sorrow.
Conduct: conductor.
Coney-catched: deceived, cheated.
Coney-catcher: a cheat or sharper.
Confession: profession.
Conject: conjecture.
Conjecture: suspicion.
Confound: to destroy, to expend, to consume.
Confounded: worn or wasted.
Consent: to agree.
Consent: conspiracy, will, assent, united voice.
Consigned: sealed.
Consist: to stand upon.
Consort: company.
Consort: to keep company with.
Constancy: consistency, stability.
Constant: firm, determined.
Constantly: certainly, without fluctuation.
Contemptible: contemptuous.
Continent: the thing which contains.
Continents: banks of rivers.
Continue: uninterrupted.
Contraction: marriage contract.
Contrarious: different.
Contrive: to spend and wear out.
Control: to confute.
Convent: to serve or agree.
Convented: cited, summoned.
Conversation: familiar intercourse, conduct, behaviour.
Converse: interchange.
Conversion: change of condition.
Convertite: convert.
Convey: to perform slight of hand, to manage artfully.

Conveyance: theft, fraud.
Convince: to overpower, subdue, convict.
Convicted: overpowered, baffled.
Convive: to feast.
Cope: to encounter, to engage.
Cope: covering.
Copped: rising to a cop, or head.
Copy: theme.
Coragio: an exclamation of encouragement.
Corinthian: a wench.
Corky: dry, withered, husky.
Corners: bye-places.
Corollary: surplus.
Coronet: a crown.
Corrigible: corrected.
Costard: the head.
Coster-monger: meanly mercenary.
Cote: to overtake.
Coted: quoted, observed, or regarded.
Cotsale: Cotswold in Gloucestershire.
Count: to make account, to reckon upon.
Count Confect: a specious nobleman.
Countenance: false appearance, hypocrisy.
Counterfeit: a likeness, a portrait.
Counterpoints: counterpanes.
County: count, earl.
Covered: hollow.
Cower: to sink by bending the hams.
Cowl-staff: a staff for carrying a large tub.
Coy: to soothe or stroke.
Coyed: condescended unwillingly.
Coystil: a coward cock, a mean or drunken fellow.
Cozier: a tailor or botcher.
Crab: a wild apple.
Crack: dissolution.
Crack: a boy or child, a boy-child.
Cranks: windings.
Crants: chants.
Crare: a small trading vessel.
Craven: a degenerate, dispirited cock.
Craven: mean, cowardly, to make cowardly.
Create: compounded or made up.
Credent: creditable, credible.
Credit: account, information, credulity.
Credit: a great light set upon a beacon.
Cressive: increasing.
Crest: the top, the height.
Crestless: those who have not right to arms.
Crisp: curling, winding, curled, bent, hollow.
Critic: cynic.
Critical: censorious.
Crone: an old worn-out woman.
Crosses: money stamped with a cross.

Crow: to exult over.
Crow-keeper: a scare-crow.
Crown: to conclude.
Crowned: dignified, adorned.
Crownet: last purpose.
Cry: a troop or pack.
Cue: in stage cant, the last words of the preceding speech.
Cuisses: armour for the thighs.
Cullion: a despicable fellow.
Cunning: sagacity, knowledge.
Curb: to bend or truckle.
Curiosity: finical delicacy, scrupulousness or captiousness.
Curious: scrupulous.
Curled: ostentatiously dressed.
Currents: occurrences.
Cursed: under the influence of a malediction.
Curst: petulant, crabbed, shrewd-ish or mischievous, severe, harsh, vehemently angry.
Curstness: ill-humour.
Curtail: a cur of little value.
Curtal: a docked horse.
Curtle-ax: or cutlace, a broadsword.
Custard-coffin: the crust of a custard or pie.
Customer: a common woman.
Cut a horse.
Cyprus: a transparent stuff.

D.

Daff or *doff*: to do off, to put aside.
Dally: to play or trifle.
Damn: condemn.
Danger: reach or controul.
Dank: wet, rotten.
Danskers: natives of Denmark.
Dare: to challenge or incite.
Dark-house: a house made gloomy by discontent.
Darkling: in the dark.
Darraign: to arrange, put in order.
Daub: to disguise.
Daubery: falsehood and imposition.
Day-bed: a couch.
Day-light: broad day.
Day-woman: dairy-maid.
Dearn: lonely, solitary.
Death-tokens: spots appearing on those infected by the plague.
Deboshed: debauched.
Decay: misfortunes.
Deceivable: deceptive.
Decline: to run through from first to last.
Declined: the fallen.
Deem: opinion, surmise.
Defeat: destruction.
Defeatures: features, change of features for the worse.
Defence: art of fencing.
Defend: to forbid.
Defensible: furnishing the means of defence.

Defiance: refusal.
Deformed: deforming.
Defly: dexterously, with adroitness.
Defy: to refuse, to disdain.
Degrees: steps.
Delay: to let slip.
Demerits: merits.
Demise: to grant.
Demurely: solemnly.
Denay: denial.
Denied: disbelieved or contemned.
Denier: the twelfth part of a French sous.
Denotements: indications or discoveries.
Deny: to refuse.
Depart: to part.
Departing: separation.
Depend: to be in service.
Deprive: to disinherit.
Deracinate: to force up by the roots.
Derogate: degraded, blasted.
Descant: a term in music.
Desert: merit.
Deserved: deserving.
Design: to mark out.
Despatched: bereft.
Desperate: bold, adventurous.
Detected: charged or guilty.
Determined: ended.
Dibble: an instrument used by gardeners.
Dich: dit or do it.
Dickon: familiarly for Richard.
Die: gaming.
Diet: regimen.
Diet: to oblige to fast.
Diffused: extravagant, irregular.
Digress: to deviate from the right.
Digression: transgression.
Dint: impression.
Direction: judgment, skill.
Disable: to undervalue.
Disappointed: unprepared.
Disclose: to hatch.
Discontenting: discontented.
Discontents: malcontents.
Discourse: reason.
Disdained: disdainful.
Disease: uneasiness, discontent.
Diseases: sayings.
Disgrace: hardship, injury.
Dislimns: unpaints, obliterates.
Dispark: to destroy a park.
Disponge: discharge as a sponge.
Dispose: to make terms, to settle matters.
Disposition: frame.
Disputable: disputatious.
Dispute: to talk over.
Dissemble: to gloss over.
Dissembling: putting dissimilar things together.
Distaste: to corrupt, to change to a worse state.
Distemper: intoxication.
Distemperature: perturbation.
Distempered: ruffled, out of humour.

Distractions: detachments, separate bodies.
Distraught: distracted.
Diverted: turned out of the course of nature.
Dividable: divided.
Division: the pauses or parts of musical composition.
Divulged: spoken of.
Doctrine: skill.
Doff, see *Daff*.
Dole: lot, allowance.
Dolphin: the Dauphin of France.
Don: to do on, to put on.
Done: expended, consumed.
Dotant: dotard.
Double: full of duplicity.
Doubt: to fear.
Dout: to do out, extinguish.
Dowle: a feather.
Down-gyved: hanging down like what confines the fetters round the ancles.
Drab: whoring.
Draught: the jakes.
Drawn: embowelled, exenterated.
Dread: epithet applied to kings.
Drew: assembled.
Dribbling: a term of contempt.
Drive: to fly with impetuosity.
Drollery: a show performed by puppets.
Drugs: drudges.
Drumble: to act lazily and stupidly.
Dry: thirsty.
Ducdame: duc ad me, bring him to me.
Dudgeon: the handle of a dagger.
Due: to endue, to deck, to grace.
Dull: melancholy, gentle, soothing.
Dull: to render callous, insensible.
Dullard: a person stupidly unconcerned.
Dump: a mournful elegy.
Dup: to do up, to lift up.

E.

Eager: sour, sharp, harsh.
Eanlings: lambs just dropt.
Ear: to plough.
Easy: slight, inconsiderable.
Eche: to eke out.
Ecstasy: alienation of mind, madness.
Effects: affects, or affections, actions, deeds effected.
Eftest: deftest, readiest.
Egypt: a gypsy.
Eld: old time, or persons.
Element: initiation, previous practice.
Embossed: inclosed, swollen, puffy.
Embowelled: exhausted.
Embraced: indulged.
Eminence: high honours.
Empery: dominion, sovereign command.
Emulation: rivalry, envy, factious contention.

Emulous: jealous of higher authority.
Encave: to hide.
Enfeoff: to invest with possession.
Engine: instrument of war, military machine, the rack.
Engross: to fatten, to pamper.
Engrossments: accumulations.
Enkindle: to stimulate.
Enmew: to coop up.
Ensconce: to protect as with a fort.
Enseamed: greasy.
Enshield: shielded.
Entertain: to retain in service.
Entertainment: the pay of an army, admission to office.
Entreatments: the objects of entreaty.
Envy: hatred or malice.
Ephesian: a cant term for a toper.
Equipage: stolen goods.
Erewhile: just now.
Erring: wandering.
Escoted: paid.
Esperance: the motto of the Percy family.
Espials: spies.
Essential: existent, real.
Estimate: price.
Estimation: conjecture.
Eterne: eternal.
Even: calm, equable, temperate, equal, fellow.
Even: to act up to.
Examined: questioned, doubted.
Excrement: the beard.
Excrements: the hair, nails, feathers of birds, &c.
Execute: to employ, to put to use.
Execution: employment or exercise.
Executors: executioners.
Exempt: excluded.
Exercise: exhortation, lecture, or confession.
Exhale: hale or lug out.
Exhibition: allowance.
Exigent: end.
Exorcist: a person who can raise spirits.
Expect: expectation.
Expedient: expeditious.
Expiate: fully completed.
Expostulate: to enquire or discuss.
Exposure: exposure.
Express: to reveal.
Expulsed: expelled.
Exsufflicate: contemptible, abominable.
Extend: to seize.
Extent: in law, violence in general.
Extern: outward.
Extirped: rooted out.
Extracting: that which draws away from every thing but its own object.
Extravagant: wandering.
Extremes: extravagance of conduct, extremities.

Eyases: young nestlings.
Eyas-musket: infant lilliputian.
Eye: a small shade of colour.
Eyliads: glances, looks. See *Oeyliads*.
Eyne: eyes.

F.

Face: to carry a foolish appearance.
Faced: turned up with facings.
Facinorous: wicked.
Fact: guilt.
Faction: active.
Faculties: medicinal virtues, office, exercise of power.
Fadge: to suit or fit.
Fading: the burthen of a song.
Fain: fond.
Fair: beauty, complexion, fairness.
Fair-betrothed: fairly contracted, honourably affianced.
Faith: fidelity.
Faithful: not an infidel.
Faithfully: fervently.
Faitors: traitors, rascals.
Fall: to let fall, to drop.
Fall: an ebb.
False: to make false.
Falsely: dishonestly, treacherously.
Falsing: falsifying.
Familiar: a daemon.
Fancy: love.
Fancy-free: exempt from the power of love.
Fang: to seize or gripe.
Fanged: possessed of fangs.
Fantastical: creatures of fancy.
Fap: drunk.
Far: extensively.
Farced: stuffed.
Fashions: farcens or farcy.
Fast: determined, fixed.
Fat: dull.
Fate: an action predetermined by fate.
Favour: countenance, features, indulgence, pardon, appearance.
Fear: the object of fear, danger.
Fear: to intimidate.
Feared: frightened.
Fearful: timorous, formidable.
Feat: ready, dexterous.
Feat: an exploit.
Feated: formed, made neat.
Feature: beauty in general, cast and make of the face.
Federary: a confederate.
Fee-grief: a peculiar sorrow.
Feeder: an eater, a servant.
Feere or *Pheere*: a companion, a husband.
Feet: footing.
Fell: skin.
Fell-feats: savage practices.
Fellow: companion.
Fence: the art of or skill in defence.
Feodary: an accomplice, a confederate.

Fester: to corrupt.
Festinely: hastily.
Festival terms: splendid phraseology.
Fet: fetched,
Few: in short, in few words.
Fico: a fig.
Fielded: in the field of battle.
Fierce: proud, hasty, vehement, rapid.
Fig: to insult.
Fights: clothes hung round a ship to conceal the men from the enemy.
File: a list.
Filed: defiled.
Filed: gone an equal pace with.
Fills: the shafts.
Filths: common sewers.
Fine: the conclusion.
Fine: full of finesse, artful.
Fine: to make showy, or specious.
Fineless: boundless, endless.
Firago: for *Virago*.
Fire-drake: will-o'-the-wisp, or a fire-work.
Fire-new: bren-new, new from the forge.
Firk: to chastise.
First: noblest, most eminent.
Fitchew: a polecat.
Fitly: exactly.
Fives: a distemper in horses.
Flap-dragon: a small inflammable substance, which toppers swallow in a glass of wine.
Flap-jacks: pan-cakes.
Flask: a soldier's powder-horn.
Flatness: lowness, depth.
Flaw: a sudden violent gust of wind.
Flayed: stripped.
Flecked: spotted, dappled, streaked.
Fleet: to float.
Fleeting: inconstant.
Fleshment: first act of military service.
Flewed: having the flews or chaps of a hound.
Flickering: fluttering like the motion of a flame.
Flight: a sort of shooting.
Flourish: ornament.
Flote: wave.
Flush: mature, ripe.
Foeman: an enemy in war.
Foin: to thrust in fencing.
Foizon: plenty.
Folly: depravity of mind.
Fond: foolish, or prized by folly.
Fonder: more weak or foolish.
Fondly: foolishly.
Foot-cloth: a housing covering the body of the horse, and almost reaching to the ground.
For: for that, since, because.
Forbid: under interdiction.
Force: power.
Force: to enforce, to urge.
Force: to stuff.
Forced: false.

Fordid: destroyed.
Fordo: to undo, to destroy.
Foredone: overcome.
Forefended: prohibited, forbidden.
Foreign: employed in foreign embassies.
Forepast: already had.
Fore-slow: to be dilatory, to loiter.
Forestall: to prevent by anticipation.
Forgetive: inventive, imaginative.
Forked: horned.
Formal: not out of form, regular, sensible, in form, in shape.
Former: foremost.
Forspent: wasted, exhausted.
Forspoke: contradicted, spoken against.
Forthcoming: in custody.
Forwearied: worn out.
Foul: homely, not fair.
Fox: a cant word for a sword.
Foxship: mean cunning.
Frampold: peevish, fretful, or cross.
Frank: a sty.
Franklin: a little gentleman or freeholder.
Free: artless, free from art, generous.
Fret: the stop of a musical instrument, which regulates the vibration of the string.
Friend: a lover, a term applicable to both sexes, a paramour.
Friend: friendship.
Friend: to befriend.
Frippery: a shop where old clothes were sold.
Frize: a cloth made in Wales.
From: in opposition to.
Fronted: opposed.
Frontier: forehead.
Frontlet: a forehead cloth.
Froth: a trick played with beer.
Frush: to break or bruise.
Frustrate: frustrated.
Fulfilling: filling till there be no room for more.
Full: complete.
Fullams: loaded dice.
Fullest: most complete and perfect.
Fumiter: fumitory.
Furnished: dressed.

G.

Gabardine: a loose felt cloak.
Gad: a pointed instrument.
Gain-giving: misgiving.
Gainsay: to unsay, deny, contradict.
Gait: way or steps.
Galliard: an ancient dance.
Galliasses: a species of gallies.
Gallowglasses: heavy armed foot.
Gallow: to scare or frighten.
Gallymawfry: a medley.
Game: sport, jest.
Gamester: a frolicsome person, a wanton.

Gaping: shouting, or roaring.
Garboils: commotion, stir.
Garish: gaudy, showy.
Garner: to treasure up.
Gasted: frightened.
Gaudy: a festival day.
Gawds: baubles, toys.
Gaze: attention.
Gear: a general word for things or matters.
Geck: a fool.
General: generality.
General: compendious.
Generation: children.
Generosity: high birth.
Generous: most noble.
Gentility: urbanity.
Gentle: noble, high-minded, belonging to gentry.
Gentry: complaisance.
German: a-kin.
Germins: seeds begun to sprout.
Gest: a stage or journey.
Gib: a cat.
Gifts: endowments.
Giglot: a wanton wench.
Gilder: a coin valued at 1s. 6d. or 2s.
Gilt: gilding, golden money.
Gimmel: a ring or engine.
Ging: a gang.
Gird: a sarcasm or gibe, emotion.
Gleek: to joke or scoff, to beguile.
Glimmering: faintly illuminated by the stars.
Gloze: to expound, to comment upon.
Glut: to englut or swallow up.
Gnarled: knotted.
Good-deed: indeed, in very deed.
Good-den: good evening.
Good-life: of a moral or jovial turn.
Good-ger: gougere, morbus gallicus.
Gorbellied: fat and corpulent.
Gossips: tattling women who attend lyings-in.
Gossomer: the white cobweb-like exhalations that fly about in hot sunny weather.
Government: evenness of temper, decency of manners.
Gourds: a species of dice.
Gouts: drops.
Grace: acceptableness, favour.
Grace: to bless, to make happy.
Gracious: graceful, lovely.
Grained: furrowed, like the grain of wood, died in grain or indented.
Gramercy: grand mercy, great thanks.
Grange: the farm-house of a monastery.
Gratillity: gratuity.
Gratulate: gratifying, acceptable.
Grave: to entomb.
Graves, or greaves: armour for the legs.
Greasily: grossly.
Greek: a bawd, or pander.

Green: unripe, not fully formed.
Greenly: awkwardly, unskilfully.
Greets: pleases.
Grief: pain, grievances.
Griefs: grievances, wrongs.
Grievances: sorrows, sorrowful afflictions.
Grieve: to lament for.
Grise: a step.
Grossly: palpably.
Groundlings: the frequenters of the pit in the playhouse.
Growing: accruing.
Guard: defence.
Guard: to fringe or lace.
Guarded: ornamented.
Guards: badges of dignity.
Guerdon: reward.
Guerdoned: rewarded.
Guiled: treacherous.
Guinea-hen: a prostitute.
Gules: red, a term in heraldry.
Gulf: the swallow, the throat.
Gun-stones: cannon-balls.
Gurnet: a fish resembling a piper.
Gust: taste, rashness.
Gyre: to catch, to shackle.
Gyves: shackles.

H.

Hack: to become cheap and vulgar.
Haggard: a species of hawk.
Haggard: wild.
Hair: complexion or character.
Happily: accidentally, fortunately.
Happy: accomplished.
Hardiment: bravery, stoutness.
Harlocks: wild mustard.
Harlot: a cheat.
Harp: to touch on a passion.
Harrow: to conquer, to subdue.
Harry: to use roughly, to harrass.
Having: estate or fortune, promotion, allowance of expence.
Haviour: behaviour.
Haught: haughty.
Haughty: high, elevated.
Haunt: company.
Hay: a term in the fencing-school.
Head: the source, the fountain.
Head: body of forces.
Heart: the most valuable or precious part.
Heat: heated.
Heat: violence of resentment.
Heavy: slow.
Hebenon: henbane.
Hefed: heaved.
Hefts: heavings.
Hell: an obscure dungeon in a prison.
Helmed: steered through.
Hence: henceforward.
Henchman: a page of honour.
Hent: seized or taken possession of.
Hereby: as it may happen.
Hermits: beadsmen.
Hest: behest, command.

High-fantastical: fantastical to the height.
High-repented: repented to the utmost.
Hight: called.
Hilding: a paltry cowardly fellow.
Hint: suggestion, circumstance.
Hiren: a harlot.
His: often used for *its*.
Hit: to agree.
Hoist: hoisted.
Hold: to esteem.
Holla: a term of the manege.
Holy: faithful.
Home: completely, in full extent.
Honest: chaste.
Honesty: liberality.
Honey-stalks: clover flowers.
Honour: acquired reputation.
Hoop: a measure.
Hope: to expect.
Horologe: clock.
Hox: to ham-string.
Hull: to drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder.
Humorous: chargeable, humid, moist.
Hungry: sterile, unprolific.
Hunt-counter: base tyke, worthless dog.
Hurly: noise.
Hurling: merry with impetuosity.
Husbandry: thrift, frugality.
Huswife: a jilt.

I.

Ice-brook: a brook of icy qualities in Spain.
Ifecks: in faith.
Ignomy: ignominy.
Ill-inhabited: ill-lodged.
Ill-nurtured: ill-educated.
Images: children, representatives.
Imaginary: produced by the power of imagination.
Imbare: to lay open or display to view.
Immanity: barbarity, savageness.
Immediacy: close connection.
Imp: to supply.
Imp: progeny.
Impair: unsuitable.
Impartial: for partial.
Impawned: wagered and staked.
Impeach: to bring into question.
Impeachment: reproach or imputation, hinderance.
Imperious: imperial.
Imperseverant: perseverant.
Impetico: to impetticoat or impocket.
Importance: importunacy.
Importance: the thing imported.
Importing: implying, denoting.
Impose: injunction, command.
Impositions: commands.
Impossible: incredible or inconceivable.
Impress: to compel to serve.
Impress: a device or motto.

Impugn: to oppose, to controvert.
Incapable: unintelligent.
Incarardine: to stain of a red colour.
Incensed: incited, suggested.
Inclining: compliant.
Inclip: to embrace.
Include: to shut up, to conclude.
Inclusive: inclosed.
Incony, or kony: fine, delicate.
Incorrect: ill-regulated.
Increase: produce.
Indent: to bargain and article.
Index: something preparatory.
Indifferent: different, impartial.
Indite: to convict.
Induction: entrance, beginning, preparations.
Indurance: delay, procrastination.
Infinite: extent or power.
Ingaged: for uningaged.
Ingraft: rooted, settled.
Inhabitable: not habitable.
Inherit: to possess.
Inhibit: to forbid.
Inhooped: inclosed, confined.
Inkhorn-mate: a book-mate.
Inkle: a kind of tape, crewell or worsted.
Inland: civilized, not rustic.
Insane: that which makes insane.
Insconce: to fortify.
Insculped: engraven.
Inseparate: inseparable.
Instance: example, proof.
Instances: motives.
Insuit: solicitation.
Intend: to pretend.
Intending: regarding.
Intendment: intention or disposition.
Intenible: incapable of retaining.
Intention: eagerness of desire.
Intently: with full attention.
Interested: interested.
Intergatories: interrogatories.
Intermission: pause, intervening time.
Intrenchant: that which cannot be cut.
Intrinse: intrinsicate.
Invention: imagination.
Inwardness: intimacy, confidence.
Iron: clad in armour.
Irregulous: lawless, licentious.
Issues: consequences, conclusion.
Iteration: citation, or recitation.

J.

Jack: a term of contempt.
Jack-a-lent: a puppet thrown at in Lent.
Jack guardant: a jack in office.
Jaded: treated with contempt, worthless.
Jar: the noise made by the pendulum of a clock.
Jauncing: jaunting.
Jesses: straps of leather by which the hawk is held on the fist.

Jest: to play a part in a mask.
Jet: to strut.
Jovial: belonging to Jove.
Journal: daily.
Jump: to agree with, to put into agitation.
Jump: hazard, to venture at.
Jump: just.
Justicer: justice, judge.
Jut: to encroach.
Jutty: to project.
Juvenal: a young man.

K.

Kam: awry, crooked.
Keech: a solid lump or mass.
Keel: to cool.
Keep: to restrain, to dwell, to reside.
Keisar: Cæsar.
Kernes: light-armed Irish foot.
Key: the key for tuning; a tuning-hammer.
Kicksy-wicksy: a wife.
Kiln-hole: a place into which coals are put under a stove.
Kind: nature, species.
Kindless: unnatural.
Kindly: naturally.
Kindly: kindred.
Kinged: ruled by.
Kinsman: near relative.
Kirtle: part of a woman's dress.
Knave: servant.
Knife: a sword or dagger.
Knots: figures planted in box.
Know: to acknowledge.
Know of: to consider.

L.

Labras: lips.
Laced mutton: a woman of the town.
Lackeying: moving like a lackey or page.
Lag: the meanest person.
Lances: lance-men.
Land-damn: to destroy in some way.
Lands: landing places.
Lapsed: time suffered to slip.
Large: licentious.
Lass-lorn: forsaken of his mistress.
Latch: to lay hold of.
Latched, or letched: licked over.
Late: lately.
Lated: belated, benighted.
Latten: thin as a lath.
Lavoltas: a kind of dances.
Laund: lawn.
Lay: a wager.
Leaguer: the camp.
Leasing: lying.
Leather-coats: a species of apple.
Leave: to part with, to give away.
Leech: a physician.
Leer: feature, complexion.

Leet: court-leet, or court of the manor.
Legerity: lightness, nimbleness.
Leges: alleges.
Leiger: resident.
Leman: lover, mistress.
Lenten: short and spare.
L'envoy: moral or conclusion of a poem.
Let: to hinder.
Let be: to desist.
Lethe: death.
Lewd: ignorant, idle, wicked.
Lewdly: wickedly.
Libbard, or lubbar: a leopard.
Liberal: licentious or gross in language.
Liberty: libertinism.
License: an appearance of licentiousness.
Lie: to reside, to be imprisoned.
Liefest: dearest.
Lieger: an ambassador at a foreign court.
Lifter: a thief.
Light o' love: a dance tune.
Lightly: commonly, in ordinary course.
Lightness: levity.
Like: to compare.
Likelihood: similitude.
Likeness: specious or seeming virtue.
Liking: condition of body.
Limbeck: a vessel used in distilling.
Lime: bird-lime.
Lime: a trick played with sack.
Lime: to cement.
Limed: entangled or caught, as with bird-lime.
Limit: appointed time.
Limited: appointed, regular, orderly.
Limits: estimates, calculations.
Line: genealogy.
Lined: delineated.
Link: a torch of pitch.
Linstock: the staff to which the match is fixed when ordnance is fired.
List: the bound or limit.
Lither: flexible, yielding.
Little: miniature.
Livelihood: appearance of life.
Livery: a law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures.
Living: estate, property.
Living: speaking, manifest, actual.
Loach: a small fish.
Lob: looby, a term of contempt.
Lockram: some kind of cheap linen.
Lode-star: the leading or guiding star.
Lodged: laid by the wind.
Loffe: to laugh.
Longing: longed for.
Longly: longingly.
Loof: to bring a vessel close to the wind.

Loon, or lown: a base fellow.
Lop: the branches.
Lot: a prize.
Lottery: allotment.
Lover: a mistress.
Lown. See *Loon*.
Lowted: treated with contempt.
Lowts: clowns.
Lozel: worthless, dishonest.
Lubbar. See *Libbard*.
Lunes: lunacy, frenzy.
Lurch: to win.
Lure: a thing stuffed to tempt the hawk.
Lush: rank, luscious.
Lust: inclination, will.
Lustic: lusty, chearful, pleasant.
Lusty: saucy.
Luxurious: lascivious.
Luxuriously: wantonly.
Luxury: lust.
Lym: a species of dog.

M.

Mace: a sceptre.
Mad: wild, inconstant.
Made: enriched.
Magnificent: glorying, boasting.
Magnifico: a chief man or grandee at Venice.
Mailed: wrapped up, covered with.
Main-top: top of the mainmast.
Make: to bar, to shut.
Makest: dost.
Malkin: a scullion, a coarse wench.
Mall: Mrs., alias Mary Frith, or Moll Cutpurse.
Mallecho: mischief.
Mammering: hesitating.
Mammets: puppets.
Mammock: to cut in pieces.
Man: to tame a hawk.
Manacle: a handcuff.
Manage: conduct, administration.
Mandrake: a root supposed to have the shape of a man.
Mankind: masculine.
Marches: the borders, limits, or confines.
Marchpanes: a species of sweetmeat.
Martial-hand: a careless scrawl.
Martlemas: the latter spring.
Match: an appointment, a compact.
Mate: to confound.
Mated: amated, dismayed.
Meacock: a dastardly creature.
Mealed: sprinkled or mingled.
Mean: the tenor in music.
Mean: the middle.
Means: interest, pains.
Measure: the reach.
Measure: a stately solemn dance.
Measure: means.
Meazels: lepers.
Medal: portrait.
Meddle: to mix with.
Medicine: a she-physician.

Meed: reward.
Meed: merit, desert, excellence.
Meet: a match.
Meiny: people, domestics.
Memories: memorials, remembrances.
Memorized: made memorable.
Memory: memorial.
Mephistophilus: the name of a spirit or familiar.
Mercatanté: a merchant.
Mere: exact, entire, absolute.
Mered: mere.
Mermaid: syren.
Metal: temper.
Metaphysical: supernatural.
Mete-yard: measuring-yard.
Mewed: confined.
Micher: a truant, a lurking thief.
Miching: playing truant, skulking about.
Mien: countenance.
Mince: to walk with affected delicacy.
Minding: calling to remembrance, reminding.
Mineral: a mine.
Minnow: a small river-fish, a term of contempt.
Minstrelsy: office of minstrel.
Misconceived: misconceivers.
Miscreate: ill-begotten, illegitimate.
Misdoubt: to suspect.
Miser: a miserable creature.
Misery: avarice.
Misprised: mistaken.
Misprising: despising or undervaluing.
Missives: messengers.
Mistaken: misrepresented.
Mistempered: angry.
Misthink: to think ill.
Mistress: the jack in bowling.
Mobled, or mabled: veiled, grossly covered.
Mode: the form or state of things.
Model: image, representative, copy.
Modern: trite, common, meanly, pretty.
Modesty: moderation.
Module: model, pattern.
Moe, or mowe: to make mouths.
Moiety: a portion.
Mollification: pacification, softening.
Mome: a dull stupid blockhead.
Momentary: momentary.
Month's mind: a popish anniversary.
Mood: anger, resentment, manner.
Moody: melancholy.
Moon-calf: an inanimate shapeless mass.
Moonish: variable.
Mope: to appear stupid.
Moral: secret meaning.
Morisco: Moor or Moorish, or morris.
Morris-pike: Moorish pike.
Mortal-staring: that which stares fatally.

Mortified: ascetic, religious.
Most: greatest.
Motion: a kind of puppet-show.
Motion: divinitory agitation.
Motion: desires.
Motions: indignation.
Motive: assistant or mover, that which contributes to motion.
Mould: earth.
Mouse: to mammock, to tear to pieces.
Mouse: a term of endearment.
Mouse-hunt: a weasel.
Mowe. See *Moe*.
Moy: a piece of money or a measure of corn.
Much: strange, wonderful.
Muck-water: drain of a dung-hill.
Muffler: a kind of dress for the lower part of the face.
Muliters: muleteers.
Mulled: softened and dispirited.
Multiplied: multitudinous.
Multiplied: multiplied.
Mundane: worldly.
Mure: a wall.
Murky: dark.
Murrain: a plague in cattle.
Muse: to admire, to wonder.
Must: a scramble.
Mutine: to rise in mutiny.
Mutines: mutineers.

N.

Napkin: handkerchief.
Napless: threadbare.
Native: formed by nature.
Nature: natural parent.
Nay-word: a watch-word or by-word.
Neat: finical.
Neb, or nib: the mouth.
Neeld: needle.
Neif: fist.
Nephew: a grandson or any lineal descendant.
Nether-stocks: stockings.
Newness: innovation.
Newt: the eft.
Next: nearest.
Nice: silly, trifling.
Nick: reckoning or count.
Nick: to set a mark of folly on.
Night: made dark as night.
Night-rule: frolic of the night.
Nine men's morris: a game.
Nobility: distinction, eminence.
Nobless: nobleness.
Noddy: fool, a game at cards.
Noise: music.
Nonce: on purpose, for the turn.
Nook-shotten: that which shoots into capes.
Northern man: vir borealis, a clown.
Note: notice, information, remark.
Novice: a youth.
Novum: some game at dice.
Nourish: to nurse.
Nowl: a head.

Nurture: education.
Nuthook: a thief.

O.

Obligations: bonds.
Observed: paid respective attention to.
Observing: religiously attentive.
Obsequious: serious, as at funeral obsequies, careful of.
Obsequiously: funereally.
Obstacle: obstinate.
Occupation: men occupied in business.
Occurrents: incidents.
Oe: a circle.
Oeiliad: a cast or glance of the eye. See *Eyliads*.
O'er died: died too much.
O'erlooked: slighted.
O'er-parted: having too considerable a part.
O'er-raught: over-reached.
O'er-wrested: wrested beyond the truth.
Of: through.
Offering: the assailant.
Office: service.
Offices: culinary or servants' apartments.
Old: frequent, more than enough.
Old age: ages past.
Once: sometime.
Oneyers: accountants, bankers.
Opal: a precious stone of almost all colours.
Open: publicly.
Operant: active.
Opinion: obstinacy, conceit, character.
Opposite: adverse, hostile, adversary.
Opposition: combat.
Or: before.
Orbs: circles made by the fairies on the ground.
Orchard: a garden.
Order: measures.
Ordinance: rank.
Orgulous: proud, disdainful.
Osprey: a kind of eagle.
Ostent: show, ostentation.
Ostentation: shew, appearance.
Overblow: to drive away, to keep off.
Overture: opening or discovery.
Ounce: a small tiger, or tiger-cat.
Ouph: fairy, goblin.
Ousel-cock: the cock black-bird.
Out: be gone.
Out: full, complete.
Outlook: to face down.
Outvied: a term at the game of glee.
Outward: not in the secret of affairs.
Owe: to own, possess, govern.
Ox-lip: the great cowslip.

P

Pack: to bargain with.
Pack: combined, an accomplice.
Packing: plotting, underhand contrivance.
Paddock: toad.
Pagan: a loose vicious person.
Paid: punished.
Pain: penalty.
Pains: labour, toil.
Palabras: words.
Pale: to empale, encircle with a crown.
Pall: to wrap, to invest.
Palled: vapid.
Palmers: holy pilgrims.
Palmy: victorious.
Palter: to juggle or shuffle.
Paper: to write down, or appoint by writing.
Paper: written securities.
Parcel-gilt: gilt only on certain parts.
Parish-top: a large top formerly kept in every village to be whipped for exercise.
Paritor: an apparitor, an officer of the bishop's court.
Parle: parley.
Parlous: perilous.
Parlous: keen, shrewd.
Part: to depart.
Partake: to participate.
Partaker: accomplice, confederate.
Parted: shared.
Parted: endowed with parts.
Participate: participant, participating.
Partizan: a pike.
Parts: party.
Pash: a head.
Pash: to strike with violence.
Pashed: bruised, crushed.
Pass: to decide, to assure or convey.
Pass: to exceed, to go beyond common bounds.
Passed: excelling, passed all expression or bounds.
Passes: what has passed.
Passing: eminent, egregious.
Passion: suffering.
Passionate: a prey to mournful sensations.
Passioning: being in a passion.
Passy-measure: a dance.
Pastry: the room where pastry was made.
Patch: a term of reproach.
Patched: in a particoloured coat.
Path: to walk.
Pathetical: deeply affecting.
Patient: to make patient, to compose.
Patine: a dish used with the chalice, in the administration of the Eucharist.
Pattern: instance, example.
Pavin: a dance.
Paucas: few.

Pay: to beat, to hit.
Peat: a word of endearment.
Pedascule: a pedant.
Peer: to come out, to appear.
Peevish: foolish.
Peize: to balance, to keep in suspense, to weigh down.
Pelting: paltry, petty, inconsiderable.
Pennons: small flags.
Penthesilia: Amazon.
Perch: a measure of five yards and a half.
Perdurable: lasting.
Perdy: par Dieu, a French oath.
Perfect: certain, well informed.
Perfections: liver, brain, and heart.
Perjure: a perjured person.
Periapt: charms sewed up and worn about the neck.
Perspectives: certain optical glasses.
Pervert: to avert.
Pew-fellow: a companion.
Pheere. See *Feere*.
Phreeze: to teaze or beat, to comb or curry.
Pia mater: the membrane covering the substance of the brain.
Pick: to pitch.
Picked: nicely dressed, foppish.
Pickers: the hands.
Picking: piddling, insignificant.
Pickt-hatch: a place noted for brothels.
Piece: a word of contempt for a woman.
Piel'd: shaven.
Pight: pitched, fixed.
Pilcher: a pilche, the scabbard.
Pilled: pillaged.
Pin and web: disorders of the eye.
Pinnace: a small ship of burthen.
Pix: a small chest in which the consecrated host was kept.
Placket: a petticoat.
Plague: to punish.
Plain song: the chaunt, in *plano cantu*.
Plainly: openly.
Plaited: complicated, involved.
Planned: made of brands.
Plant: the foot.
Platforms: plans, schemes.
Plausible: gracious, pleasing, popular.
Pleached: folded together.
Plot: piece or portion.
Point: a metal hook fastened to the hose or breeches.
Point: the utmost height.
Point-de-vice: with the utmost possible exactness.
Points: tags to the laces.
Poize: weight or moment.
Polled: bared, cleared.
Pomander: a ball made of perfumes.
Pomewater: a species of apple.
Poor-john: hake dried and salted.
Popinjay: a parrot.
Popularity: plebeian intercourse.

Port: external pomp, figure.
Port: a gate.
Portable: bearable.
Portance: carriage, behaviour.
Possess: to inform, to make to understand.
Possessed: acquainted with, fully informed.
Possessed: afflicted with madness.
Potch: to push violently.
Potents: potentates.
Pouncet-box: a small box for perfumes.
Power: forces, an army.
Practice: unlawful or insidious stratagem.
Practise: to employ unwarrantable arts.
Practisants: confederates in stratagems.
Prank: to adorn, to dress ostentatiously, to plume.
Precedent: original draft.
Precept: a justice's warrant.
Precisian: a great pretender to sanctity.
Prefer: to recommend, to advance.
Pregnancy: readiness.
Pregnant: ready, plain, evident, apposite.
Pregnant enemy: the enemy of mankind.
Premised: sent before the time.
Prenominate: already named.
Pre-ordinance: ordinance already established.
Presence: the presence-chamber, a public room.
Presence: dignity of mien, form, figure.
Prest: ready.
Pretence: design, intention.
Pretend: to intend, design.
Pretended: purposed or intended.
Prevent: to anticipate.
Prick: the point on the dial.
Pricks: prickles, skewers.
Pride: haughty power.
Prig: to filch.
Prime: youth, the vigour of life.
Prime: prompt.
Primer: more urgent, more important.
Primero: a game at cards.
Principality: the first or principal of women.
Principals: rafters of a building.
Princox: a coxcomb, or spoiled child.
Probal: probable.
Process: summons.
Procure: to bring.
Prodigious: portentous, ominous.
Proface: much good may it do you.
Profane: love of talk, gross of language.
Profession: end and purpose of coming.
Progress: a royal journey of state.
Project: to shape or form.
Prompture: suggestion, temptation.
Prone: perhaps humble.

Prone: forward.
Proof: confirmed state of manhood.
Propagate: to advance or improve.
Propagation: getting.
Proper: well-looking, handsome.
Proper-false: proper or fair, and false or deceitful.
Propertied: taken possession of.
Properties: incidental necessities to a theatre.
Property: due performance.
Property: a thing quite at disposal.
Propose: to image, to imagine.
Proposing: conversing.
Propriety: regular and proper state.
Prorogue: to lengthen or prolong.
Provand: provender.
Provincial: belonging to one's province.
Provost: sheriff or gaoler.
Prune: to plume.
Puck: or hobgoblin in fairy mythology.
Pugging: thievish.
Pun: to pound.
Purchase: stolen goods.
Purchased: acquired by unjust methods.
Pursuivants: heralds.
Put to know: compelled to acknowledge.
Putter-on: one who instigates.
Putter-out: one who places out money at interest.
Putting-on: spur, incitement.
Puttock: a degenerate species of hawk.

Q.

Quail: to faint, languish.
Quaint-mazes: a game running the figure of eight.
Quaked: thrown into trepidation.
Qualify: to lessen, moderate.
Quality: confederates.
Quality: profession, condition of life.
Quarrel: a quarreller, the cause of a quarrel.
Quart d'ecu: fourth part of a French crown.
Quarter: the allotted posts, station.
Quat: a pimple.
Queasy: squeamish, delicate, unsettled.
Quell: to murder, to destroy.
Quench: to grow cool.
Quern: a hand-mill.
Quest: inquest or jury, search, expedition.
Question: conversation.
Questrist: one who goes in search of another.
Quests: reports.
Quick: lively, spritely, living.
Quicken: to animate.
Quiddits: subtilties.
Quillets: law chicane.
Quips: reproaches and scoffs.

Quire: to play in concert.
Quit: quitted.
Quit: to requite or answer.
Quittance: return of obligations.
Quiver: nimble, active.
Quote: to observe.

R.

Rabato: an ornament for the neck.
Rabbit-sucker: a sucking rabbit.
Race: original disposition, inborn qualities, a smack or flavour.
Rack: to exaggerate.
Rack: to harass by exactions.
Rack: the fleeting away of the clouds.
Racking: in rapid motion.
Rag: an opprobrious epithet.
Ragged: rugged.
Rake: to cover.
Rank: rate or pace.
Rank: grown up to a great height and strength.
Rapt: rapturously affected.
Rapture: a fit.
Rarely: curiously, happily.
Rascal: applied to lean deer.
Rash: heady, thoughtless, quick, violent.
Rash remonstrance: premature discovery.
Rated: chided.
Ravin: to devour eagerly.
Ravin: ravenous.
Ravined: glutted with prey.
Raught: reached.
Raw: ignorant, unripe, unskilful.
Rawly: young and helpless.
Rayed: bewrayed.
Rear-mouse: a bat.
Reason: discourse.
Reason: to talk, to argue for.
Rebeck: an old musical instrument.
Receiving: ready apprehension.
Receipt: receptacle.
Recheate: a sound by which the dogs are called back.
Reck: to care for, to mind, to attend to.
Reckless: careless, heedless.
Recollected: studied or often repeated.
Record: to sing.
Recorder: a kind of flute or flagelet.
Recure: to recover.
Red-lattice: the sign of an ale-house.
Reduce: to bring back.
Reechy: discoloured by smoke, smoky, greasy.
Refell: to refute.
Refer: to reserve to.
Regard: look.
Regiment: government, authority.
Regreet: exchange of salutation.
Reguerdon: recompense, return.
Relative: nearly related or connected.
Remembered: remembering.
Remembrance: admonition.

Remorse: pity, tenderness of heart.
Remotion: removal or remoteness.
Removed: remote, sequestered.
Render: to describe.
Render: a confession, an account.
Renegé: to renounce.
Repair: to renovate.
Repeal: to recall.
Reports: reporters.
Reproof: confutation.
Repugn: to resist.
Reputing: boasting of.
Requiem: a mass for the soul of a person deceased.
Resolve: to be firmly persuaded, satisfied.
Resolve: to dissolve.
Respect: consideration, caution.
Respective: respectable, respectful, formal.
Respective: cool, considerate.
Respectively: respectfully.
Retailed: handed down.
Retire: to draw back.
Reverb: to reverberate.
Revolts: revoltors.
Rib: to inclose.
Rid: to destroy.
Rift: split.
Riggish: wanton.
Right: just, even.
Right-drawn: drawn in a right cause.
Rigol: a circle.
Ringed: environed, encircled.
Ripe: come to the height.
Rivage: the bank or shore.
Rivality: equal rank.
Rivals: partners.
Rive: to burst, to fire.
Road: the haven where ships ride at anchor.
Rogues: vagrants.
Romage: rummage.
Ronyon: a scurvy woman.
Rood: the cross.
Rook: to squat down.
Ropery: roguery.
Rope-tricks: abusive language.
Round: a diadem.
Round: rough, unceremonious.
Rounded: whispered.
Rounding: whispering.
Roundel: a country-dance.
Roundure: circle.
Rouse: a draught of jollity.
Royal: due to a king.
Royalize: to make royal.
Royalty: nobleness, supreme excellence.
Roynish: mangy or scabby.
Ruddock: the redbreast.
Ruff: the folding of the tops of boots.
Ruffle: to riot, to create disturbance.
Ruffling: rustling.
Ruin: displeasure producing ruin.
Rule: a method of life.
Ruth: pity, compassion.

S.

Sacred: accursed.
Sacrificial: worshipping.
Sad: grave or serious.
Sadly: seriously.
Sadness: seriousness.
Safe: to render safe.
Sagg, or *swagg*: to sink down.
Salt: tears.
Sanded: of a sandy colour.
Satisfy: rest with satisfaction.
Savage: sylvan, uncultivated, wild.
Savageness: wildness.
Saucy: lascivious.
Saw: anciently, not a proverb, but the whole tenor of any discourse.
Say: silk.
Say: a sample, a taste or relish.
Scaffoldage: the gallery part of the theatre.
Scald: a word of contempt, poor, filthy.
Scale: to disperse, to put to flight.
Scaled: over-reached.
Scaling: weighing.
Scall: an old word of reproach.
Scamble: to scramble.
Scan: to examine nicely.
Scant: to be deficient in, to contract.
Scantling: measure, proportion.
Scapes of wit: sallies, irregularities.
Scared: frightened.
Scarfed: decorated with flags.
Scath: destruction, harm.
Scath: to do an injury.
Scathful: mischievous, destructive.
Scone: a petty fortification.
Sconce: the head.
Scotched: cut slightly.
Scrimens: fencers.
Scrip: a writing, a list.
Scroyles: scabby fellows.
Sculls: great numbers of fishes, swimming together.
Scutched: whipt, carted.
Seal: to strengthen or complete.
Seam: lard.
Sear: to stigmatize, to close. See *Sere*.
Season: to temper, to infix, to impress.
Seasoned: established or settled by time.
Seat: throne.
Seated: fixed, firmly placed.
Sect: a cutting in gardening.
Securely: with too great confidence.
Seel: to close up.
Seeling: blinding.
Seeming: specious, hypocritical.
Seeming: seemly.
Seen: versed, practised.
Seld: seldom.
Self-bounty: inherent generosity.
Semblably: in resemblance, alike.
Seniory: seniority.
Sennet: a flourish or sounding.

Sense: reason, natural affection, feeling, sensual passion.
Sensible: having sensation.
Septentrion: the north.
Sequestration: separation.
Sere, or *sear*: dry.
Sergeant: a bailiff or sheriff's officer.
Serpigo: a kind of tetter.
Serve: to fulfil.
Serve: to accompany.
Set: seated.
Setebos: a species of devil.
Several: separated, appropriated.
Sewer: an officer who placed the dishes on the table.
Shame: to disgrace.
Shame: modesty.
Shard-borne: born by shards or scaly wings.
Shards: the wings of a beetle.
Shards: broken pots or tiles.
Sharked: picked up as a shark collects his prey.
Sheen: shining, splendour, lustre.
Sheer: pellucid, transparent.
Shent: scolded, rebuked, shamed, disgraced.
Shent: to reprove harshly.
Sheriff's post: a large post set up at the door of that officer for affixing proclamations, &c.
Shive: a slice.
Shot: shooter.
Shovel-board: a game.
Shoughs: shocks, a species of dog.
Shouldered: rudely thrust into.
Shrewd: having the qualities of a shrew.
Shrift: confession.
Shrive: to confess, to call to confession.
Shut-up: to conclude.
Side-sleeves: long sleeves.
Siege: stool, seat, rank.
Sight: the perforated part of a helmet.
Sightless: unsightly.
Sign: to show, to denote.
Silly: simple or rustic.
Silly: sooth, plain, simple truth.
Sincere: honest.
Sinew: strength.
Single: weak, debile, small, void of duplicity or guile.
Sink-a-pace: cinque-pace, a dance.
Sir: the designation of a parson.
Sir-reverence: a corruption of *save-reverence*.
Sith: since.
Sithence: thence.
Sizes: allowances of victuals.
Skains-mates: loose companions.
Skirr: to scour, to ride hastily.
Slack: to neglect.
Slave: to treat as a slave.
Sleave: the ravelled knotty part of the silk.
Sledged: riding in a sled or sledge.
Slights: arts, subtle practices.
Slips: a contrivance of leather, to start two dogs at the same time.

Sliver: to cut a piece or slice.
Slops: loose breeches, or trowsers, tawdry dress.
Slough: the skin which the serpent annually throws off.
Slower: more serious.
Slubber: to do any thing carelessly, imperfectly, to obscure.
Smilingly: with signs of pleasure.
Smirched: soiled or obscured.
Smoothed: to stroke, to caress, to fondle.
Sneap: to check or rebuke, a rebuke.
Sneaping: nipping.
Sneck-up: a cant phrase, "go hang yourself."
Snuff: hasty anger.
Snuffs: dislikes.
Soil: spot, turpitude, reproach.
Solely: alone.
Solicit: courtship.
Solicit: to excite.
Soliciting: information.
Solidares: an unknown coin.
Sometimes: formerly.
Sooth: truth.
Sooth: sweetness.
Sorriest: worthless, vile.
Sorry: sorrowful or dismal.
Sort: to choose out.
Sort: a company, a pack, ranks and degrees of men.
Sort: to happen, to agree.
Sort: the lot.
Sort and suit: figure and rank.
Sot: a fool.
Soul-fearing: soul-appalling.
Sound: to declare or publish.
Sound: soundly.
Sowl: to pull by the ears.
Sowter: perhaps the name of a hound.
Spanned: measured.
Specialty: particular right.
Sped: the fate decided.
Speed: event.
Sperr: to shut up, defend by bars, &c.
Spleen: humour, caprice, spirit, resentment.
Spleen: violent hurry, tumultuous speed.
Spleens: inclination to spiteful mirth.
Spot: stain or disgrace.
Spotted: wicked.
Sprag: or spackt, apt to learn.
Spread: to stand separately.
Sprighted: haunted.
Sprights: spirits.
Springhalt: a disease incident to horses.
Springing: blooming, in the spring of life.
Sprightly: ghostly.
Spurs: the longest and largest roots of trees.
Square: to quarrel.
Square: regular, equitable, just, suitable.

Square: compass, comprehension, or complement.
Squarer: a quarrelsome fellow.
Squash: an immature peasecod.
Squiny: to look askint.
Squire: a square or rule.
Staggers: delirious perturbation.
Stale: a bait or decoy to catch birds.
Stale: a pretence.
Stale: to allure.
Stand: to withstand, to resist.
Standing bowls: bowls elevated on feet.
Stannyal: the common stonehawk.
Star: a scar of that appearance.
Stark: stiff.
Starkly: stiffly.
Starred: destined.
State: a chair with a canopy over it.
State: standing.
State: official state, dignity.
States: persons of high rank.
Station: the act of standing.
Statist: statesman.
Statue: a portrait.
Staves: the wood of the lances.
Stead: to assist, or help.
Sticking-place: the stop in a machine.
Sticklers: arbitrators, judges, sidesmen.
Stigmatical: marked or stigmatized.
Stigmatic: one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity.
Still: constant or continual.
Stilly: gently, lowly.
Stint: to stop, to retard.
Stith: an anvil.
Stoccata: a thrust or stab with a rapier.
Stock: a term in fencing.
Stock: stocking.
Stomach: passion, pride, stubborn resolution, constancy, resolution.
Stoop: a measure somewhat more than half a gallon.
Stover: a kind of thatch.
Stoup: a kind of flaggon.
Strachy: probably some kind of domestic office.
Straight: immediately.
Strain: descent, lineage.
Strain: difficulty, doubt.
Strait: narrow, avaricious.
Straited: put to difficulties.
Strange: odd, different from.
Strange: alien, becoming a stranger, a stranger.
Strangely: wonderfully.
Strangeness: shyness, distant behaviour.
Stranger: an alien.
Strangle: to suppress.
Stratagem: great or dreadful event.
Strict: hard.
Strive: to contend.
Stuck: a thrust in fencing. See *Stoccata*. *Stock*.

Stuff: baggage.
Stuff: substance or essence.
Stuffed: plenty, more than enough.
Subscribe: to agree to.
Subscribe: to yield, to surrender.
Subscription: obedience.
Submerged: whelmed under water.
Subtilty: deception.
Subtle: smooth, level.
Success: succession.
Successive: belonging to the succession.
Successively: by order of succession.
Sudden: violent.
Sufficiency: abilities.
Suggest: to tempt, to prompt, to instigate.
Suggestion: hint.
Suggestions: temptations.
Suited: dressed.
Sullen: obstinately troublesome.
Summer-swelling: that which swells or expands in summer.
Summoners: summoning officers.
Sumpter: a horse that carries necessities on a journey.
Superfluous: over-clothed.
Superstitious: serving with superstitious attention.
Supposed: counterfeited, imagined.
Sure: safe, out of danger, surely.
Sur-reined: over-worked, or ridden.
Suspire: to breathe.
Swaggerer: a roaring, fighting fellow.
Swart, or swarth: black, or dark brown.
Swarth, or swath: as much grass or corn as a mower cuts down at one stroke of his scythe.
Swashing: noisy, bullying.
Swath: the dress of a new-born child.
Sway: the whole weight, momentum.
Sweeting: a species of apple.
Swift: ready.
Swinge-bucklers: rakes, rioters.
Swoop: the descent of a bird of prey.

T.

Table: the palm of the hand extended.
Table: a picture.
Tables: table-books, memorandums.
Tabourine: a small drum.
Tag: the lowest of the populace.
Taint: to throw a slur upon.
Take: to strike with a disease, to blast.
Take in: to conquer, to get the better of.
Take up: to contradict, to call to an account.
Take up: to levy.
Tall: stout, bold, courageous.

VI.

Tallow-keech: the fat of an ox or cow.
Tame: ineffectual.
Tame snake: a contemptible fellow.
Tamed: flat, spiritless.
Tarre: to stimulate, to excite, provoke.
Tartar: Tartarus, the fabled place of future punishment.
Task: to keep busied with scruples.
Tasked: taxed.
Taurus: sides and heart in medical astrology.
Tawdry: a kind of necklaces worn by country girls.
Taxation: censure or satire.
Teen: sorrow, grief.
Temper: to mould like wax.
Temper: temperament, constitution.
Temperance: temperature.
Tempered: rendered pliable.
Tend: to attend upon, to wait for.
Tender: to regard with affection.
Tend'ring: watching with tenderness.
Tent: to take up residence.
Tercel: the male hawk.
Termagant: the god of the Saracens.
Termagant: furious.
Tested: brought to the test.
Testern: to gratify with a tester, or sixpence.
Tetchy: touchy, peevish, fretful.
Tharborough: thirdborough, a peace officer.
Theme: a subject.
Theoric: theory.
Thewes: muscular strength.
Thick: in quick succession.
Thick-pleached: thickly interwoven.
Thill: the shafts of a cart.
Thirdborough. See *Tharborough*.
Thought: melancholy.
Thrasonical: boastful, bragging.
Thread: fibre or part.
Thread: to pass through.
Three-man-beetle: an implement used for driving piles.
Three-pile: rich velvet.
Thrift: a state of prosperity.
Throes: emits as in parturition.
Thrum: the extremity of a weaver's warp.
Thrummed: made of coarse woollen cloth.
Tib: a strumpet.
Tickle: ticklish.
Tickle-brain: some strong liquor.
Tight: handy, adroit.
Tightly: cleverly, adroitly.
Tilly-valley: an interjection of contempt.
Tilth: tillage.
Timeless: untimely.
Tinct: tincture.
Tire: head-dress.

Tire: to fasten, to fix the talons on.

Tire: to be idly employed on.

Tired: adorned with ribands.

To: in addition to.

Tod: to yield or produce a tod, or twenty-eight pounds.

Tokened: spotted as in the plague.

Toll: to enter on the toll-book.

Tolling: taking toll.

Tomboy: a masculine, forward girl.

Topless: that which has nothing above it; supreme.

Topple: to tumble.

Touch: sensation, sense or feeling.

Touch: exploit or stroke.

Touch: a spice or particle.

Touch: touchstone.

Touches: features.

Touched: tried.

Toward: in a state of readiness.

Toys: rumours, idle reports, fancies, freaks of imagination.

Toze: to pull or pluck.

Trace: to follow.

Trade: a custom, an established habit.

Tradition: traditional practices.

Traditional: adherent to old customs.

Trail: the scent left by the passage of the game.

Traitress: a term of endearment.

Tranect: a ferry.

Translate: to transfer, to explain.

Travel: to stroll.

Traverse: a term in military exercise.

Traversed: across.

Tray-trip: some kind of game.

Treachers: treacherous persons.

Trenched: cut, carved.

Trick: trick of the times.

Trick: peculiarity of voice, face, &c.

Trick: smeared, painted, in heraldry.

Tricking: dress.

Tricksy: clever, adroit.

Triumphs: masques, revels, public exhibitions.

Trojan: cant word for a thief.

Troll: to dismiss trippingly from the tongue.

Trol-my-dames: a game.

Trossers: trowsers.

Trow: to believe.

True: honest.

Truth: honesty.

Tucket, or *tucket sonnuance*: a flourish.

Turlygood, or *turlupin*: a species of gypsy.

Turn: to become acescent.

Turquoise: a precious stone.

Twangling: an expression of contempt.

Twigging: wickered.

Tyed: limited, circumscribed.

Type: distinguishing mark, show or emblem.

Tything: a division of a place, a district.

V.

Vail: to condescend to look, to let down, to bow, to sink.

Vailing: lowering.

Vain: vanity.

Vain: light of tongue, not veracious.

Valance: fringed with a beard.

Validity: value.

Vanity: illusion.

Vantage: convenience, opportunity, advantage.

Vantbrace: armour for the arm.

Varlet: a servant or footman to a warrior.

Vast: waste, dreary.

Vaunt: the avant, what went before.

Vaward: the fore-part.

Velure: velvet.

Venew: a bout, a term in fencing.

Vengeance: mischief.

Vent: rumour, matter for discourse.

Ventages: the holes of a flute.

Venys: hits in fencing.

Verbal: verbose, full of talk.

Verify: to bear true witness.

Very: immediate.

Via: a cant phrase of exultation.

Vice: the fool of the old moralities.

Vice: to advise.

Vice: grasp.

Vie: to contend in rivalry.

Vied: bragged.

Viewless: unseen, invisible.

Virginalling: playing on the virginal, a spinnet.

Virtue: the most efficacious part, valour.

Virtuous: salutiferous.

Virtuous: belonging to good-breeding.

Visaments: advisements.

Vixen: or fixen, a female fox.

Voluntary: voluntarily.

Votarist: suppliant.

Voucher: a law phrase.

Vouchsafed: vouchsafing.

Vox: tone or voice.

Vulgar: common.

Vulgarly: publicly.

U.

Umber: a dusky yellow coloured earth.

Umbered: discoloured by the gleam of fire.

Unaccustomed: unseemly, indecent.

Unaneled: without extreme unction.

Unavoided: unavoidable.

Unbarbed: untrimmed, unshaven.

Unbated: not blunted.

Unbolt: to open, explain.

Unbolted: coarse.

Unbookish: ignorant.

Unbreathed: unexercised, unpractised.

Uncape: to dig out, a term in fox-hunting.

Uncharged: unattacked.

Unclew: to draw out, to exhaust.

Uncoined: real, unrefined, unadorned.

Unconfirmed: unpractised in the ways of the world.

Under generation: the antipodes.

Undergo: to be subject to.

Under skinker: a tapster, an under-drawer.

Undertaker: one who takes upon himself the quarrel of another.

Underwrite: to subscribe, to obey.

Under-wrought: under-worked, undetermined.

Undeserving: undeserved.

Unearned: not deserved.

Uneath: scarcely, not easily.

Unexpressive: inexpressible.

Unhappy: mischievously waggish, unlucky.

Unhidden: open, clear.

Unhoused: free from domestic cares.

Unhouseled: not having received the sacrament.

Unimproved: not guided by knowledge or experience.

Union: a species of pearl.

Unkind: contrary to kind or nature.

Unmastered: licentious.

Unowed: that which has no owner.

Unpregnant: not quickened.

Unproper: common.

Unqualitied: unmanned, disarmed of his faculties.

Unquestionable: unwilling to be conversed with.

Unready: undressed.

Unrespective: inattentive to consequences.

Unrest: disquiet.

Unrough: smooth-faced, unbearded.

Unsisted: untried.

Unsisting: always opening, never at rest.

Unsmirched: clean, not defiled.

Unsquared: unadapted to their subject.

Unstanchd: incontinent.

Untempering: not tempering, not softening.

Untraced: singular, not in common use.

Untrimmed: undressed.

Untruth: disloyalty, treachery.

Unvalued: invaluable.

Upon: but for.

Up-spring: upstart.

Urchins: hedge-hogs, or perhaps fairies.

Usance: usury.

VI.

Use: practice long countenanced by custom.
Use: to make a practice of.
Use: interest.
Used: behaved.
Usurping: false.
Utis: a merry festival.
Utter: to vend by retail.

W.

Waft: to beckon.
Wage: to fight, to combat, to prescribe to.
Waist: the part between the quarter-deck and the forecastle.
Waist: the middle.
Walk: a district in a forest.
Wannion: vengeance.
Ward: posture of defence.
Warden: a species of pears.
Warder: guard, sentinel.
Warn: to summon.
Wassels: meetings of rustic mirth.
Watch: a watch-light.
Water-work: water-colours.
Wax: to grow.
Waxen: increase.
Wealth: advantage, happiness.
Wear: the fashion.
Wee: little.
Weeds: clothing.
Ween: to think, to imagine.
Weet: to know.
Weigh: to value or esteem, to deliberate.
Welkin: the colour of the sky, blue.
Well found: of acknowledged excellence.
Well-liking: plump, embonpoint.
Wen: swollen excrescence.
Wend: to go.

Whelked: varied with protuberances.
Whe'r: whether.
Where: whereas.
Whiffler: an officer who walks first in processions.
Whiles: until.
Whip: the crack, the best.
Whipstock: a carter's whip.
Whirring: whirring away.
White: the white mark in archery.
White death: the chlorosis.
Whiting-time: bleaching time, spring.
Whitsters: the bleachers of linen.
Whittle: a species of knife.
Whooping: measure or reckoning.
Wide: remotely from, wide of the mark.
Wilderness: wildness.
Will: wilfulness.
Wimple: a hood or veil.
Winter-ground: to protect against the inclemency of winter.
Wis: to know.
Wish: to recommend.
Wit: to know.
Witch: to charm, to bewitch.
Wits: senses.
Wittol: knowing, conscious of.
Witty: judicious, cunning.
Woe: to be sorry.
Woman: to affect suddenly and deeply.
Woman-tired: hen-pecked.
Wondered: able to perform wonders.
Wood: crazy, frantic.
Woodman: an attendant on the forester.
Woolward: a (unexplained) phrase appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries.

Words: dispute, contention.
Work: a term of fortification.
Workings: labours of thought.
World, to go to the: to be married.
Worm: a serpent.
Worship: dignity, authority.
Worth: wealth or fortune, the value, full quota or proportion.
Worts: cabbage.
Wot: to know.
Wound: twisted about.
Wreak: resentment.
Wreak: to revenge.
Wrest: an instrument for tuning the harp.
Wrested: obtained by violence.
Writ: writing, composition.
Writhled: wrinkled.
Wrongs: the persons who wrong.
Wrongs: injurious practices.
Wroth: misfortune.
Wrought: worked, agitated.
Wrung: pressed, strained.

Y.

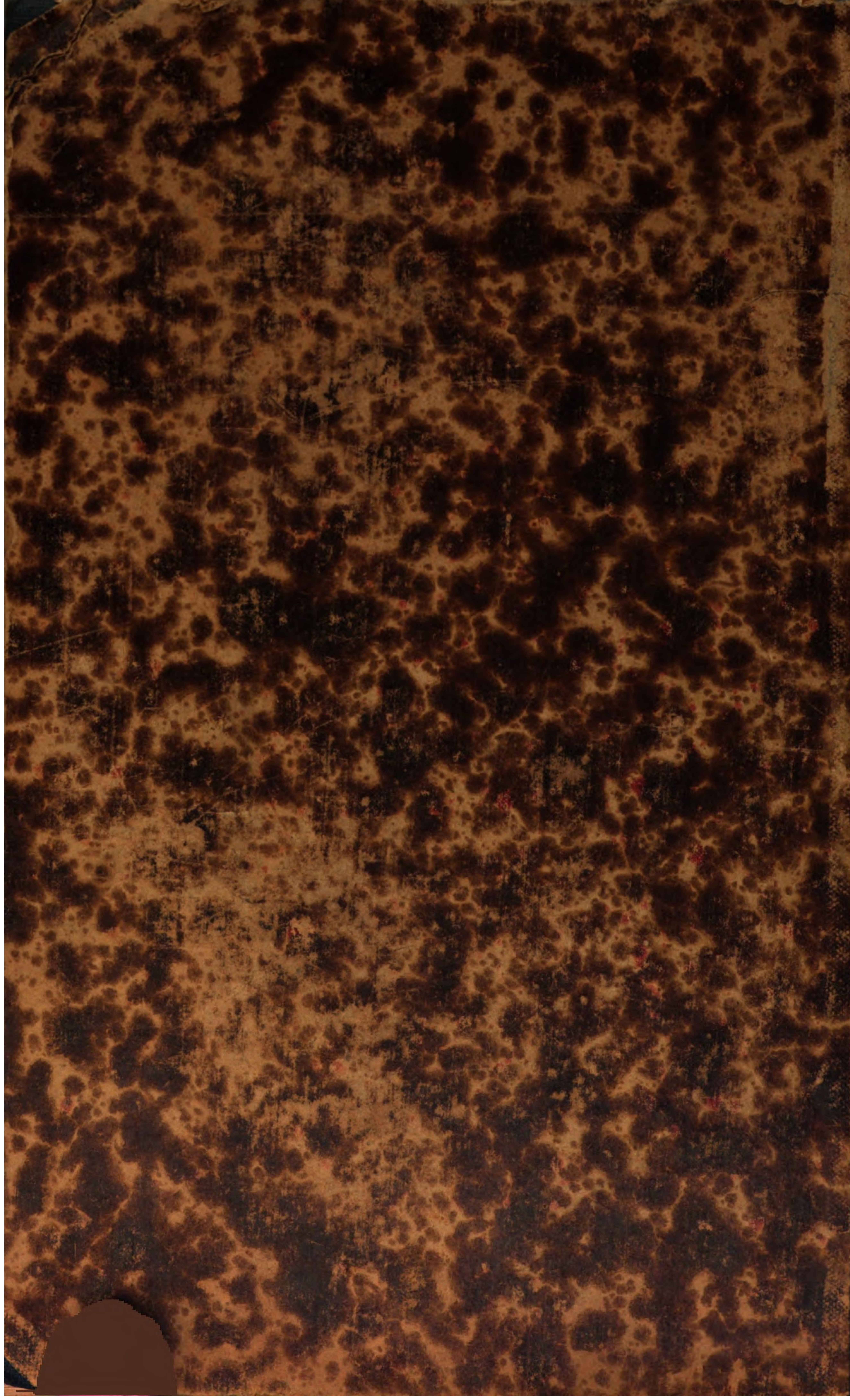
Yarely: readily, nimbly.
Yearns: grieves or vexes.
Yeasty, or yesty: foaming or frothy.
Yeild: to inform of, condescend to.
Yeild: to reward.
Yellowness: jealousy.
Yeoman: a bailiff's follower.
Yesty. See *Yeasty*.

Z.

Zany: a buffoon, a merry Andrew.

E R R A T A.

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